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THE FERRERO



CHRISTMAS

1905.

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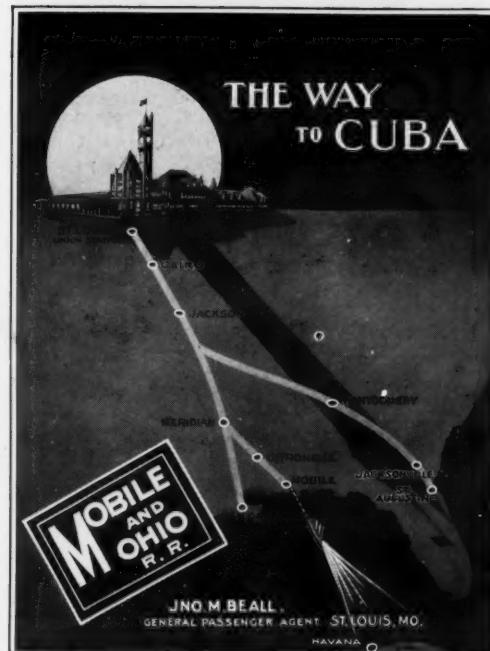


ON January 5th, 1906, the Mobile & Ohio Railroad and the Munson S. S. Line will establish through service between St. Louis and Havana, Cuba.

A fast train de luxe (and it will be *de luxe* in every sense of the word) will leave St. Louis at 9:40 p. m. every Friday over the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and will reach the steamship docks at Mobile at 3:00 p. m. Saturday. This train will be called The Havana Limited. The nineteen-knot S. S. "Prince George" will be at the docks awaiting the arrival of the Havana Limited, and after the customs officers have performed their necessary functions, the "Prince George" will sail at 4:00 p. m. and run into the harbor of Havana as the sun rises on the following Monday morning.



The Havana Limited will be a solid Pullman train composed of the finest equipment yet built. The make up of the train will consist of a composite baggage, buffet, club, smoking and library car; dining car; and drawing room, compartment and observation sleeping cars. In the club car will be a barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet, and in the observation and drawing room cars there will be a lady's maid in attendance.



The Havana Limited will make the run from St. Louis to Mobile in seventeen hours. This, added to the schedule of the S. S. "Prince George," draws Havana within fifty-three hours of St. Louis, and makes possible a trip which will be one of such ease and pleasure as never to be forgotten.



The Modern S. S. "Prince George" is constructed on the lines of the famous Cunard Line ocean greyhounds "Campania" and "Lucania," and is fitted with eleven-inch bilge keels to keep her steady and easy in all weather conditions. She maintains a speed of nineteen knots an hour, is lighted by electricity and ventilated by an electric exhaust fan system.

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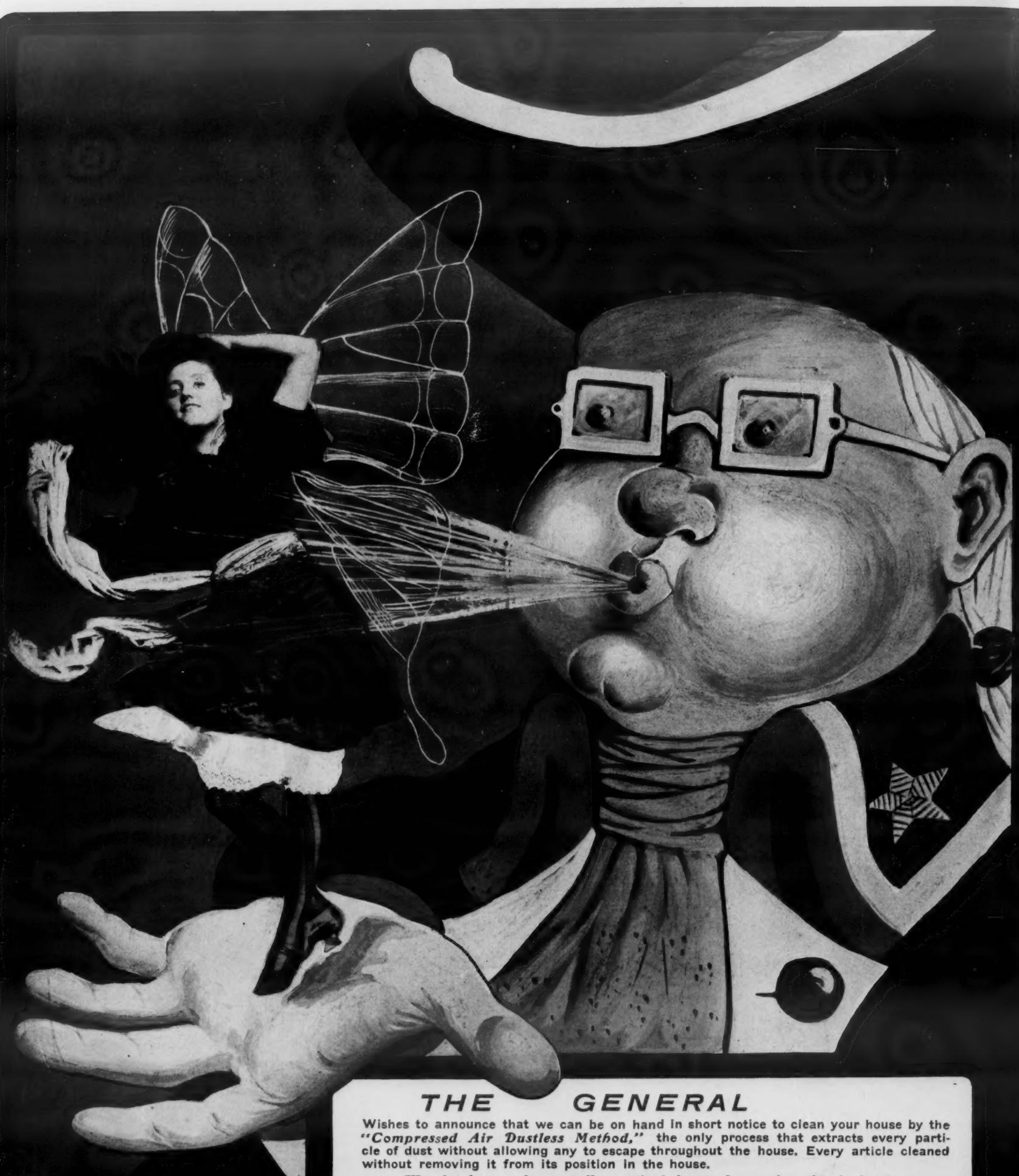
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AND HIS NAME IS MUD.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Merry Christmas

By W. M. R.

MERRY Christmas to you all! There isn't much more to say. Christmas is no time for talk, but for deeds in the Christ spirit. If that spirit infect you not, amid all the manifestations thereof all around you, no preaching will affect you into rapport with it. If you do sense the cordial stir of the season, no need to advise you as to the delight of surrendering completely to its glad suffusion. It may be well to get rid of any idea that this exercise of the Christmas spirit is efficacious simply as atonement for neglect of the sympathies at other times. It might be good to give a thought to the possibility of spreading out this present Christmas feeling over all seasons and getting some of the sentiment and philosophy with which we are temporarily so glib into practical life. We need the spirit of the great festival more actively infused into our laws, into our business dealings, into our general social relations. This thing of evaporating all our Christianity in talk and little gifts at the year's end is somewhat farcical. More Christianity in the game of life is what this world needs, to replace our business savagery and our laws which operate to make poorer Christ's poor, to soften justice into something more than a conspiracy of the few against the many. It seems that we shall have, from now on, a little more of this very desirable spirit in government, thanks mostly to Theodore Roosevelt and his "square deal." He might go farther in his effort to bring about the square deal, but as it is he is much of an innovator, and the hope of the weak as against the cunning strong. A Merry Christmas then to Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Folk, William Travers Jerome, Mayor Dunne, Governor Deneen, Mayor Weaver, Mayor Tom Johnson—all the men who are trying to get a little more of the Christ spirit into our politics and into our social and business conventions. That we have such men with us, not wholly given over unto Mammon and the lust of self, is something to hearten our hopefulness of realizing for each and all increasingly the wish of a Merry Christmas.

* * *

The Philanthropist

By W. M. R.

YES," said the great employer of labor, "I am going to be a philanthropist."

"How so?" queried the man who goeth about as an interrogation point.

"I will establish a loan office in my store to lend money to my own employees and thus keep them from falling into the clutches of the money lenders."

"Good; but—"

"But what?" ejaculated the philanthropist.

"Isn't there a better way to help them?"

"Not that I can see."

"How about giving them better or shorter hours of labor and a raise of wages?"

"Go to," said the philanthropist. "You are an anarchist."

"But if you lend them money, why charge them interest for it? Is there any law, human or divine, justifying the exaction of interest for money loaned to your fellows?"

"You are an anarchist!"

"Will your loan fund for your employes amount to

the sum of your railroad and arbitrary rebates last year?"

"You are insulting, sir!"

"Don't you think justice is better than charity?"

"Police! Help!"

"It is hard to be a philanthropist and to loan people money that is their own to the extent that the philanthropist does not adequately pay them out of the profit their labors pile up for him. Or, rather, that is easy. The hard thing is to answer questions springing from the innate sense of justice in the beholder of such fake philanthropy. No man should need charity. Each man should get his own. If he doesn't it is because some of the philanthropists who ostentatiously help him, have appropriated his share by some trick of privilege. No man decently paid, not a wastrel, not robbed by exactions in the shape of rent and trust controlled necessities of life should be in the clutches of the money lenders. The man who gives as charity and for a profit what he should give as a right and in fair pay for honest work, is himself a money-shark."

And then the plain clothes man from headquarters wearing a diamond stud as big as a walnut, came along and led the inquiring visitor away from the presence of the philanthropist.

* * *

Ferries to Burst the Cinch

By William Marion Reedy

THERE'S something wrong with the city's trade, and the terminal conditions have something to do with it. No one disputes that proposition.

I don't much believe in the free bridge idea, as I don't see how it's to be profitably useful, if it has to become a branch of the terminals already established. The switching charges will still be there. But I don't believe that the people who want a free bridge should be choked off by the Council.

The trouble with the bridge arbitrary is that it is maintained in the interest of big shippers who don't pay it, for the advantage it gives them over those who do pay it.

Eighty per cent of the goods passing over the bridge is through traffic in which St. Louis is not concerned as to whether it pays any arbitrary.

The remaining twenty per cent on which arbitrary is levied is paid by the comparatively small shipper. The big shipper gets his allowances one way or another.

To take the small shippers' arbitrary off there is no need to build a bridge costing \$4,000,000, said bridge to become a part of the present terminals, even if free. It would only give about a mile of free transportation to eighty per cent of the total St. Louis transpointine traffic—to the shippers of the through freight. On that part of the other twenty per cent which is paid by the small shipper there would remain the switching charge of the Terminal Company for taking the freight from the free bridge. The bridge might be free, but the terminal tracks wouldn't.

Therefore the cheaper way to help the small shipper would be by the construction of municipal ferries. They could be provided in sufficiency to the city's needs within a short time for one-tenth of what a bridge would cost. The new municipal ferries in New York didn't cost more than \$200,000.

The small shipper could send his own wagons to the East side and fetch over the freight on the ferries. Any shipper could do that—large or small.

The competition would soon bring the bridges to terms. The Wiggins Ferry brought the bridge to terms until it was taken in. The big shippers who might not want to pay an agent company to transfer their goods between this city and East St. Louis could have their own teams use the ferries. This would only involve their not having a company responsibly guaranteeing their goods during the transfer. If they get most of their freight now by ferry they would get more by more ferries, and the new ferries would force down the Wiggins' rates.

"They" say that ferry landings can't be procured on the East Side because of the monopoly of the water front by the Wiggins Ferry Company. That's all balderdash. The State of Illinois and the City of East St. Louis have a right to their own water front that no corporation can shut them out of. They can drive roadways through Wiggins property to the water's edge, and give ferry privileges there. "The right of contract" may be urged against this. What's the matter with the extended interpretation of the police power to set aside contracts against public interest? The ferries can secure the landings all right by way of the courts. The way to keep down rates for freight transportation across the river is to provide competition. The ferries would provide it.

Ferries are the solution of our terminal problem, if we are not going to attempt to provide for municipal ownership of the present bridges and terminal plant. Ferries are not antiquated now. Most of the freight shipped in small lots between this city and East St. Louis now goes by way of teams and ferries.

And a ferry is the means to provide for the entrance to this city of the freight that will be hauled by the Illinois Electric traction system. The ferry proposition has these three advantages: It can be quickly applied to the relief of the situation; it can be applied cheaply; it will provide just enough competition to keep down the rates of which the merchants complain.

Then, with the rates down to nothing, the big shippers who don't pay the arbitrary, will no longer have that advantage over the small shipper who has paid it. Then the big shipper won't be able to push his business where smaller shippers can't. Then the smaller shipper will be enabled to reach out after business from which the arbitrary barred him. This will expand the St. Louis business territory enormously. It will make big shippers out of small shippers.

The ferry remedy here suggested will give all the shippers a square deal. It will cut rates. It will do all this soon. It will do it at an expense so trifling as to illustrate once more how easy a thing it is to put a Great Graft out of business once it is "gone after" according to common sense, and with no end in view but justice.

♦♦♦

WHAT has become of the war upon the bucket-shops? Is this another case of "what could we do?" The bucket shops continue to "do" everybody silly enough to believe that their quotation game is on the square.

♦♦

THERE seems to be another epidemic of hazing in the colleges. Perhaps hazing could be put down if the colleges would revert to corporal punishment of hazers. Moral punishment doesn't seem to be an effective check on collegiate savagery. Some of the football and rowing trainers might be impressed by the faculties into service in paddling the burly hazers in public.

Some Business Genius

By W. M. R.



HE other day a dead man was elevated to the rank of Captain of Industry. Deceased was a resident of a thriving inland city.

Outside of a handful of associates, he had been known for a generation (to those who knew him at all) merely as a hard-headed, moderately prosperous business man—one of the large squad of dimly-outlined "substantial men" whose names come in handy now and then to fill out a list of directors. But upon his death it was discovered that he left a fortune running into the millions—and, as a matter of course, he was promptly furnished with a post-mortem reputation to fit the fortune. Two leading newspapers published the personal anecdotes by fellow-millionaires which are everywhere recognized as the proper funeral honors of a departed Captain, and it was discovered that he had been a man of wonderful sagacity, combining infallible judgment of the present and clairvoyant knowledge of the future with impregnable courage and the soundest conservatism. Two men recalled that he had predicted the panic of '93.

"As a matter of fact, the deceased had, some forty years ago—and with the most poignant reluctance—accepted a string of vacant lots in settlement of a claim against an insolvent debtor. The lots were in the line of the city's development. Three-quarters of a million people moved to town. Their presence, their activities and necessities, made the lot-owner a millionaire. A vast deal of business genius is of this same order."

The paragraphs above are from the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*—founded by Benjamin Franklin.

Whose work made the value of the land that made rich the deceased captain of industry? Not his own! But the work, the necessities, the simple presence of the three-quarters of a million people. Why shouldn't they have a share as a community in the increment of that property? No reason in the world except that tax laws are designed by those who hold property. The taxation of the property in such manner as to divert to the public treasury the people's share in the value of that property is simple justice. Such taxation is no penalty upon ability. It requires no ability to hold land and let others do the work that makes it valuable. The values should go to the creators of values. If a man will not work neither shall he eat.

This is the principle that is involved in the Single Tax theory. It aims to emancipate from the tax burdens the creators of values. It would stop penalizing ability and energy. It would put an end to a system whereunder the drones profit by the labors of the workers. There's nothing anarchistic or socialistic about the proposition. It simply means public ownership of what the public creates. It leaves to the land purchaser just that share in the land represented by the stored labor or wealth that he put in it originally and it relieves of tax whatever other wealth the holder puts into the land in the way of improvements.

It puts business genius squarely on its feet. It shakes loose the grip of the mere land-holding parasite upon the business genius.

Tax the land alone and the land will be used. Bring the land into use and opportunity is enlarged, economic freedom is given to all men, monopoly is torn up by the roots or rendered harmless, public franchises yield adequate return to the public granting them.

Business genius will then not consist of a "hold out" of land or in the insidious theft of the usufruct of the energies of the community by rapacious rents.

♦♦♦

Reflections

A Slum in Sleuths.

NY reform of the St. Louis police department that stops short of a clean sweep of the "pets" in the detective branch of the service will not touch the most flagrant corruption in the force. There's the graft. There's where the political protection is extended to the criminals. The detective department may betray the Chief of Police to his enemies, but the detective force is rotten and should be cleaned out. Besides being corrupt and egregiously prosperous on the corruption, its members are all haters of Folk and the friends of those who would destroy him. They are spies for Folk's enemies and they loathe the new regime that won't even let them wear their diamonds, let alone continue accumulating more from thieves and nocturnal prowling bawds. Clean out the detective department.

♦♦

BANKER WALSH, of Chicago, was trying to enrich himself on other people's money and has gone bust. Bank inspection everywhere seems to be along the lines of "absent treatment." Walsh also was an "eminently respectable citizen." That's the surest way to get in on other people's money.

♦♦

Mr. Thompson's Successor

WHEN good and gruff and kind and cross W. H. Thompson died the other day the city lost its financial leader, at once conservative and daring, cautious and tenacious and ever weighingly wise. It is interesting to speculate as to his successor. Whom shall it be? There's Mr. Francis. His place is already fixed. It was inferior to Mr. Thompson's. There's Edwards Whitaker. He's rather withdrawing. There's Murray Carleton, who is coming in several directions at once. There's Julius S. Walsh, with "Breck" Jones behind him, swinging gigantic telephone deals. Then there's James Campbell, who, with his holdings in the banks and trust companies, electric light companies, gas companies, telephone companies, real estate and other things locally, is a big factor in national affairs, the heavy-weight director in the Rock-Island-Frisco Railway system, the magnate of tremendous water-power-electric rights in the far West, a big operator in the Southwestern lead fields, the head of great gold mining properties in Mexico, and right up with the insiders in Wall street. He's the man who steps into Thompson's place, and, indeed, for ten years past Mr. Campbell has been the closest man in town to Mr. Thompson, so close, in fact, that there were some who more than suspected that it was the bland James who was functioning indirectly in some of the more momentous matters in which Mr. Thompson spoke as with the voice of finality. James Campbell, I should say, is now the city's big man of affairs, though this may not soon be readily apparent, because of his aversion to publicity. There are no frills upon J. C. He's all unadorned. The rough places show on him, but he has a jolly humor that breaks the impact of his force, makes you forget it while you bend to it. He's gentler than he'd have you know, as foxy as he is direct, when occasion demands. Very little will go without his O. K. I don't say that this is all right. All I do is state the fact. If J. C. is wrong any-

THE MIRROR

where, it's the fault of the system of the game in which he plays. It's a damn bad system, and J. C. is a doggone good man in all sorts of little and big quiet ways, that it would be fine to tell about if it wouldn't destroy his pleasure to be "discovered." He's the wealthiest man in Missouri, which he might be, anyhow, but which he shouldn't be according to the prevalent predaceous economic system. Still, he didn't invent the system, and has as much right to profit by what it gives him of the public's rights, as has such a reformer as Tom L. Johnson or the Socialist Carnegie.

❖❖

THEODORE ROOSEVELT may have to stand for another nomination for President. There is nothing else to the Republican party but Theodore Roosevelt.

❖❖

GOVERNOR FOLK probably won't, but undoubtedly should, pardon the boodlers as a Christmas gift to their families.

❖❖

Printer's Strike.

THE country seems to be in for a big printer's strike to open the New Year. The printers are a smart lot of men and will not lose public sympathy through overt acts. They have not moved to the strike extremity without full and fair notice to the bosses. They will put up a tremendous fight and, in all likelihood, win, because good printers are rare outside the union and "bum" printing is an affliction the public will not stand for. The first-class printer's place may be taken but it cannot be filled by a "blacksmith." The country consumes a lot of printing and it wants none but the best work. The bosses are up against a hard proposition if the strike comes off and they will probably lose more money on bad work than they would expend if they granted every demand of the typists.

❖❖

Now that Miss Alice Roosevelt has been formally engaged to Mr. Longworth, perhaps the yellow newspapers will drop their innuendoes of comment upon her. They incline now to belittle Longworth as a sort of half-reformed "sport" who has never done anything but enjoy his father's money. He seems to be a clean, honest, manly, spirited young man and to be just such a person as would make an ideal husband for the young woman who has so much of her father's forthrightness.

❖❖

LAWSON gathered in \$3,600,000 of comparatively poor people's money and handed it over to the System in playing his own sure system. Lawson would look well in stripes.

❖❖

THE New York *Sun* intimates to Chauncey Depew that a trip up the Nile would be good for him. But Chauncey has no friend up *that* river.

❖❖

What Congress Will Do

SPEAKER CANNON is determined to squelch all proposals for legislation not on the programme of Congress. The new Congressman is not much more important nowadays than a constable. Even in Washington, says Dry Dollar Sullivan, "they hitch horses to Congressmen in the streets." The committees fix things. We are governed by committees. All we have to do is watch to see who fixes the two or three big committees. Government by the people isn't clearly in evidence, save in a reflex sort of way, but even then the reflection from the people is refracted by the interests that are tireless in effort to get from and through the people what they desire in

the way of special advantages. Legislation proceeds by compromise, and special interests always have something upon which to compromise public interests. Therefore we need not build our hopes too high in the matter of the ultimate resultant of conflicting forces over railroad rate, insurance, industrial or other "regulation." The people come slowly into their own. They are so conservative when some robber interest rises up and cries, "You wouldn't rob us, would you?" Private property must be protected, even when it is properly public property. With this view of the situation well in mind, we may be prepared for very moderate realization of what the President in his message recommends to the Congress. Meanwhile, what we need is more radicalism in demanding the subjection of the corporation to the public sovereignty, on the theory that in order to get a very little we must ask a great deal.

❖❖



JOLLY CHRISTMAS EVE.

❖❖

JOHN SHARPE WILLIAMS is a Democratic "leader" just like his man, Alton Brooks Parker was. That is—nit.

❖❖

Labor In League with a Trust.

CHICAGO'S brick trust was fined \$18,000 the other day for a conspiracy. It is next in order to get after the newly formed cement trust. The brick trust used labor leaders to foment strikes on all building work in which trust brick was not used. Labor grafters are the best tools of the trusts everywhere. They are the readiest to aid in putting competitors of those who pay them out of business, and in stirring up troubles to justify cessation of production and increase of prices. The working together of crooked labor trusts and crooked capital trusts is not calculated to substantiate the claim of the Socialists that the universal acceptance of the fundamental trust idea will bring on the millennium. All exclusiveness of association among men is antagonistic to the higher civilization and humanity. What is needed in order to get rid of all trust evils and all economic exclusiveness is an inclusive economics which shall admit each

man to a share in the wealth of the world through the productiveness of his own labor. The trust idea will never be destroyed until the trust is shaken from its grip upon natural resources and its manipulation thereof to the exclusion therefrom of the multitudes of men. Limiting natural opportunity and limiting the use of natural resources is the trick whereby the masses are dispossessed. Fines will not stop this trickery. Prison for the engrosser of the natural resources and the corrupt forestaller of labor would be better. The trust couldn't bribe labor to its own ends but for its mastery over labor through conditions which keep the laborer dependent upon the controllers of resources, and all resources are, in their origin, in the land. Tax land values to their rental value and there'll be no brick trust in Chicago or elsewhere, and no laborers to be bribed against their fellows, for the small builder would flourish and work would be plentiful and profitable to all.

❖❖

MR. ROCKEFELLER must be tremendously grateful to the McCalls and McCurdys for ousting him from the fierce white light that beats upon a colossus of commercialism. But Miss Tarbell must repine to see her hero obscured by those others.

❖❖

Fiona McLeod.

WILLIAM SHARP, who died in Italy the other day, was the most successful literary impersonator of a woman that the world has known. He was "Fiona McLeod," and his work under that pseudonym had a delicately passionate temperamentalism, infallibly feminine, sensitive, mystical yet concrete as to the apprehension of nature. It seems impossible that any man could have written the "Rune of the Passion of Woman" or the "Rune of the Sorrow of Woman," in each of which there was an affrightingly poignant revelation of the very innermost idiosyncrasy of the feminine physiology which so suffuses what passes for feminine psychology. Sharp, as Sharp, was a poet of distinction, but the elusive, will-o-the-wispish beauty and the golden misty spirituality of his work as "Fiona McLeod" are his best title to lasting remembrance as an artist in the interpretation of a sort of Christian pantheism unique in the history of thought and emotion.

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THE Million Club seems to have lost the 1 in front of the six zeros.

❖❖

War on the Sunday Clubs

SATAN'S lair has been discovered. The *Republic* is the discoverer, and in its rapture thereover, it has told all to the public. The Sunday Club is "the gateway of hell." Not all clubs whereat intoxicants are dispensed on Sunday are evil. The high-toned club, where the kid-glove gentry can play poker and acquire their accustomed Sunday jag must not be confused with those clubs where the common herd assemble, drink whiskey straight, consume several cases of beer, eat such common lunch as the groceries afford, and spend their time reading the Sunday newspapers and playing pinochle, euchre or seven-up. Although these clubs exist under exactly the same authority of law as the Noonday Club, the Union Club, the St. Louis Club, the University Club, the Jefferson Club and the Hamilton Club, they should immediately be suppressed. What right has the common citizen anyway? He doesn't prey upon anybody, but exists to be preyed upon. Most of the common citizens are so perverse that they will not even swear to a

false assessment list. It naturally follows that they have no right to organize a club of their own, and obtain a charter therefor from the State. What is the good of a Sunday law if it cannot be made to deny the common herd something and extend privileges to the rich. It is only an exemption from ordinary laws that makes a real aristocracy. It is clearly a violation of the Sunday law, the Bill of Rights and several other things, for the members of a Sangerbund in South St. Louis, even if they have a club charter from the State, to drink beer at their club on Sunday. Why is a Sunday debauch of the Dirty Dozen any more reprehensible than the souse of a bunch of sports at the University Club? Thick-headed people, perhaps, cannot see the difference between a German drinking beer at his chartered club on Sunday and the "sapient sons" of the snapsters acquiring a Sunday drunk on champagne at a club whence common people are rigidly excluded. What's the difference between a Budweiser "bun" or a Falstaff "load," and a Pommery "peach" or a White Seal "brannigan?" There is a difference, and the *Republic* has discovered it. Your "load" is "legit." if you accumulate it at one of Little Rolla's "hang outs." In its righteous indignation the *Republic* calls upon Governor Folk, Attorney General Hadley, the St. Louis Grand Jury and Circuit Attorney Sager to sound their bugles in unison for a charge on the plebeian clubs. They should be raided every Sunday. The police should be just as vigilant in suppressing these clubs as they were in protecting the gamblers and panel workers who divided profits with them. Yea, they should be as harsh with these clubs as they are tender with the sons of the wealthy who fill up at their club houses and go out in "the bad lands" Sunday nights and "raise hell." It is perfectly clear, as the *Republic* explains, that there are only a few clubs in the city where a good citizen can get a drink, or get drunk if he pleases, on Sunday. All the others are "a menace to society." The common cattle are only good to work and pay taxes, and be run over by the automobiles of the golden youths. If the law is not strong enough to put their common clubs out of existence and send the members to the workhouse, let us have more law on the subject. What is a Legislature for, anyway, if not to protect the swells and put the screws to *hoi polloi*. And if a new law is found necessary, as will doubtless be the case, great care should be taken in framing it, lest some plebeian court should construe it to be either unconstitutional, or operative alike against all clubs selling or disposing of intoxicants on Sunday. It must be so framed that only the poor man can be deprived of club privileges on Sunday. Don't interfere with wild wassailings of the big rich in their resorts. Possibly, it might be necessary to do some boodling at Jefferson City to get such a bill through the Legislature, but there are plenty of "highly respectable" lawyers who could be depended upon to attend to these details if they were guaranteed "good fees." On the other hand, let the clubs flourish unrestrictedly in every block. They don't pay a dollar of license to State or city. They gather in the trade of the saloon keeper, who does pay a license and would lose that license if he were caught selling a Sunday drink. They start in by capturing the license paying saloon keepers' Sunday trade, and gradually take over his week-day trade, and he goes to the wall. The man who has a club has an advantage over the saloon keeper, just as the swell club is safer from possible attack than the poor man's club. The clubs are clear evasions of the law; but they are *prima facie* as legal as

the big clubs of the rich. The clubs are an injustice to the heavily licensed saloon keeper. The State that taxes the saloonkeeper should not permit an untaxed rival to take away the saloon man's business. The State owes it to the saloonkeeper to give him a square deal when he pays for a privilege, and it should not permit another to take such a privilege without paying for it. Close all the clubs—the rich as well as the poor, the high as well as the low. If not let every saloon keeper organize a club under the law—he can do it if he will get the right kind of lawyer to coach him—and then the law will be only a little more of a farce than it is at present.

♦♦



SANTA ON THE BRIDGE.

♦♦

THERE'S still time to pick a quarrel with the girl for whom you can't afford a Christmas present.

♦♦

Murray Carleton

MR. MURRAY CARLETON is the coming philanthropic citizen of this town, if, in fact, he has not already arrived. He is ranking right up with Adolphus Busch and Samuel Cupples as an active public benefactor. The splendid success of the great wholesale house he has made out of the concern for which he was once a drummer, is not the least of his achievements. The president of the Carleton Dry Goods Company managed the Transit Company and the United Railways out of its desperate difficulties into some sort of order. He is foremost in every movement of a public character, and always as a guarantor of funds. He is a generous friend to church and philanthropic work. His business interests are multitudinous, and his activities so multifarious that the marvel is, how he finds time for them all. Without doubt, he is the leading spirit in Washington avenue, and foremost in the development of that great wholesale thoroughfare on which his company's store is the greatest establishment, and leads in business as it stands pre-eminent for integrity. But it is a climax to his protean potentialities that he should have become president of the Amphion Club. We knew him for a hustler, for a ready giver, for a quick action dealer in large affairs, for a builder of churches,

conductor of Sunday schools, director of banks and insurance companies and railways, a genial man socially and in the clubs, but we didn't know that he was a sweet-singer as well. Yet such he is, and his acceptance of the new Amphion Club presidency gives that aggregation of musical young men a prestige it could not have gained in twenty years even under the spell of the magic name in music of Alfred G. Robyn, its directive genius. The name of Carleton is worth a thousand men. This city needs more men like Murray Carleton, who will get away from their fascinating success in business and devote themselves to the aesthetic upbuilding of the community. He has the right affectionate feeling for the town in which, and the people among whom he made his money, and he is sure to be as much beloved as he is generally admired for his and his company's transcendent business triumphs.

♦♦

HARDEST thing in the world is to be an infidel around Christmas time.

♦♦

CONGRESSMAN BARTHOLDT is to have the final say-so upon all the Federal appointments for the city of St. Louis. He will be the man the other bosses will have to do business with when it comes to swinging the State for presidential nominee next time.

♦♦

Missouri's Corn

"CORN makes whiskey and whiskey makes Democrats," is an old saying in the country. Missouri has garnered a crop of corn worth \$87,000,000, and consequently the Democratic vote ought to be very large next year. But, seriously speaking, it is strange that so little is said about corn in comparison with the amount of newspaper space that is devoted to wheat. The corn yield in Missouri is worth eight or ten times the value of the wheat crop. This year it will be worth more than the combined wheat crops of Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and Arkansas. Where corn was not damaged by September and October floods, the yield is fully \$25 to the acre. Four such crops would pay for an average farm. Small wonder that the Missouri farmers are so prosperous. The Missouri hen is worth more annually than the gold output of Alaska, and three times as much as the wheat crop of the State. The Missouri hen flourishes upon corn. Missouri's great statesmen, Champ Clark, Dorsey Shackleford, Rucker, "Pat" Murphy, "Pat" Dyer, Alonzo Tubbs, the Rubleys of all breeds—all are corn fed. That's what gives body to their philosophy and blithesomeness to their great proud and haughty spirits.

♦♦

IF YOU'RE in doubt where to put a little money to increase the area of Christmas cheerfulness, send your cheque to the *Post-Dispatch* Christmas Fund. That's a good charity and a picturesque annual event of this town.

♦♦

Warner's Affiliations

AN anonymous correspondent informs the MIRROR, that Senator Warner and Col. Richard C. Kerens are parties to a thorough and friendly understanding in all parts of the State outside of St. Louis. Whether to believe this or not I don't know, but I do know that Kerens men have been buying up some very valuable country newspapers in different sections. Just how Senator Warner can be at one with Col. Kerens, and at the same time an avowed supporter of President Roosevelt, is not immediately apparent. I prefer to think that Senator Warner is inclined to stand

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off and enjoy the spectacle presented wherein both the Niedringhaus men and the Kerens men claim the credit of his election at the end of the legislative session. At the Custom House building in St. Louis, Mo., there seems to be a trace of antagonism to Mr. Niedringhaus, only a faint trace, but a trace. Congressman Richard Bartholdt is not figuring in the mess conspicuously, but Congressman Bartholdt is generally believed to stand pretty well at the White House, and it is a significant fact that he managed to get out of town, on a good excuse, and escape attending Mr. Niedringhaus' rally of Congressmen two weeks ago. That rally doesn't look like Mr. Niedringhaus is inclined to submit the State patronage to Senator Warner in accordance with venerable custom. The Kansas City *Journal*, a Kerens-Santa Fe paper, is fighting the President's rate-regulating project and insinuating that the President is with Odell in the party difficulties in New York. That doesn't look like a course that would be agreeable to a newly elected Republican Senator from Missouri pledged to the support of the President's policies. Fact is, Republican politics in Missouri is in very much of a muddle, and Missouri Republican politicians are likely, before long, to be again characterized at Washington as "the damnedest outfit" that ever happened.

♦♦

Paltriest Thieves

THE meanest thieves are those who take the least chance in their graft, so we see the pickpocket at the bottom of the scale and the burglars or highwaymen, likely in turning any trick to be shot, at the head of the profession. But there's a class of thieves took less chances than the pickpockets. They are the insurance company presidents. They took absolutely nothing but money, and in ways for which they couldn't even be prosecuted. Their thefts required neither ingenuity nor courage. They are the paltriest kind of thief that society has yet produced.

♦♦

FOREST PARK will be restored when the city pays for it. The people who subscribed to the World's Fair and had an Irish dividend immediately in increased rents, will have to pay more taxes to restore the Park. This town is being "wolfed" in beautiful shape under the domination of the gang that fixed the re-election of Wells.

♦♦

Folk and His Party in St. Louis

WHOSOEVER representing Governor Folk enters upon dalliance with the members of the Democratic City Committee or foregathers with the forces dominant in the Jefferson Club, under the impression that the fortunes of the Governor are to be profited thereby, that same person is one ass. The City Committee and the Club are against Folk down to the marrow in the bones of the membership of each. They will play with his representatives until the time comes to throw over every person and everything that can be in the remotest degree associated with Folk. They will trail along until primary time comes, and then they'll have a direct primary at which all the committeemen will re-elect themselves, no matter what the vote may be. This will leave the committee dominated by exactly the same people and interests that dominated it when the slugging was done in the Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth Wards to prevent the success of delegations favorable to Folk for Governor. The City Committee and the Jefferson Club will only go with Folk to find out where he is most vulnerable, and to strike him there. Both bodies are solid on one proposition, however they may differ on others, and that is that Folk must be

destroyed in politics. How could they be otherwise? Folk has punished boodlers. Folk has closed saloons on Sunday. Folk has shaken the grip of graft on the police. Folk has discouraged the "shake-down" and "hold up." The elements that dominate club and committee hate Folk and all his works, and if Folk relies upon either body or upon any one of the old crowd in either body to help him in politics, he will find himself betrayed the moment he expects anything of them. The regular party machinery in St. Louis has but one cohesive principle—now that plunder has been, at least, temporarily, cut off—and that is hatred of Folk. Therefore Governor Folk cannot do a wiser thing than to keep out of the local political muddle, unless it be to look for occasion to make unrelenting war upon the party organizations as they stand, or as they may be professedly organized in his interest.

♦♦

*"THE POLICE WERE NOTIFIED."*

♦♦

WHY "save" the Jefferson Club? Why not let the party run the party without the domination of a Club clique having no delegated party authority? Party affairs should be run by regularly chosen party committees, not by a graft-financed club. The Jefferson Club is only a branch office of the race-track, bucket-shop, franchise grabbing crowd. Why should Folk take it and put it on its feet, after it has been looted by its former managers?

♦♦

How much better off is John Hipple Mitchell, late of Oregon, than Burton of Kansas, Depew, of New York, Clark, of Montana! "Call no man happy till he be dead," is painfully applicable to the careers and fames of too many of the wearers of the American toga.

♦♦

Missouri Authors.

"PIPE AND BOOK" is the title of a volume soon to be published by Tom Bodine of the Paris (Mo.) *Mercury*. We have often wondered if Tom is a relative of Ex-Congressman Robert Bodine of Monroe County. It was Col. Jim T. Moore of Laclede County who once referred to Mr. Bodine as "that rantankerous Bengal tiger from the wilds of Monroe County," and

received the retort that he "was a long-eared, blue-nosed Kentucky jackass." Such is the exquisite elegance of repartee in Monroe County, Mo. Mr. Tom Bodine is a great story-writer, and he need not go outside of Monroe County to find abundant material for his book. That county produces more material for fiction than is to be found in the poll books of Senator Kinney's Fourth Ward. The ex-Congressman is worthy of several pages, while J. H. Whitecotton could hardly be disposed of in less than a chapter. It was Mr. Whitecotton who discovered a boodling combine in the Missouri State Senate several years ago, under the terms of which maximum and minimum boodling rates were established. The ceiling was the maximum, after the Transit Company job was discovered, but the minimum rate was fixed inflexibly at \$2.50. It worked all right for a time. Finally, a Southeast Missouri Senator who had been losing heavily at poker, accepted "a fee" of \$1.50 for supporting a measure that meant eleven or twelve millions to the fellows who were advocating it. He was discovered and promptly fired from the combine, as the minimum rate had been violated. He offered evidence showing his dire need, but to no purpose. He was told that one thing the boodling combine wouldn't stand for was a violation of its own minimum rate. His complaint that "it didn't make no difference" what he took, as the other combineers always won his share from him at cards before he got it, was ignored as a begging of the question. Some of the boodlers threatened to shoot Mr. Whitecotton's hide full of holes for sleuthing on their deliberations, but he didn't scare worth a cent and then the combine passed the matter off as a Legislative joke, and took the disgraced member back into the fold. On another occasion ex-Congressman Bodine called Col. Henry A. Newman of Randolph County sharply to task for voting with the Southeast Missouri delegation on a railroad bill. Mr. Bodine wanted to know if the Randolph County statesman was aware of the fact that the St. Louis *Republic* had severely criticised him for his vote. To which Col. Newman replied: "Yes, Mr. Speaker, I know the *Republic* has been ripping the hide off my back, but I would rather be lynched in Southeast Missouri than die a natural death within one hundred yards of the *Republic* office." So it is easy to see the immense amount of material plastic to the hand of the literarian, in Monroe County, that is going to waste. Mr. Tom Bodine need not leave the town of Paris to find enough to fill several books. Paris can boast of as many pretty girls as Marshall, which is saying a whole lot. Paris, Mo., has more of that sort of thing than Paris, France. The Paris *Mercury* is a better paper than the other Paris *Le Mercure*. The most valuable service Mark Twain rendered the Confederacy had for the scene of its performance this same Monroe County, when he kept heroically several miles ahead of General Grant, thus preventing the loss of many lives. The town graduates statesmen, lawyers, preachers, and politicians, and it is high time it was turning out a novelist. It is one of the few counties that has not an author. Even old Pulaski has a novelist who lives at Richland, and wrote a book called "The Pioneer's Hoard," for which he received \$42 in cash, and which said \$42 he blew in within one week riding up and down the main street of the town in a hired buggy, with a new suit of clothes and a pair of kid gloves. This book is very scarce. Jim Armstrong and Judge Wright of Richland own a copy jointly and have put a price on it greater than our W. K. Bixby paid for his copy of the First Folio Shakespeare. The name of this author escapes us just at present, but there is one line that

we do remember. He says, speaking of his hero, "He was strong as a horse and nimble as a bird." If Pulkaski has a novelist, so should Monroe. Every country should have a literary light: Therefore we hail Mr. Bodine with unfeigned delight.

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The Corey Case

W. ELLIS COREY, president of the United States Steel Corporation has friends who point out that he is being punished worse than was Alexander Hamilton for a publicly admitted fault of the sexual variety. Corey is not a Hamilton. He has not expiated his fault by confession as Hamilton did. In fact, Corey claims that he has done no wrong, and that it is his wife who forces the divorce, and he is too chivalric to oppose it. Corey's family and friends don't see it that way. In their view he is forcing his wife to the proceedings with a view to marrying an actress. The wife he is forcing away from him helped to make him and his fortune, and he wants to put her off with a paltry share of that fortune. That is not a square deal. Hamilton may have stolen another man's wife; he never could have robbed his own of her share in his possessions. Still, Corey isn't quite as contemptible as his uncle, who wants to sell the family correspondence about the family affair to the highest bidder. The public begins to suspect that the Corey family has been trying to work William Ellis Corey, and are mostly just as vulgar and crude as he is, only in a different way. Then Corey's threat to tell of the lascivities and salacities of other steel magnates at the Duquesne Club in Pittsburg is the yelp of a mucker.

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Art and Again Art.

"THE Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art" is an institution with a good purpose and the managing geniuses thereof know how to awaken and keep awake interest in it. In co-operation with the Artist's Guild it should accomplish a great deal. And yet I don't know that the best influence for art in this town is not the art gallery of the Noonan-Kocian Company, where are shown from time to time choice collections of the best paintings of this country and Europe. There comes to an end there this week a notable exhibition of the work of American colorists. There are several Wyants, a little Dessar, two Inneses, a Keith, a Van Boskerck, specimens of Chase, William H. Howe, Homer Martin and our own Miller and Wuerpel—fifty-three pictures in all, wherein can be found and whence can be drawn a great deal of the spirit and genius of true art. There's no way to learn the beauty of pictures like submitting oneself to the charm of good pictures. This American exhibition is notably good, though without any enormously great work in it. Yet there are pictures in it worth the whole twenty canvases recently bought by one millionaire here from a parapetetic vender of pictures built to sell. Good pictures come to town and go begging at modest prices. Junk and slopwork on a big scale, trickily painted, conventionally conceived and arranged to the chromo taste of the new rich go off in batches at prices that are absurd in their splendor. When one sees the paintings of these Americans at the Noonan-Kocian gallery and notes how slender the sales, and then hears that this or that local magnate or mogul has paid forty prices for each of a dozen purely market made concoctions of color, one is inclined to rage that the picture fakir is allowed to flourish without police intervention. A little \$150 picture from the Noonan-Kocian show now closing—the Dessar "Moonlight at Etaples," for instance—is worth

ten of the daubs for which a millionaire with nothing but a cheque book will pay \$500 apiece to some persistent fellow who will drum him out of his office and into the presence of a lot of stuff that impresses because it's big and gaudy and tells stories. The St. Louis Society for the Promotion of Art should transform itself into a society for the prevention of this peripetetic art fakery that has only one good feature—that it relieves our big rich ignorant of their suddenly and sometimes evilly acquired coin. There should be a permanent committee of the Society to rescue the new riches from the commercial traveler that sneaks into town and hypnotizes the money out of tight purses for art that would make St. Jerome use language that would forfeit and set aside his canonization.

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THE CZAR'S SANTA CLAUS.

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A WICKED St. Louisan died and went to hell. The devil wouldn't let him in. Said Satan: "No use. This place would be a picnic for you after passing your winters in a steam heated building in St. Louis, with its alternating freezings and fryings."

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The Penned Boodlers

GOVERNOR FOLK is earning quite a reputation for himself as a pardon governor. He has been generous in the exercise of clemency to desperadoes and murderers, in reprieves and diminution of periods of punishment. Therefore it is not too much to expect that he will display some mercy towards the seven boodlers he convicted and sent to the penitentiary. Boodlers aren't as bad as murderers.

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FORAKER is the Tillman of the Republican side of the United States Senate, and Tillman is the Foraker of the Tillman side of the "most august deliberative assemblage upon earth."

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Get Your Axe, Matt Kiely

THE "job" to roll Kiely as Chief of Police didn't catch Folk. The Governor knew that putting Kiely out would be playing into the hands of the Folk haters who wanted Kiely's scalp for no other reason

than that Kiely had gone over to Folk. The Chief should get his axe to working on the force among those who tried to discredit the body of which they are members, and he is head, in order to get rid of him. The Chief of Police should clean out the detective department, and do it drastically. That part of the force is a hot-bed of hatred of Kiely and Folk and *the law*. It is the nest of graft. It is even to-day "snitching" on Kiely to the former bosses, giving away official orders, working in with all the elements that hate Folk for his law enforcement. The Chief should chop and chop and chop and chop, and keep on chopping off heads in the fly cop coop. Then he will have his own force in hand—not before. First he should chop those who keep in private touch over the 'phone with the former boss on police business. The force won't be right until the detective department is "weeded," even as some of its members "weeded" the "rolls" of the "sure thing men" they "stuck up" on the way to town from the county "graft" during the Fair, even as others weeded the proprietors of "museums" down town or near the Union Depot, even as a noted sure thing man was forced to split for the privilege of working at the Odeon ticket office during all the Fair.

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The Menu of Missouri.

THE debate going on at Mexico, Mo., concerning the relative merits of "roast 'possum, roast coon" and "roast shoat," is not likely to be decided satisfactorily. Audrain County people are not authorities on such subjects. They may know a good deal about "roast shoat," but the younger generation must certainly be ignorant of "roast 'possum" and "roast coon." Neither of these animals inhabits that county. The last possum in Audrain was Sam Cook. The 'possum is not at home in any locality that does not produce persimmons and pawpaws. Even if a 'possum should wander into Audrain County and permit itself to be caught by some darky, it would be far from a toothsome lunch, for, not having fattened on pawpaws and persimmons, the flavor would be lacking. You've got to taste the p'simmon and pawpaw in the 'possum as you taste the acorns in venison. So Col. R. M. White may just as well cease exposing his ignorance about "roast 'possum and sweet potatoes." But if he must discuss the matter, he should consult Col. Green C. Clay, Gen. W. H. Kennan of that town, or Col. Tom S. Carter of Sturgeon, anyone of whom would tell him in a minute that what he doesn't know about "roast 'possum," would make a dozen books the size of a *Congressional Record* and vastly more interesting. Professor James Newton Baskett, naturalist, novelist, authority on the Coronado expedition, historian of the early West, could tell him much he needs to know, ere he dare pretend to talk as one having authority on such subjects. That there is much merit in such a discussion, during the holidays, when everybody is thoroughly bored with Christmas stories, is not to be doubted, if only the proper authorities would take the floor. If only we could hear from Col. E. McKee, of Macon, on this and all other subjects appertaining to edible *feriae* of Misouri! But Hardin College long since drove 'possum and coon literature out of Mexico and Audrain County. Westminster College has made terrible raids at Fulton and would long ago have achieved a victory had it not been for the stubborn resistance of Col. I. W. Boulware and N. D. Thurmond. For some reason the classics and "roast 'possum" and "roast coon" don't go together. Even the young negroes who attend Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, disclaim any predilection for "roast 'possum and sweet taters"

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just as soon as they can conjugate a Latin verb. Ever hear a fine sonorous Latin verb conjugated in a rich darky voice! It really adds to the melody of the Virgilian line to be read in negro accent. But it is not the purpose of this article to discuss why these things are this. They are; that settles it. The MIRROR is in favor of education, but at the same time, it does not see the propriety of a youthful negro extirpating by heroic denial his voracious appetite for 'possum just as soon as he obtains "a little learning," which, as Pope told us, "is a dangerous thing." But as to the real merits of "roast 'possum and sweet potatoes" and "roast coon" and "roast shoat"—it may be said that most excellent and altitudinous authorities differ. Capt. Jesse W. Tolin, who is now Chief of Police of Jefferson City, and ex-State Senator Charles E. Yeater of Sedalia, hold that a "fat coon" properly roasted and well seasoned with red pepper, salt and vinegar, is just as far ahead of "roast 'possum and sweet potatoes" as a fine beefsteak is preferable to a piece of parboiled gum shoe. Col. J. West Goodwin of Sedalia, agrees and pledges himself to "eat his hat" if it be not so. Even an ostrich wouln't touch J. West's hat, so you see the intensity of faith of the editor of the *Bazoo*. On the other hand, Judge J. W. Booth of Washington, Judge George N. Winston of Jefferson City, and Col. Jim T. Moore of Lebanon, all expert Judges, hold that "roast 'possum" possesses more real succulence to the square inch and round bite than any dish that can be served at any banquet short of that whereat "we sit at wine with the maiden's nine" on cloud-capped Olympus. The really expert judges are only to be found in, or close to the persimmon and pawpaw districts. The once famous Col. Rightor of Ripley, used to put in hours expatiating upon this fact to ex-Gov. Brockmeyer, who translated Hegel and transported the politicians on passes. On the point of age and priority of favor the 'possum is undoubtedly away in the lead. Who can ever forget the 'possum lunches that Tom Burtt used to set out at the State capital in the seventies, where life went gaily in the night time as you coppered the ace and played the queen open with one hand while the other held a hunk of meat. The addition of "roast coon" to the midnight lunches of Missouri statesmen if of modern discovery. Even yet, many of the old partisans of "roast 'possum and sweet potatoes," veterans like R. Steele Ryors, of Linn, turn up their noses at "roast coon." It has been noted, however, that once a statesman can be induced to eat a piece of "roast coon" his prejudice immediately disappears. Paris Wolf converted Judge Hazzell of Co'e County, to this delicacy about three months ago, at a repast at Senator Kinney's saloon, where the 'possum was served with such weird trimmings as *chile con carne* and chop-suey. Which shows that the Yellow Peril is gett'ng in its work even on the Missouri menu. The new convert will not say that coon is preferable to "possum," but he will say that it is much better than "roast shoat," and never to be grinned at by a man who has lost all of his front teeth. "Roast coon" requires but a single side dish, to-wit: corn dodgers. 'Possum requires sweet potatoes plus corn dodgers. All must be prepared by an old colored mammy from Kentucky, Virginia or Tennessee; one of those old ebon soft-hearts to whom the eloquent Mr. Hawes suggests the South should build a monument. No other class of cooks on earth can obtain the satisfactory results achieved by "'ole black mammies." They alone possess the deft touch whereby to leave the proper finger marks—a Bertillon system of identification of incognita artistry of cuisine—on the corn dodgers and properly seasoning and

cooking the roasts. Should a man attempt anything of the kind, the result would be a mess "like mother used to make before she knew how to cook." It is to be hoped that the St. Louis daily papers may take up the question of the relative merits of "roast 'possum and sweet potatoes," "roast coon" and "roast shoat." Interviews on this great vexed question would be voraciously read. Ex-Chief of Police John W. Campbell could contribute an excellent article. True, he is a violent amateur of "roast 'possum," but withal, he is a genuine expert. Chief Kiely says there were no 'possums where he came from, and coon he abominates since the darky detective, Gordon, told such a harrowing tale to the Police Board. He favors shoat. Man eats to live, of course, not lives to eat, but yet there is something in the theory that eating can be made a high art and it behooves us to show that Missouri produces grub with which not the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus nor the metheglin and great haunches of Walhalla are worthy to be compared. Yea, verily, the grub in Missouri is such that each one wears upon his face that look which might make the poet exclaim "for he on honey-dew hath fed and drunk the milk of Paradise."



NOT FOR HIM.

HEARST appears to have lost his election contest case against McClellan. Lucky Hearst. If he had won he could have done nothing in furtherance of his programme and would have been discredited.

The Canal Muddle
DEADLOCK canal would seem to be the promised outcome of the discussion as to whether the Panama ditch shall be a lock affair or a Straits of Panama. M. Bunau-Varilla claims it can be made a Straits of Panama and finished in time for some of us to see it before we die, if only it be excavated by wet dredging. Engineers who profess that they follow an exact science are woefully at variance on this detail of the great work. Engineers don't agree any better than doctors or lawyers or theologians or editors or woman or politicians. It seems that if the engineers don't reach an unanimous conclusion pretty soon the matter will be up to the President. If it gets up

there we may, at least, be sure of one thing: It will be decided, and that, too, without any waste of time. Still, the preparation for the work of digging goes on, and when the digging really begins, we shall see that it will go ahead rapidly. I believe that the men who are appointed to build the canal are good Americans, and that they will take as much pride in turning out the job ahead of all records and all calculations and estimates as they would, if they were generals, in winning a battle. We've got to have just so much palaver in this country before we do anything, but when the talk is over with, the work generally goes through on the double quick. We do our best thinking while we are jabbering, and as everybody has a voice in the jabber, we all feel that we are participants in the final result. We'll build that canal, and possibly we shall so build it that it shall be originally a lock canal soon completed and transformable by comparatively simple methods later into a sea level canal, or the Strait of Panama, vast enough to accommodate the largest vessels that man may ever be able to construct. This is M. Bunau-Varilla's plan, and it seems, from what he has written on the subject in a series of short articles in the New York *Sun*, to be a feasible one, which meets the objections of the contenders on either side, while satisfying their desire for the triumph of their particular idea of construction. The only person not likely to be satisfied by M. Bunau-Varilla's compromise of the engineering *impasse* is Senator Morgan of Alabama, who still maintains, as we understand, that the place for the canal to be constructed is in Nicaragua.

The Filthy Quacks.

THE man who would open up an intelligence office for the benefit of burglars would be put out of business in very short order. The daily press would "burn him up," so to speak. This is as it should be. But how about the newspapers that print filthy advertisements for quack doctors? They are steering victims to these quacks, well-knowing that the latter will rob them and perhaps kill them in the end. There is not a newspaper man in the country who cannot tell a quack doctor's advertisement the minute he sees it; so ignorance of the nature of the treatment offered cannot be accepted as a plea in behalf of a newspaper that indirectly solicits business for these scoundrels. There are many advertisements of fraudulent schemes that are not easy of detection, but no one need ever be mistaken in a quack doctor's advertisement for victims. St. Louis is swarming with these charlatans, and yet no daily newspaper in the city has printed the fact that the St. Louis Medical Society has prosecuted one of the fakirs and that a police justice has fined one of them \$50. The newspapers print the advertisements of the fellow who was found guilty of uttering filthy lures to the afflicted. The newspapers are themselves liable to prosecution for printing foul medical advertisements. The newspapers help these harpies prey upon the sick, poor and ignorant just as they help the fortune tellers and mediums to rich pickings off the superstitious. The press aids and is indeed the mainstay of this particularly and atrociously debased form of graft. It is a disgusting spectacle to see the great papers lending themselves for money to the furtherance of the enrichment of the men who prey upon and swindle the poor through their real and incurable, or wholly imaginary physical afflictions.

(Continued on Page 71.)

"Afar From the Gates of Gold"

By Frances Porcher

THE little boy looked patiently out of the window of the sleeper at the great mountain that seemed so near and yet was two hundred miles away—so the kind lady in the next seat had told him. At first it had seemed a wonderful sight, but when, by instinct, he turned mechanically to say to the mother that had always been the recipient of his every thought, and realized for the thousandth time that he was a motherless little boy *en route* to a stranger aunt in Arizona, the ache of the orphaned entered his soul and he turned back to the window, swallowing down a big thing that had climbed into his throat, as he stared with unseeing eyes at the far-away king with his snow-covered head lifted up to the heavens.

All that morning in the early hours he had been in Kansas, and next to missing his mother he had missed the big oaks and elms and maples that he and she had so loved in their Missouri home, and with every turn of the wheels, he felt the strangeness of things more and more.

Every one had been more than kind to the little lonely traveler. The conductor had stopped to chat when he could, the porter had looked in to say good-night the night before, and tuck him in his berth and the ladies had tried to pet the reticent little creature, whose big hungry eyes it almost broke their hearts to see.

By this time they all knew that he was the "only son of his mother, and she a widow;" that they had been so happy together in a dear little home in a beautiful city in Missouri, that is, near a beautiful city, where there was a big lawn and trees and trees. One for a swing, and one for the tame squirrels that raised their families and stored their nuts every year in the same hollow trunk, and plenty more for him to play under in the hot midsummer days while his pretty young mother brought his book or her sewing into the hammock near by, so she could be in the games, too.

There weren't any relatives (so by skillful questioning the ladies had discovered) except this one aunt 'way out in Arizona, and somehow there wasn't much money left, because, when his mother died, what she had been living on had to go to somebody else. She had always told him that because of this, they must save all they could, so he could go to college some day, and be a smart man, and take care of her. But, of course, she hadn't meant to die—it was something wrong about her heart, the doctors said, that made her go to sleep one night with his head on her shoulder and never wake up again.

He didn't know the Arizona aunt; she was not rich, and they had a lot of children, so she couldn't come for him, but his uncle was to meet him and take him to his new home.

The pathos of his attempts at manliness was almost as heart-breaking as the hunger of his eyes, and when, before noon next day, the train stopped at a little house seemingly all by itself in the middle of the great flat expanse of sage brush, grease plant and sand, through which they had been moving for hours, and the little

boy was lifted off by the porter into the arms of a big man with cowboy boots on, there was not a woman on board who did not reach for her pocket handkerchief.

With his arms full of the picture books and boxes of candy that had been showered upon him by his fellow-travelers, the little fellow stood by his trunk that had been thrown off, and watched the train speed out of sight while his uncle went somewhere behind the little house after his team and wagon. The sunshine on the sand blinded him and he felt in a daze. It seemed like an ocean about him, all that flat, flat whiteness with its sprinkling of sage brush green that went on and on and on to the sky all around, and no trees to get under, not a single tree. It was a kind of an ocean, he thought, for he was even beginning to feel funny and sea-sick like he did once on Lake Michigan, when his uncle drove up and diverted his thoughts by lifting him and his belongings under a big umbrella in the wagon and started off at a spanking pace across the sand which had no roadway visible and which seemed all the same no matter where you looked.

The little station house was behind them in a few minutes, the hot air was in their faces and the two splendid horses were trotting along bearing them somewhere right into the sky, he thought, for there was only sky ahead of them. And—oh, the stillness!—no trees waving and talking together in the summer breeze, no bees droning their sleepy song, nothing but the muffled tread of the horses and the whirr of the sand over the wheels.

The man, albeit a man of few words at the best, tried to interest the child, first by questioning him about his journey, and then by calling his attention to things about them.

"Off there," he said, pointing with his whip, "where those cottonwoods are growing, is a river, though you'd never know it now. By and by we are going to cross it and I'll show you the water-holes the horses make."

"Cottonwoods?" repeated the boy, "Where?"

"The sun is in your eyes," said the man, "and you aren't used to looking for them. You'll see in a minute."

And sure enough in a little while they drew near a depression in the sand that his uncle said was the river when it had water in it, and lo! a bunch of trees, stunted trees and few, but real trees.

Somehow, the sight of their shiny, green leaves seemed to cure the funny seasick feeling, and he was able to listen with interest when his uncle stopped beside a hole in the dry river bed where there were dozens of hoof prints to tell him how the horses, one at a time, would dig until they reached the surface water that was under the sand and each take turns at satisfying his thirst. "But how do they know where to dig for water?" asked the boy.

"They have a sense of their own," said the man, "a smell that would be worth a million to a man crossing Death Valley for instance."

"What is Death Valley?" he asked, and then the man told him of the desolate country far to the West

of them, beside which the Arizona plains were gardens of blooming beauty. And so the child forgot for awhile his loss and strangeness, and, the hours did not seem so long before they drove up to a long, low rambling house with out-houses about it, where a dog was barking and a hen was cackling, and the stillness of the plain was broken by the happy sounds that spell "home" in every language.

In an instant he was in the motherly arms of somebody who said she was his Aunt Maggie, and was passed on to a tall sunburnt girl, who was Cousin Margaret, from whom he went to shake hands with grown-up Cousin Ben, and to be inspected by and spoken to with various degrees of shyness, by four other cousins, ranging in age down to the youngest, a girl of ten.

Dinner had long been waited for them, and what with the lateness and the general confusion, incident to a new arrival, the afternoon was not long. The dazed feeling was still with the child, and he seemed to hear the train wheels roaring in his ears, but before sunset, he and his younger cousins had advanced enough in acquaintanceship to ask each other a few questions by way of conversation.

"Isn't there anything like a hill around here?" he asked ten-year-old Susie when they were alone in the fowl-yard together. "Oh, yes, over yonder by the Petrified Forest, and it's just as *slippy!* One time I slid *ever* so far down before I could stop."

"Forest!"—that word caught his ear. "Where is this forest? How far is it from here?"

"Oh, North, over that way just straight back of the chicken house. 'Tisn't far—'bout four miles or maybe six from here—Oh, there's Ben with the new colt; come let's go see him!"

With the inconsequence of childhood, the new attraction scattered to the winds the old thought and away they scampered.

"Well, young man," laughed Ben, "how do you like the country now? Any better since Susie has been showing you around?"

The boy flushed a little. "If—if there were only some trees," he wistfully said.

"See here," said Ben, "do you see that ditch around the house?"

"Yes," said the child, looking wonderingly up in his face.

"Well, that's an irrigation ditch and it's put there on purpose to grow trees around the house—in three years you won't know this place, we'll have so many young trees."

The boy's eyes sparkled. "Oaks?" he asked, "and maples and elms? And sycamores, maybe?"

"Not so fast," laughed jolly Ben, "this is a *new* country, give us time! Not oaks or elms, I don't believe, but cottonwoods surely," and then Aunt Maggie called them in to supper, and when that was over, the boy went out alone and stepped into the strange and wonderful glory of a desert sunset. The level plains seemed to go up like a hill to the horizon where in the West the most gorgeous banners of magnolia and lilac and gold flamed up nearly to the zenith. The capricious desert air had changed from hot to cold, and there were queer noises in the stillness, noises of insects under the house, maybe crickets, or locusts, but not like the crickets and locusts and katydids in old Missouri. At this the big thing came up in his throat again and the child shivered and went in.

By and by when the dishes were cleared away and the evening work was done they all gathered in the front room where there was a melodeon and Cousin

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Margaret sang songs out of the book of "Gospel Hymns." It was with the strains of the "Ninety and Nine" in his ears that the boy crawled into Cousin Ben's bed, where he was told to sleep—

*"And one was off on the hills away
Afar from the gates of gold"*

he drowsily murmured as Cousin Ben lay down beside him.

* * * * *

It was some time after midnight that the child awoke suddenly and looked about him in the dim starlit room. Cousin Ben was slumbering peacefully and audibly and the whole house was still. The little fellow lay and thought of his mother who all his life had been in touch of his hand until now, and the great longing and loneliness that had hung over him ever since the day she left him arose in a big wave of nostalgia and engulfed him. He was not ashamed to cry out at night, but he didn't want anybody to know it, so he swallowed his sobs and slipped out of bed and into his clothes and crept softly out on the porch, from whence it was an easy matter to get out of earshot of the family. But he cried only a little while, for if the desert at sunset was provocative of homesick tears, the desert by starlight produced the other effect. He had never seen so many stars; he did not know there could be so many or such friendly-looking stars. Big and bright and twinkling and coming down almost to the very ground, Somewhere up there she was, and maybe she was looking down this minute on her little boy—he knew she was—Ah! if he only knew which one was hers! And the twinkling hosts seemed to bend nearer and he felt calmed and comforted and not a bit afraid. He didn't think he could ever be lonesome in Arizona again at night, never, in a country where the stars came so close and smiled as if they knew you.

But he was chilly so he wrapped a blanket that was hanging on the porch about him and sat on the one step that raised it above the ground and with his elbows on his knees and his eyes uplifted, thought of the day and his new home. "Home!" That meant trees, and all at once Susie's words about the "Forest" came back to him. What was the name of that forest? He tried to remember, but could not, anyhow it was a forest, and before his mind's eye there arose a vision of tall trees and green aisles and mossy trunks. He had seen a big forest like that once when he went North with his mother—what would he not give to see one again! He wouldn't be so homesick if there were only some trees, and then he looked at the irrigation ditch outlined in the starlight, and his lip curled.

"Three years!" he said under his breath, and then contemptuously. "young cottonwoods!" The dog sleeping on the porch who had sniffed him when he first came out and satisfied himself that he had a right to prowl around at night, being one of the family, snorted in his canine dreams as if agreeing with the boy's unspoken sentiments.

How far did Susie say that forest was? "Four miles?" Well, that wasn't much on level ground like this. Why, in this kind of a starlight one could walk there by sunrise and get home easily by breakfast time. that is, if Aunt Maggie had breakfast at the same time his mother used to have theirs. And then he looked over the roof of the fowl-house—Susie had said it was straight back of that—and lo! a star, a big bright star that seemed to separate itself from the others, and beckon and call him to come.

The boy stood up and wrapped the blanket closer

about him and slipped into the chicken yard and back of the fowl-house, then with his eyes on the star, and no fear in his heart, he started across the desert to the goal of his Heart's Desire. As he struck out bravely through the sage and coarse grass, the dog arose, shook himself, looked regretfully at his warm spot on the porch floor, and came bounding after him. And so the two small creatures walked on and on and on through the magical desert starlight, ever toward the North, one patient and brave, the other patient and anxious. Once after the stars had begun to pale there was a noise, faint and peculiar in the dimness and the dog gave a low growl and the noise passed on, but that was the only incident of the night, or morning rather.

At home the boy had been a good pedestrian, covering his eight or ten miles easily, but walking in the sand was different, and he grew tired sooner than he should. Then as the morning advanced, his star-guide paled and at last left him, and he began to realize that he did not know the way back—not thinking that the dog did—and so, perforce, he must keep straight on, guessing as well as he might at his direction.

He was sure he must have come the four miles, surely he was near the forest, and then he remembered that Susie said "maybe six." He did not see how he could walk the other two miles, he was so weary, nor how he could walk back again by breakfast. Even Shep looked tired and drooped his ears and tail. But they could rest in the forest—that was worth the journey, so he took heart and went on again. On and on and then his feet dragged and the blanket grew heavy, and he threw it off, and he began to think he heard somebody singing the "Ninety and Nine,"

and he tried to sing too, but he could only remember that

"One was off on the hills away,"

and that one was himself, only there weren't any hills, nothing but a sand ocean as far as the sky.

But every minute it was getting a little lighter and he was stumbling over funny looking rocks. That must mean that he was near the forest, because the country was changing, and suddenly, in the dim light, he saw ahead of him, the trunk of a big tree prone upon the ground. He gave one cry of delight, not stopping to wonder where the tall trees and the green aisles and the mossy trunks could be. He saw only the outlined shape of that which he sought, and to him it meant the portals of the goal of his Heart's Desire.

He was no longer tired now that he saw rest before him. On through the dimness he ran, followed by the faithful Shep and with a final bound he reached the prostrate giant and threw himself upon it.

For a second he lay like one stunned, then he staggered up and felt it like a blind man and while he stood there the dimness cleared away and the first fingers of dawn grasped the edge of the desert, and the boy saw what was beside him.

He burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, this dreadful country," he screamed, "where even the trees are rocks." And then he felt the ocean of sand rise up and turn around with him, and then he knew no more.

* * * * *

When they found him that day, babbling in his delirium of a sheep that was "off on the hills away," his head was on Shep's shaggy body and the faithful dog was keeping watch, the lone sentinel of the Petrified Forest.

An Experiment in Communism

By Elbert Hubbard

SOME years ago I was one of a syndicate of twenty-eight men that bought a tract of ground on a waterside near a certain large city.

We did not purchase this land on speculation; we secured it for the sole and exclusive purpose of establishing thereon homes for ourselves. We divided our beautiful woodland up into plots and assigned each man his portion by lot. And then we began to beautify our acres—that is to say, we cleared off the brush and trees, removed the stumps and boulders, and leveled the ground. Then we purchased lawn mowers, terra cotta dogs and cast iron flower vases.

And we erected "cottages," some of which had many rooms with spacious fireplaces, and wide verandas, and observatories, and north windows built on angles so as to catch the beams of the rising sun, and from which his last lingering rays could be seen as he sank, a golden ball, into the waters of the lake.

The whole scene was ideal, and we named our little city Arcadia. We were to have our own homes, yet live as one happy family; with the sacred silence of the forest we were to have the advantages of the city. No member had been admitted who was not guaranteed respectable by three members, and the two men

who organized the association each vouched for the other. No bonds were given that the wives were women of tact and good temper, nor were assurances demanded that the numerous children were reasonably well behaved—we took all that for granted. We only insisted on this: That the couples should all have been legally married and the children all born in wedlock. That these conditions were complied with can be proven, and in several cases they were.

And we were very happy.

There were twenty-eight men and twenty-eight women and many children; besides these there were maid-servants and man-servants. We had a public dining hall, which, to begin with, we all patronized; and on those first summer days we were all very gracious and dignified and polite.

But there was one man in our association who, when the day was warm, appeared at meal time in shirt-sleeves. And once a lady at our table allowed her baby—a dimpled yearling—to crawl across the festive board to its Papa, who sat on the other side, and after this my wife preferred to prepare meals in our own house, rather than avail herself of the advantages of communal feeding.

Several of the ladies in our community were musi-

cal, one or two painted china, others did "fancy work." One had been an actress, and when she proposed getting up private theatricals a sharp line of demarcation was struck between those who believed it was wicked to go to the theater and those who considered the stage elevating. And it was then I discovered that several of our members were Methodists; and soon, after a little investigation, I ascertained that in theology we ran the gamut from an infidel, who denied everything, to Close Communion Baptists, who boasted of their credulity and hesitated at nothing. Yet, for the most part, we were Agnostics—with liberal leanings and Orthodox wives. But once stirred up, we drew the most hair splitting lines twixt tweedledee and tweedledum; and these lines caused a coolness to spring up between families, so certain mothers cautioned their children not to play with certain other children.

We had a chapel where two or three gathered themselves together on each Wednesday night. On Sundays there were "Union Services," led by pastors from the city, invited by different members, and all except the directly interested kept away so as to discourage "the opposition."

In our membership was one Jewish family who "kept" Saturday very punctiliously in satin and broad-cloth. And they kept Sunday too—by opening beer bottles on their front verandas and inviting in the infidel and his wife. These good people had a little pen of geese in their back yard and at certain times a dark man whom they called "Koheleth" used to come and kill the geese for them, and the feathers blowing onto the lawns of the others, the others protested, for they did not like feathers on their lawns.

And some perceiving that there was danger of our community growing apart, gave progressive euchre parties to cement the social bonds. At the first meeting there were no refreshments and we went home at ten o'clock. At the next meeting we had a solo and there was lemonade and cake and we stayed until eleven. Next we had coffee, ice cream, lemonade and cake and cheese straws and we stayed until twelve. Shortly after, it came the turn of our Jewish member and we had all the items on the menu that had been on the menu before, with pate de foie gras, oysters and "yellow label" added and we did not go home till morning. For when the refreshments were served we were surprised by the strains of an orchestra hidden behind a bank of ferns in an adjoining room, and at this someone suggested "dancing," and we danced. The refreshments were served by colored men brought from the city; there were also flitting about several old Afro-American aunties in white caps and aprons who afterwards, I understood, did the dishes. In the kitchen, perched on a saw-buck, was a keg of lager on tap in deference to several members of Teutonic origin and others of Teutonic proclivities.

Many guests found their way to the kitchen.

Now the Oppenheims (for it was they) had carried the matter of entertainment to aphelion, and the next week we had a Longfellow Talk and this was followed by a Dickens Party which marked the perihelion of our social orbit.

But I saw that nearly all who attended these entertainments were hopelessly bored; they strived hard to look pleasant at the time, but on the morrow many asked me quietly if I did not consider the whole thing abominably managed. And the question arose in my mind: Why did these twenty-eight families, so totally unlike, come together in this way? Women practically make society—in the society column sense

—so I looked to the women for a reason and I found that these women did not come together in this way because there was any affinity between them, but the one point in common was that they all had diamond earrings and seal-skin sacques.

I discovered that every woman on the ground had a seal-skin sacque and I perceived that nearly all of these sacques were new or had been worn at most but a few years, so I concluded that the husband's income was formerly less—in short, the happy husband of the woman in seal-skin had recently struck pay gravel. This was the case with me and on further investigation I found that it was the case with all others. We wished to get in society and we had all made the break together. Our society was founded on a purely financial basis. Having about the same incomes, we had all bitten at the same bait.

In fact, on quiet questioning, I found that the highest income among our members was thirty-five hundred dollars and the lowest twenty-five hundred dollars. Practically, we were a plutocracy. This view of the case was fully corroborated shortly after by the fact that two of our members falling heir to large fortunes abandoned the Idyllic Association—one for Newport and the other for Saratoga, and the places that knew them once knew them no more forever. Then another man got struck by a financial blizzard; his income was suddenly cut down to a thousand a year, and the air no longer agreeing with his wife's lungs, he sold out cheaply. But the places of each of these three men were taken by others who were making about three thousand dollars per annum. And so after a year I saw that without fail if a man's income went over four thousand or under twenty-five hundred, we lost him.

About this time wheat dropped ten points and my cash balance appeared in red ink at my banker's. I held on for a few months by my eyebrows, and when my wife was forced to trim over her last summer's hat, and make over my trousers for the boys, we could no longer hide our shame, and we moved back to the city by night and took our old quarters over the grocery. This happened ten years ago. Last summer, in disguise, I visited and found Arcadia still in a flourishing condition. But the minimum of income required to hold out is four thousand dollars instead of twenty-five hundred as formerly. There is less discord than at first, and I am sure that the mental misery endured by the members is much reduced. For time adapts men to environment.

Thus I see the infidel of Arcadia is no longer blatant, nor are the Baptists now severe. The Methodists dance and the Presbyterians play cards; the pork packer wears his coat in the dining hall; the Jewish family have their geese killed away from home; and the good people with German proclivities have their beer delivered by the grocer in boxes marked "books," and they drink it indoors instead of popping corks on the veranda at the passer-by. The Law of Reversion to Type is doing its perfect work. As a dozen varieties of pigeons put together in a loft will in a few years all change to a plain slate-grey, with no distinguishable difference between individuals, so have the residents of Arcadia reverted to a type. And if there are no pronounced virtues in Arcadia neither are there flagrant faults. All voice the same words when approached; all make the same movements under any certain set of conditions; and very dull is the psychologist who cannot anticipate any and every opinion they may express.

The jarring pains of life are reduced to the minimum; the problems are solved—all are content—

for a smooth lawn with terra cotta dogs gives a peace to the possessor that even religion cannot lend.

* * *

A Christmas Party

(A Monologue)

By Bessie L. Russell

 THANK you Jane. My mail I see. There, you may go. No, you needn't, no—suppose you phone the dinner order.

Yes—yes—just anything you think of. Have the shrimps without fail, Jane, and, Jane, tell him to send the order at once. Dear, but these tradespeople, they do procrastinate. I can't but envy them though. This strenuous life is killing me. It is indeed. As Tom said yesterday, "Nellie, you're almost sporty." The horrid thing! Sporty, indeed! Wonder what hubby would have said to that. My, but I'm tired. Believe I'll get into a negligee for a change. Princess gowns are so uncomfortable. Wonder if I look it. Don't believe I do. Tom said yesterday I was a dream in turquoise blue and lavender. Naughty fellow—I ought to have reproved him for his nerve, but I didn't. I may need his good will, when those Kentucky girls come to town. Well! If here isn't a letter from one of them—yes—yes—it's posted Louisville and it—why, goodness, gracious me! This should have reached me yesterday. It may be they're coming now, and—I really didn't expect them so soon—not till after Christmas, don't you see—Why, what a hand she writes! This is from Belle, too, and she ought to make a better bluff at writing than that.

"Dear Cousin Nell, look for us, Sue and Mabel and yours truly—we leave via L. & N. tonight. . . ."

That means they're in the city now. Why they're —let me see my watch—they're in the station this very minute—three of them.

One Kentucky girl is a house full, and to think of three of them now! Well, I'll just telephone Jack about it. They're his relations anyhow, and he ought to bear *some* of the strain. I never did care for Kentucky girls. They're so fresh, don't you know, and they *will* say "Honey" and "heaps."

But I'll just phone Jack about it, for I expect them any moment.

Hello there central, give me Main 110.

Yes—yes— — —

Mr. Bradley please.

Jack—Bradley.

No—no—I said Bradley. Yes, please, I'll hold the phone,—Well? That you Jack? It's Nellie, dear.

I hate to phone you—hate it awfully, don't you know—but say Jack, Mabel and Sue and Belle are in town. Did you know it Yes—yes—but the letter came too late. Somebody was to post it, and somebody forgot—same old story—but they're here all right. . . . So glad Tom. I do love Kentucky girls. They're so sleek and well gowned and all that, and then they're yours, Jack, your cousins, you know. Come out early won't you dear, and bring a friend—a friend, I said.

What? . . . Tom?

Well, Tom's all right I guess; a little stupid but then Tom's all right for Mabel and Sue and Belle.

Ta—Ta—Boy—till I see you Love— — —

My, but I'm tired. Believe I'll rest a bit and read "The House of Mirth." It's good stuff they say—

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best thing she ever did—Edith Wharton you know. I hope it's better than "The Valley of Decision" which I always thought should have been called "The Valley of Indecision." Tom thought so, too. Tom's a dear. He's awfully alluring.

Sometimes—well sometimes, when Tom gets close to me, I feel every nerve of me tingle. He's so handsome and so—. Wonder if its true what that Sling girl said about him, that he was engaged to a girl in Portland. I don't believe it—I don't—I don't. I don't believe a man can be contemplating marriage with one woman while he's giving dinners and all that to another.

Oh, but I'm going to put the lid on it all—I'm going to—it's so much like—playing with fire. This society life is rotten. Sam Jones was right about it—when he said—well, when he said society women were "tagged for Hell." Oh, but I'm going to right-about-face—I've got to—for Jack's sake—poor old Jack! . . . My but I'm tired—I guess I won't read Edith Wharton to-day—not now—well no—of course I won't, for they're here. They're in the lower hall—they—will I ever—get into my—Princess gown and . . . Why girls how sweet of you! To run in on me like this is a real surprise, girls . . . There—There! . . . Wrote me, dears? Now you know if a letter ever came for me I'd have been to the station to meet you, dears. Why, the horses are actually champing the bit to get out. Yes—yes—it is nice to have money—its half of life, and I'm not selfish with Jack's money—either—am I dears? My—how well you're looking! It takes Kentucky girls to give snap to things—that it does—What? What's that? Pshaw! Why, I'm old married folks—but it's good to have you say such nice things, but pardon. . . . There's the phone—you'll excuse me, dears?

Yes, well? Oh, it's Tom is it? And you were coming out to-night—but you can't? So sorry, and you—well, you couldn't be half as sorry as I am—a party to-night a Christmas party—gotten up on the spur of the moment, don't you see—yes—he'll approve of it—Jack always approves of everything I do. . . . What's that you say I don't understand—the wires must be crossed—I hear one say the baby had croup last night. Funny isn't it, Tom? Almost as funny as life, and life is funny, Tom.

What—hoped I might be—spared—what did you say—plunging!—Tom? Oh, that horrid, buzzing noise again! Guess I'll ring off—bye, bye! . . . What did he mean, now—what could he? My wits are very dull—I—But here comes Jack! . . . Why, Jack, dear—how did you get in without my hearing you—I must have been day-dreaming or cat-napping—or—Why, Jack, boy, you're white. You're sick, Jack! —Tell me what it is.

And you've not had a bite—not a bite since breakfast—You tell me what it is—I'm a woman and I just—must—know. Don't look off into space like that,—be a brave pal and tell me, Jack. Anything gone wrong on "The Street?"

This is Christmas eve, Jack, and we're to have a party Jack—a real, old-time Christmas party to the tune of games and things, and why, Jack, you must be mad.

Me, the greatest loser and—Tom—what's that—and you—together—did you say?—a run game—turn in the tide—Oh you can't mean it, Jack—you can't mean that you've been plunging—you, Jack! Oh, I could have given you a tip on that—and you let it all go—and he did, too, and it's up and over—and gone—and we're—we're ruined Jack?

No, dear no. That's un—unworthy of me, dear.

Why money's nothing—it's nothing—at all—Jack. Let the stocks go—let the home go—let the auto go—let every ripping thing go—I—I've—got you, Jack!

And Tom's lost? Well, he'll win back again—he

always was a sport—but you, dear! Forgive me, boy . . . you're going to, aren't you? . . . Come, help me dry my eyes.

We've a party to-night, a Christmas party, Jack, and we must—put up a brave front—to-night!

The Absinthe Ballet

By Oliver White



PREFER to dine alone, not through any selfish, or even economical motive, but simply because to dine correctly, intelligently and with artistic relish is enough to engage one's attention, and if one must talk, let the conversation be carried on between the man who dines, and the "gentleman" who serves him.

For example—a few words such as: "The oysters are delicious;" or, a little later, "This salad has a distinct tang to it," are not out of place. Indeed I often use them. But to introduce subjects alien to what is on table,—that is preposterous, a ridiculous custom originated, doubtless, by some host who wished to divert his guests' attention from the bad cooking or a faulty bill of fare.

It is for this reason that my principal meal is eaten at the "Bohemian." The head waiter (whom I met in Paris while he was studying art), had always seemed to understand my pleasure and had reserved a table for me where I might be alone with my food and various knives and forks. Of course the head waiter did not do this for friendship's sake, but that is my own affair. I have lived too long at restaurants to object to paying for any little privilege a waiter may see fit to bestow upon me.

You probably have been wondering where the "Bohemian" is located. I should like to tell you, but I really don't know. It's down town some place, a little off Broadway, in a district where the streets are not named and the houses are not numbered. I know you have to pass through an alley and climb a fence or two and I know I could take you if I wished, but you never could find it unassisted, and as no one but myself seems to know anything about it, I am afraid you'll have to content yourself with the ordinary cafes of the town.

I'm sorry for you, of course, for the celebrities that frequent the "Bohemian" are seen nowhere else; but we must have some place where the crowd cannot intrude. We have tried to shut out every sound of the money-grubbing world, and I may say that the word "money" is never used, save by the head waiter who, at times, is forced to remind some absent-minded celebrity of an oversight in settling.

"Why don't you write a book about the 'Bohemian?'" is a question that is asked many times during a month.

And my answer?

"Why, my dear sir or madam," whichever the sex of the questioner, "what would be the result? The book would undoubtedly be an immense success, and I should have no right to visit the 'Bohemian' again. No successful people are ever permitted to dine at the 'Bohemian'; at any rate none ever does."

Ladies insist that it is my duty to tell the secrets and describe the orgies of the cafe.

And my answer:

"Ladies you have but to find the front door and you will be admitted."

And the ladies, remembering about the fences, subscribe and that ends the discussion.

The foregoing is written to show you how exclusive is the "Bohemian," and, of course, has its purpose. For, taking this eccentricity of the cafe into consideration, I cannot understand how the "absinthe fiend" found his way within its celebrated walls.

Perhaps I attach too much importance to the incident, but when I cannot account for a thing it worries me until I worry others; then the circumstances, the situation and my state of mind may have something to do with the singular way in which the incident impressed me.

In the first place, I had a slight attack of biliousness and the snow that had been falling all day was of that tickling variety that irritates one like flies.

And then, just as I reached the door of the cafe, someone took a notion to come out and I fell in a most undignified manner, and, as I lay there mortified and perhaps hurt, I heard a voice say:

"Come, come, don't go to sleep there!" It was the head-waiter, and, angry as I was, I dared not answer him. I heard him close the front door and heard the music and the laughter and—now you understand my state of mind. I wasn't in a particularly gracious mood and my only thought was to reach my private table and in the sight of the various knives and forks forget that the snow was falling, and soon would cover the mark I had made at the entrance of the cafe.

My table is placed in a little nook, a sort of hole-in-the-wall. Curtains separate me, if necessary, from the view of the other patrons. I find it conducive to thought. You see, the little waxen candles sputtering under the red tissue shades give me sufficient light to locate my wine glass, and what more light does anyone require?

I was conscious that the entire assemblage was looking at me as I passed between the innumerable tables that separated me from my own. There seemed to be an air of deviltry, of hoydenish gayety about the room. I had not noticed this before. I heard those quaint, feminine shrieks of laughter that one hears emitted only at a certain kind of story, and I said inwardly:

"I shall draw the curtains to-night, and be alone."

The head-waiter bowed and smiled slightly as he held the curtains while I took my place. It was very dark. The candles were not lighted.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Cheesebug," said the head-waiter, "but I thought those candles were lighted. I'll attend to it at once."

The curtains flapped together, and I was in the dark. Outside, I could hear the laughter and the hum of the diners, and thanked the fates that I at least could eat my meals as they were intended to be eaten.

I wondered what I should eat, and, as though my instinct would tell me the contents of the bill of fare, I put my hand out to take the card from its usual place, the center of the table. It was not there. Instead I touched a hand, a small hand that was closed tightly around something. Instantly the hand was removed and I heard a gurgling sound as though something had been drunk rapidly.

Someone had disturbed my privacy—the sanctity of my little hole-in-the-wall had been desecrated. I was not alone.

Why this incident should disturb me is probably as mysterious to you now as before; but if you could realize how very clammy and hard the hand was, and how eagerly the person seemed to gulp down the drink, and how the sound of the creature's breathing almost deadened the laughter and noise outside the curtains, perhaps you'd understand.

I was frightened at first, and then, as frequently happens, I became frenzied, not only at myself, for being timid, but at the intruder for setting my nerves a-tingle.

I was just about to say something stinging sarcasm when the curtains were drawn and the head-waiter touched the candle wicks with the match flame. "Mertz," he said, addressing the waiter who had served me for many months, "never neglect to light those candles."

"I thought I had lighted them, Mr. Shrimp," he replied.

But the head-waiter was trying to straighten out a bill in another part of the room.

My table companion looked at Mertz, who seemed frightened.

"You did light them, waiter. I blew them out. as I prefer the dark."

"Indeed," I said, and would probably have spoken my mind had I not inadvertently noted the name of a delicious French soup on the menu card. I believe I have insisted that one has time for nothing at table but the business of eating. I ordered the soup.

"And you may bring me a Martini immediately," I said, and then my table companion again obtruded himself upon me.

"Absinthe, if you please," he said.

The curtains flapped together and we were alone, but, thank heaven, no longer in the dark.

It was very awkward—our proximity, for I did not intend to speak, and yet we stared at each other because we had nothing else to stare at. He, however, did not seem to mind the situation; he didn't seem to mind anything.

I should like to describe him, but I'm sure my description would be inadequate, and you probably have your own idea of what he looked like. You probably picture him as a tall, thin, dark fellow in a black suit; you see flashing eyes, a sneering lip and long thin fingers. You probably think his hair a bit too long, and wonder if his trembling hands are able to manipulate a razor. I don't know but what that is a better description than mine would be; but I'll not tell you just what he resembled. It wouldn't make any of us feel any better.

Perhaps you will get an idea of what the fellow really was when I tell you that I was depressed and restless as he looked at me. His personality was dynamic; but somehow he seemed purposeless. I have since given the theory of his insanity some consideration.

I was very glad when Mertz separated the curtains and placed my appetizer before me.

"What detained you, Mertz?" I said.

"I have been gone but a moment, sir," he replied.

The state of my nerves may be surmised from this. I fancied I had been alone with the stranger for an hour.

"Do you wish your soup now?" asked Mertz.

"Yes," I replied.

"And do you wish anything else, sir," he asked the stranger.

"Absinthe, if you please." He pointed to the empty glass. He had not left a drop and I had not commenced to sip my cocktail.

Mertz started away. The stranger called to him, quickly, imperatively.

"Waiter!" he said.

Mertz returned.

"Go to the leader of the orchestra, and tell him to come to me."

"Yes, sir!" Mertz hurried toward the orchestra and interrupted them as they were tuning their instruments. An expression of expectancy gleamed in the stranger's eyes. He turned the empty absinthe glass round and round making little circles in the table cloth. I sipped my drink and tried to look unconscious of anything unusual. The curtains were drawn back, but the glittering colors of the ladies' gowns and the chatter and laughter and atmosphere of reckless abandon that had previously confused me could not swerve my mind from the fellow opposite.

"You wish to speak to me?" It was Guido Vareppa, in all the regalia befitting the rank of first violinist at the "Bohemian."

The stranger smiled slightly, and I simply gave up the idea of trying to appear disinterested.

"Yes," he said, "I have been listening to your music for an hour. You play well enough, but I do not care for your selections."

"I'm sorry that we not please you. We play the best, but the ladies and gentlemen will not applaud. They want the cheap—the—"

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "I've heard that before." He actually yawned. "The truth is, you are not capable of better music. I am not sure that you know anything about it."

"We play what you wish," said Guido, his face flushed at the insult—for it was an insult. He had just finished a rendition called, "My Muddy Lady," and had played it artistically and to great applause.

"I played at the Grand Opera House at Paris for five years," he said.

In a moment the creature opposite me leaned over the table and looked up into the musician's face.

"Then you must know the 'Ballet l'Absinthe.'"

Vareppa smiled eagerly.

"Do you know it, Signor!" he asked? "I have not it with me, but I play it for you from memory as a solo."

He hummed over a few bars of the melody, and the stranger's eyes glistened.

"That's it! That's it!" he said. "Play it! Play it!"

"I will try, Signor," said Guido, "though I have not played it since the marvellous Caprice danced to it."

The stranger seemed to shrink back in the corner. Guido did not notice the change in the young man's manner.

"First I play what the crowd wants," said Guido, "then I play the 'Ballet l'Absinthe' for you and for myself, in memory of La Caprice."

Then the little musician bowed in his polite way and went back to his compatriots. His place was taken by Mertz, who put my order before me.

"M'sieu's absinthe," he said to the stranger.

My companion still shrank back in the corner.

Though a bit nervous, I retained Mertz's respect and my own by an artistic dinner order. Once more the curtains flapped. The stranger and I were again alone. But somehow we were not so antagonistic now. Whether the cocktail or the shade of pathetic longing in his eyes had affected me I can not say, but I did not really object to his being with me. I rather pitied him.

Now, ordinarily, a man who is a slave to any habit is disgusting to me, and the absinthe fiend is absolutely loathsome, yet there was that fellow, who, to my knowledge, had emptied three glasses of the poison, inspiring me with a certain sort of awe. He interested me; this fool, whose fingers seemed always reaching for the thin-lipped glass, fascinated me, and I forgot that he intruded upon my privacy. He seemed to have as much right to my little nook as I had. Yes, I suppose after all it was the effect of the cocktail. Mertz had probably made it a little too strong.

The stranger had again taken the glass in his fingers and smiled at me as he noticed my slight frown.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I'm sorry to have intruded, but there was no other place to sit."

"You need not worry," I replied. "I do not object to your being here." The smile disappeared and a saddened expression replaced it. "But you frowned at me," he said.

"I'm sorry," I answered. "I dare say I did it unconsciously."

"Perhaps you take exception to my choice of drinks?" He said this anxiously.

"I am sure, sir," I replied, "that, not being either your physician or your friend, what you drink does not concern me."

"Let's suppose you were my friend. Would you advise me to give it up?"

"Yes," I said quickly.

"Here's to your advice," he said smilingly, and sipped the absinthe in a manner that showed his absolute slavery to its seductiveness. Again he turned the glass round and round and watched the liquor's sparkle under the light of the candles.

"Why did you ask my advice?" I asked.

"I was wondering if you understood."

"What is there to understand?"

He pushed the glass toward me, and looking intently at it, said:

"Tell me what that little crystal contains?"

"A poisonous narcotic," I said decisively.

"You have missed the principle ingredient," he said wistfully. "I'd advise you never to indulge in anything you don't understand. To you it would be harmful because it is poison. To me it is—all that is wonderful—all that is beautiful. It is my belief, my religion, my prayer. Therefore it is my strength."

"You are its slave," I said.

"That is where we agree," he replied.

THE MIRROR

"You contradict yourself. How can you be strong and yet be a slave?"

He held the glass between himself and the candle light and peered into it as old astrologers were supposed to gaze into the crystal ball.

"Does not the strong man glory in being the slave of some beautiful creature?"

"To love a woman is nature. Passion for a drug is disease."

"Yes," he said slowly, "I've read that some place; you talk very well. All you need is a few of my prayers, a little instruction in my religion to become a poet."

Now I occasionally write verses and was wondering if this fanciful absinthe fiend was familiar with them. I was just trying to remember something short, when Mertz appeared with my order.

"I beg your pardon," I said to the stranger, "but will you join me in a glass of wine?"

A shocked expression flitted across the fellow's face. His eyes were sorrowful. He raised them piously toward the ceiling and whispered:

"Of course, sir, you are not in a position to know, and for that reason you are excusable, but I was raised by parents who were not given to countenancing such things. All my life I have been forbidden to touch spirituous liquors. I have grown up with that idea, and it is not likely that I shall forget my early training at this period of my life."

"What?" I said.

"I thank you, sir, and in the same breath I must beg of you not to attempt to move me from my resolve."

Mertz smiled and interrupted my answer to this by placing the menu card in my hand. I nervously completed my order.

"And does M'sieu wish anything else?" asked Mertz.

The fellow opposite me was still in that attitude of beatific horror. He did not seem to hear the question.

"Does M'sieu wish anything else?" asked Mertz.

I listened intently for what this demented creature would answer. The light of piety faded from his eyes. The leer of the absinthe fiend shone in them.

"Does M'sieu wish anything else?"

"Absinthe, if you please," was the reply.

It was said in a tone that put fear into my heart. I pushed my plate away. I had no appetite. But the wine soothed me after a fashion, and I was glad that I had it all to myself.

I was conscious that the fellow was staring at me, and I wondered what thought was in his mind. I moved my various knives and forks closer to me. I did not trust him.

"You need not fear," he said. "I would not hurt you."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that," I said, trying to smile.

"There is no occasion for fear, unless—"

"Unless?" I asked.

"You insist on my breaking the pledge. I tell you, sir, in all candor, that if you do, I shall kill you. Do you understand?

"I shall not insist," I said. "I am glad that you show so much strength."

Mertz placed the absinthe glass on the table.

"Thank you," said the stranger, but I cannot say whether his thanks were for my lying compliment or for Mertz's service.

"Yes," he said, "no one knows what a struggle it

has been for me to conquer the temptation, but I won, and under the most heart-shattering circumstances in the world." His fingers circled the absinthe glass and he smiled and nodded to me.

"Here," he said, "is to my victory."

And he sipped his poison, and tears of happiness, or something, shone in his eyes.

"I believe if I were to take one glass of spirituous liquor, I should sink very, very low, but I lived in Paris—in the Latin Quarter—for two years, and in all that time did not succumb to any vice that the artistic temperament is prone to. I think I am to be admired, to be praised, don't you, or perhaps you don't understand?

"Oh yes, I understand perfectly. You have a marvellous will. You could resist not only wine, but song and—and—woman."

"Yes—wine—all wine and all song except the melody of the '*Ballet l'Absinthe*' and all women, save her who danced to it—whose beautiful soul I worship —La Caprice."

His voice had almost crooned into a melody and seemed to swell louder and fuller in tune with the outer music. That music! It was the violin of Guido Vareppa. He had commenced the promised solo and the room was entranced into silence. The soul of the dance was in the melody, and one had but to close one's eyes to see the glittering ballet swaying like a sun-tinted wheat-field under the breath of a summer afternoon.

"Listen—listen, and you will hear the tread of her wonderful toes; the toes that danced on the heart of Paris, the toes that danced for me—for me—do you hear?"

His eyes were blazing. His mouth opened as though he could breathe the melody into his breast, and keep it there forever.

"You heard me refuse to drink with you to-night. I seemed to struggle against it. Think of those nights at the Parisian cafes when I was surrounded by all the seductive wiles vicious genius can concoct! Think of my being able to refuse a drink with the woman whose laughter you are hearing now in the '*Ballet l'Absinthe*'. She—the toast of Bohemian Paris,—and that is the only Paris worth while—she—the cause of a hundred suicides and innumerable murders—she—La Caprice, Premier Danseuse of the Grand Opera House *corps de ballet*, begged me, begged me to drink with her, and I refused . . . And what followed? Do you wish to know? Do you wish to know?"

I tell you in all sincerity I didn't care a damn about knowing. But his eyes had that eager look in them that convinced me I was doomed to listen whether I wished or not.

"Yes," I said, "I am very much interested." Then, as I saw him lean back, as though preparing for a long siege, I remarked hastily:

"But I haven't long to stay."

He frowned impatiently.

"Have you a cigarette?" he asked.

I proffered the case.

"No," he said. "I believe I told you I had no vice. I want you to smoke. By the time you finish your cigarette, my story will have been told."

As he said this he smiled at me over his absinthe. I struck a match to light my cigarette, when he detained my arm.

"No," he said, "don't light it yet. I'll tell you when it's time."

I chewed the dry cigarette, although I don't fancy

that sort of a smoke, and he nodded, as if to thank me. He seemed a very refined fellow.

For a moment there was no sound save the low, drowsy movement of the violin. I was wondering how any human being could dance to that part, which resembled a dirge rather than a ballet, when the stranger leaned over the table and placed his hand on mine.

"Did you ever see a painting called 'The Soul of the Black Beetle?' he said.

"I have seen copies of it—yes," I replied.

"I am the artist. I painted it at my home, in Algonac, Michigan. They thought I was insane—all but one—my good mother. She scraped up enough to send me to Paris. 'The Black Beetle' introduced me. It was distinctly Parisian and I was in the way to being spoiled, only my will power saved me. But we cannot do two things. I spent day and night, for a year, trying to conquer temptation and I had no strength for my work. I did none. 'The Black Beetle' lost interest, and I was alone,—alone with my victory."

He smiled and sipped his absinthe. Again he placed his hand on my arm. "You have been to Paris?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Then there is no need of describing the sidewalk tables of the cafes where one may watch the crowds and enjoy the light breeze in the early fall. When the leaves blow under your chair, or dance across the table while you sip your coffee."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"It was when Paris tired of me, and I had no more temptations to resist, that I used to sit at one of those tables and listen to the music, as we are listening now. Sometimes celebrities would say bright things, but more often drink-soaked weaklings would discuss the latest stage favorite—a new one every night. It was sickening. To avoid this, I secured a table in a corner one night. It was in a very secluded part of the cafe, completely hidden away from the rest of the tables. As I congratulated myself upon my good fortune, a waiter whom I had never seen, hurried toward me."

"Mademoiselle Caprice has begged me to give you this," he said.

And he thrust an envelope into my hand.

"You have made a mistake. I do not know the lady," I replied.

"La Caprice! Don't know La Caprice, the premier danseuse! She whom all Paris talks of?"

"I do not know her personally," I said.

"Then M'sieur," he whispered, with the wicked leer that I detest, 'you have the opportunity of your whole life to meet her. She left that envelope for the first man who sat at this table to-night, and he is to dine with her after the performance. But you are very, very late sir you will scarcely be in time for the final ballet.'

"A spirit of deviltry took possession of me. I should forget all my training, all my better instincts, and commit a sin for once in my life. I should go to the opera and look at the ballet. Afterwards I should hurry back to my room and be sorry. I had no intention of meeting La Caprice—No, I had too much will power to commit so grave a sin."

"I was shown to a second-floor box, just as the curtain was rising on the last act of—I've forgotten the opera. I only know—that—My God!"

He tore open the curtains and stared wildly at the

crowd, who were leaning forward, engrossed in the most fascinating melody ever penned.

"Listen," he said. "They were playing that part of the *Ballet l'Absinthe* and she—La Caprice—floated—yes, floated into the center of the stage, like some wonderful bird. Oh, the grace of her—the beauty of her—the soul of her! My heart ached, as though touched with a dagger's point. I was in love. . . . I must ask you not to smile."

I was not smiling, I can assure you. I was rather impressed, for his eyes were feverish in their intensity.

"Perhaps you think it was her beauty, her grace, the fascinating sway of her wonderful body that charmed me—it was none of these—it was—her soul—I saw it shining in her eyes. And I knew we were doomed to meet.

"For while her supple arms, her cameo face and hair like threads of sunshine bewitched the town, it was her soul that spoke to me and my soul that answered. That night we sat together at the little secluded table in the cafe. It was a night of wonder. I had found myself. I had discovered the meaning of life, the lesson of nature.

"There was but one shadow, and we chased it away. The waiter came to take our order. He did not ask Caprice her pleasure. I importuned him.

"Mademoiselle has been a patron of my table for many months," he replied. "I know her little whims, Before she goes to the theater and after her triumph she takes the same little—"

"Yes," interrupted Caprice, "I have but one vice—if you call it a vice—and Alphonse knows it."

"When the waiter returned, he placed a little glass of absinthe before her.

"That was the shadow and this is how we put it out of our lives. She promised to give it up—to drink no more absinthe, and for that promise I made her my wife."

He paused and seemed to listen to the music. The melody that had so fascinated us had changed to rather a colorless movement. The stranger frowned as though bored by its commonplaceness and struck a match. Holding it close to me, he said:

"Will you light your cigarette? By the time you have smoked it, I shall say 'good-night,' but you will know the story."

I puffed life into the weed and told him I was very much interested. I was not, however. I was tired and wanted to go.

"Our marriage was the talk of Paris for a month and when the month had passed, I was wondering if it were really my wife's soul that had spoken to me. That is a terrible feeling and I fought against it—but we can't conquer facts. That wonderful thing that first attracted me was missing, and I grew tired, so tired of seeing her around. At night she danced at the theater, but I was always at work in my studio. I had not seen her upon the stage since the night I fell in love with her and asked her to be my wife. You are smiling?"

"Indeed I am not. I sympathize with you. You fell in love with a beautiful face and—

His eyes half closed, his fingers gripped the glass, he sipped his absinthe, and spoke in a shrill whisper.

"I loved her soul, but our marriage, or something, had taken it out of her, and we led the horrid, ghastly existence of the *bourgeois* man and wife. At night I prayed—prayed that she might regain her soul, for it was that—that I worshiped. But she

grew less like the woman I loved each day until—until the law released us. To my surprise, she had agreed to a divorce, and, on the day of her enfranchisement, she echoed my thanksgiving. La Caprice went back to repeat her triumphs—for the interest of the divorce attracted sensational Paris—and I—I worked harder than before, and thanked God for my liberty.

"Your cigarette is out—permit me." He struck a match and I again inhaled. This story was not interesting to me in the least, but his strange personality kept me in my chair.

"Now you will understand," he said, "why I have no trouble in refusing any intoxicant and resisting all artificial pleasure. I have lived in Bohemian Paris, and married the Queen of Bohemia, La Caprice."

This irritated me. Why was he continually extolling upon his virtues, his self-control, when he was all the time indulging in the most pernicious and mind-destroying vice of modern times? I was about to denounce his smug hypocrisy, when he suddenly reached forward, threw back the curtains and disclosed the patrons of the cafe enthralled with the final movement of Guido Vareppa's solo.

The scene was brilliant, and I saw the stranger's eyes flashing with true artistic appreciation.

"It is like the *Cafe Remilieu*—you have been there?" he asked. "It is the home of genius, of strange abnormal genius, such genius as mine, when I painted the 'Black Beetle,' such genius as Caprice's, whose soul I worship even to-night. I want you to listen to me, and I want you to listen to the music, and I want you to imagine we are all three, the music, you and I, in the *Cafe Remilieu* on the evening of my freeing from Caprice. It is about this hour—the hour when the theaters vomit their various crowds. I am sitting alone. Laughter and the noises of refined merrymakers are heard through the music of the violins. Suddenly there is a silence—La Caprice has entered the room. With magnificent ease she glances about at the various tables, recognizing some fashionable party, shaking her head at their invitations to join them. Her eyes are flashing like diamonds under a sputtering calcium, and her smile has in it just the proper mixture of the devil and the angel. She sees me and in answer to my staring glance of admiration, she comes to my table. The waiter asks her pleasure.

"'Absinthe,' she says. 'Absinthe, if you please.'"

The music was the sort that makes one wonder if sin is not really worth the penalty. It had in it that superb sensuousness that gives wicked things a majestic dignity.

The stranger listened to the violin for a moment and then touched my hand.

"Imagine!" he said. The music throbbing as it does now. Imagine this wonderful woman sitting as close to me as you are. Think of my sudden realization that her soul had only been asleep. That I had not known it, that I had lost her. Would it not drive one mad?"

His voice was almost rising above the music, but he was unconscious of everything except the picture suggested by the scene before him.

"I reached for her hand but she drew it back and laughed at me.

"I want you—I want you," I said.

"You would only grow tired again," she replied, "and I don't believe I'd care to give up absinthe."

"Your cigarette is out—permit me." Again he struck a match that flamed close to my eyes. His

fingers were trembling and I feared for my nose, so I said quickly:

"Continue."

"I have finished," he said. "There is no more to say. My wife is no longer mine, but her soul—she cannot take that from me, for it is with me always—always."

He had fallen across the table and seemed to be sobbing.

The music had ceased, the chatter and laughter were renewed, more boisterous for the long pause.

Now had the fellow before me raised his head from the table and shown traces of grief, I might have sympathized with him, but the weakling slave of the obnoxious drug was actually grinning.

"I suppose sir," I said, "that you have been lying to me. I can assure you that you are not to blame for the cleverness of your deceit. Your absinthe-soaked brain lends sincerity to your voice. You probably believed in your story while you told it."

"I have told you the truth," he said, "as you will learn if you question the violinist after I am gone."

He seemed offended, and I apologized. "I have been drinking a little too much," I said.

"Yes, I've noticed that," he replied, "and I am sorry to see it. Drink is a terrible curse. Take my advice and give it up. No don't—don't tell me you can't. If I have conquered it, you can." My hands itched for his throat. Crazy as he was, I would have no mercy!

"What do you mean," I said, "by telling me of your self-control—your powerful will—while all the time you are sipping the most deadly poison in the world?"

He looked at me, and surprise and pain and—yes, tears, were in his eyes.

"Poison?" he said. "I don't believe I understand."

"That stuff," I said, and pointed at the remainder of the green liquid in his glass.

"Why, don't you remember what I said, my dear sir?" He took the absinthe glass in his hand and again held it between himself and the light, gazing into it dreamily, wistfully, raptly.

"Did I not tell you," he said, "that I adore my wife's soul?"

* * *

The Foot-Fall

By Louis Dodge.

YOU, bending your ear to the silence, lift your sad eyes to mine
When a foot-fall echoes without in the silence eerie;

"The foot-fall I loved to hear will nevermore sound,"
you repine;

"He is dead that I loved, and oh, but the world is dreary."

I, hearing the foot-fall, too, only clutch at my tortured breast,

And your little, trivial plaint finds my senses unheeding;

He that I love might come—but the foot-fall goes by on its quest,

Afar down the street, on into the silence speeding.

Richard Wagner's Romance

By Michael Monahan

HE story of the man of genius who finds inspiration in another man's wife is not a new one, and it may even be called trite, but it is one to which the world always lends a willing ear.

This is the story revealed in the recently published English version of the letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilda Wesendonck. In Germany, sweet land of sentiment, the book has reached the twentieth edition and is generally acclaimed as a true classic. In Germany, also, the alleged Platonic motive of the letters, elsewhere looked at askance, is easily admitted, since, as is well known to the nightingales and lindens, a German lover pursues an ardent courtship through a dozen years without daring once to put an arm around his divinity's waist. Art and love are a great patience in Germany.

They were surely so in the case of Richard Wagner; and it is characteristic of the Teuton, that he has left the world in doubt as to whether his patience was ever rewarded.

The doubt is indeed the chief provocation of these letters (outside of Germany), and furnishes the artistic motive by which they will endure.

Or, to put the matter plainly, *the other man's wife* supplies the interest of this book. As of many others in the biography of greatness.

Think you, had these letters been addressed to Frau Wagner that all the chaste nightingales of Germany would now be tuning in their praise? Or that our own sentimentalists, with the unsexed Corybantes of music, would be swelling such a chorus of acclaim? Would the world be eager to identify Frau Wagner with the conception of *Isolde*, and should we hear all this patter about ideal mating of souls, spiritual passion, etc., etc.? Not so!—the world will not tolerate the indecency of a man of genius loving his wife and personifying her in the creations of his art.

There is not a single truly famous book in the world's literature, of letters written by a man of genius to his wife.

The letters are always written to some other woman, and preferably *some other man's wife*. Why this should be so, only the good Lord knows who made us as we are.

Poor Penelope keeps house, often red-eyed and sad during the excursions of genius; she treasures up with a broken-hearted care and stores away in a lavender-scented drawer with the early love letters (of which the genius is now ashamed), curt messages on postal cards, hurry-up requests for clean linen, or an extra "nighty," express tags speaking eloquently of some cheap gift by which the great man discharged the obligation of writing (preserved by the simple soul because he had written her name upon them); and perhaps a small package of letters that deal wholly with his ideas of domestic government, often couched in a peevish tone and with a hard selfishness of intention that strangely contrast with the man's meditated, public revelation of self—not a flower of the heart in them all, as poor Penelope,

starving for a word of love, sees through her dropping tears.

Now these things have some value to a neglected wife, but they can not usefully be worked up in the biography of a man of genius.

What wonder that Penelope takes into her tender bosom the subtle demon of jealousy, becomes a shrew and a scold, and presently—goaded by the man's cold and steady refusal to satisfy her by giving her the love which she knows with a woman's sure instinct is being secretly lavished upon another—what wonder, I say, that Penelope, under such maddening provocation, finding herself a cheated and unloved wife, becomes that favorite handiwork of the Devil on this earth—a good woman turned into a Fury!

And the beauty of it is that at this moment she sets out to justify, in the wrong-headed fashion of a woman who knows that she can take her marriage certificate to Heaven with her—the infidelity of her husband. He, being a man of genius, easily gets the sympathy of the world—especially of all good and virtuous women, every one of whom feels that she would have been able to satisfy the gifted person and keep him properly straight—and the great man adds the crown of domestic martyrdom to the laurel of fame.

Of course, the injured wife might have played her game better, but it was not in the cards for her to win, having married a genius.

So it has come to be an axiom that the artistic temperament disqualifies a man for the sober state of matrimony, and many are the cases cited to prove it, from the wife of Socrates to Jane Welsh Carlyle or Frau Wagner. The woes of the unhappily mated genius clamor down the ages like the harsh echoes of a family row before the policeman reaches the corner. Also they make a large figure in what is called polite literature, especially as the sorely tried genius finds in the sorrows of his hearth a strong motive to the production of conv. Hence the thing is not without its compensations, and the lovers of gossip, who are always the chief patrons of literature, do not seek their food in vain.

I suspect that the matter of vanity has much to do with cooking the domestic troubles—his word is "tragedy!"—of the genius. It is very hard to domesticate the species and it is also astonishing what conceit the notion of genius will breed in the homeliest man, causing him to look with easy contempt on the beautiful woman who perhaps married him out of pity. The artist is the peacock among husbands—his lofty soul, his majestic port, his rainbow plumage and even, as he thinks, the beauty of his voice—that top note especially!—move him to a measureless disdain of the annoyingly constant, unvaried and tiresome hero-worship of his plain little mate—it is quite curious how after a time he can not see her beauty. To be sure, she has her home uses, and very convenient at times they are, even to the most glorious of peacocks, but he is for the world and must not limit his resplendency to a narrow poultry-yard—go to, woman! And there you are.

Then, of course, the artist must be always in quest of new sensations—in other words, must feed his genius, to which satiety is death, and it seems to be agreed that such sensations and experiences are only to be had from other women, or at least, *some other woman*—and how are you going to get away from that?

I am not concerned to upset the Platonic theory, so dear to German sentimentalists, of the love affair between the great Wagner and the wife of Herr Wesendonck. People will judge according to the evidence and their private feelings. It must be allowed that there are expressions in the letters that would go far toward establishing a *crim con* in the case of any but a German like Wagner and a master senti-



Margaret

Recently there has been a very noticeable improvement in the interest that Americans are giving to works from the artist's brush. A very large building has just been erected in New York City, equipped especially as an Artists' Home, containing living apartments, to accommodate quite a number of families, so that the artist's home and studio are one. Many of the most prominent American Art Painters have taken apartments in this building.

Mr. Albert H. Sonn, of New York, is known as one of America's greatest and most successful artists to-day and the above photographic reproduction entitled "Margaret" is one of his latest pictures, made especially for the ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO., of ST. LOUIS. It is considered by artists, as the most striking and beautiful work of the year. It has been reproduced by one of the finest lithographers in America, in fifteen colors, and is copyrighted and owned exclusively by the Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Co. They will mail to any address, a copy of this beautiful picture, size 18x24 inches, on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents in postage. This picture framed, will be much admired, having every appearance of an oil painting, and make an appropriate art picture for any home. The model who sat for this pose, is considered the most beautiful woman in the world.

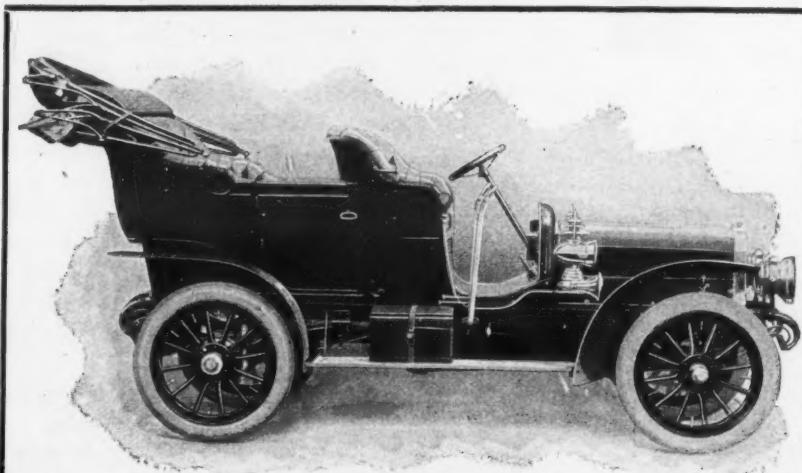
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mentalist at that. Such a passage as this for example:

"Once more, that thou couldst hurl thyself on every conceivable sorrow of the world to say to me. 'I love thee,' redeemed me and won for me that 'solemn pause' whence my life has gained another meaning.

"But that state divine indeed was only to be won at cost of all the griefs and pains of love—we have drunk them to their very dregs! And now, after suffering every sorrow, being spared no grief, now must the quick of that higher life show clear what we have won through all the agony of those birth-throes."

I repeat, only a German sentimentalist could hold such language without compelling an obvious conclusion. The fact that in the face of this and similarly passionate avowals, public opinion in Germany absolves the lovers of any positive guilt in their relations, is a high tribute to that national virtue which was celebrated by Tacitus and more recently by Heinrich Heine.

It is the greater pity that the English translation should have been made by a gushing, lymphatic person, one W. Ashton Ellis, who instead of suffering the letters to speak for themselves, writes me a sloppy preface wherein he seeks to clear Frau Wesendonck's character, in advance, and thereby naturally awakens the reader's doubts. I protest, but for this marplot fellow I should have set it all down to the account of German sentimentalism and have laid the book aside without hearing anything worse than the nightingale in the linden, pouring forth his soul in the enchanted moonlight of German poesy. But now it is spoiled for me by such twaddle as this:

"This placid, sweet Madonna, the perfect emblem of a pearl, not opal, her eyes still dreaming of Nirvana—no! emphatically no! *she* could not have once been swayed by carnal passion. In these letters all is pure and spiritual, a Dante and a Beatrice; so must it have been in their intercourse."

This illustrates how the defense is so often fatal in matters of literary biography. And yet I have not heard of a literary man wise enough to ask that neither his memory nor his acts should ever be defended.

Many a small person contrives to attract a moment's notice by defending the silent great.

Fame has no more subtle irony.

Richard Wagner met Mathilde Wesendonck in 1852 when he was forty years old and she twenty-four. He had already written "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin." Nobody has ever dreamed of attributing the inspiration of any of these works to his wife, Minna.

It is seldom indeed, that a woman is credited with inspiring a man of genius—after she has married him. As a literary theory the thing is not popular.

Wagner's wife had been an opera singer! It is admitted even by the great man's jealous biographers that she was of more than ordinary beauty, that she shared bravely his early hardships, and that she was a pure and loyal wife.

But it seems certain that she did not inspire the great man. In his later life he was wont to say that his wedlock had been nothing but a trial of his patience and pity; perhaps he was indebted for this to his vanity rather than his recollection.

Mathilde, on the contrary, was Wagner's inspiration, for has he not told us so?—though, to be sure, we may credit her with inspiring only one opera,

"Tristan and Isolde." Unfortunately, she was the wife of another man, but again fortunately, her husband was of a truly Germanic simplicity and child-like trust.

Herr Wesendonck was also a man of means and could give his wife the indulgence of many luxuries and whims, which must have added to her attractiveness in the eyes of the struggling man of genius. Money has never been known to cheapen the charms of a really desirable woman.

Portraits of Mathilde show a Madonna-like face of pure and delicate outline, with eyes of haunting tenderness and a mouth of sensitive appeal—such lips, so sweet yet sad, so inviting yet so free from sensual suggestion, are only seen among the higher types of German beauty. Not, I grant you, a face indicating carnal passion, but what then? Many a woman who looked like a Madonna has loved not wisely but too well, and some have been known to bear children in the human fashion.

I have never seen a portrait of Herr Wesendonck.

Truly he deserved one for consenting to the romance which has immortalized his name. Wagner seems to have felt this when he once wrote Herr Wesendonck that the latter shou'd have a place with him in the history of art. In this letter Wagner says nothing of the fine set of horns which (outside of Germany), an evil-minded generation has freely awarded his generous friend.

Mark here again the gushing Ellis:

"It is as a knightly figure that he (Herr Wesendonck) will ever abide in the memory of all who met him, and surely truer knighthood than he displayed in a singularly difficult conjuncture can nowhere have been found outside of King Arthur's

court. Undoubtedly it was *he* who was the greatest sufferer for several years—by no means Minna—years of perpetual heart-burnings bravely borne."

Herr Wesendonck was indeed a pattern husband for a young woman of romantic yearnings.

He shared her admiration for Wagner's genius and for a long time refused to see that his wife was actuated by any other motive.

He gave Wagner financial aid and finally offered him, with Minna, a home in a pretty cottage on his estate at Zurich.

He tolerated the connection even after it had become the occasion of bitter quarrels on his domestic hearth.

On the whole, I am persuaded that a figure of like chivalry is not to be found outside of Germany, nor perhaps anywhere since the noble Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

Mathilde's few letters tell us nothing—her soul is never unveiled—she compels us to take Wagner's word for the whole of the romance. Her attitude in this correspondence—if such it may be called—puts the great man in a dubious light. We may not think the less of the artist, but the man loses nobility; Herr Wesendonck gets his revenge.

But, at last, Minna intercepted one of Wagner's letters to Mathilde (which is not given in this collection), and delivered it herself, with words suiting the occasion. Naturally this broke up the arrangements at Zurich; Wagner sent his wife back to her parents and betook himself to Venice. Herr Wesendonck's conduct in the circumstances was without a flaw; this admirable man seems truly worthy of both Germany and Spain.

There is a harmless mania for identifying particular persons with poetic creations and with such hints as Wagner constantly threw out during the period of their attachment, it was impossible for Mathilde to escape.

"With thee I can do all things," he says, "without thee, nothing!"

This was not strictly true, however, and must be taken as a poetic license, since he wrote several operas before meeting her and did some of his greatest work long after the parting.

But let me not discourage the sentimentalists. It is true that he said "For having written the 'Tristan' I thank you from my deepest soul to all eternity."

It is also certain that he used to write his music with a gold pen that Mathilde had given him and that in exile he received from her a package of his favorite *zwiebach* with tears of joy. For these and other reasons I would not deny her title to be regarded as the original inspiration of "Tristan and Isolde."

Still we have all heard of another enamored young person who, when her lover had got himself somewhat desperately out of the way—

"Went on eating bread and butter."

Absence, it appears, had some effect in cooling the romantic fervors of Mathilde. Some half-dozen years after the rupture at Zurich, "Tristan and Isolde" that "child of our sorrows," as Wagner lovingly wrote her and to which her name for good or evil is now linked forever, was produced for the first time in Munich.

Mathilde had the earliest invitation, with the composer's own compliments, but she did not attend and the heart of Minna was not harrowed by seeing her name "among those present."

It is no reproach to the nightingales of Germany that they sang longer in the heart of her lover.

And the lindens bloom on immortally.

The Wind, Silence and Love

By Fiona McLeod

I KNOW one who, asked by a friend desiring more intimate knowledge as to what influences above all other influences had shaped her inward life, answered at once, with that sudden vision of insight which reveals more than the vision of thought, "The Wind, Silence and Love."

The answer was characteristic, for, with her who made it, the influences that shape have always seemed more significant than the things that are shaped. None can know for another the mysteries of spiritual companionship. What is an abstraction to one is a reality to another; what to one has the proved, familiar face, to another is illusion.

I can well understand the one of whom I write. With most of us the shaping influences are the common, sweet influences of motherhood and fatherhood, the airs of home, the place and manner of childhood. But these are not for all, and may be adverse and in some degree absent. Even when a child is fortunate in love and home, it may be spiritually alien from these; it may dimly discern love as a mystery dwelling in sunlight and moonlight, or the light that lies on quiet meadows, woods, quiet shores; may find a more intimate sound of home in the wind whispering in the grass, or when a sighing travels through the wilderness of leaves, or when an unseen wave moans in the pine.

When we consider, could any influences be deeper than these three elemental powers, forever young, yet older than age, beautiful immortalities that whisper continually against our mortal ear. The Wind, Silence and Love; yes, I think of them as good comrades, nobly ministrant, priests of the hidden way.

To go into solitary places, or among trees which await dusk and storm, or by a dark shore; to be a nerve there, to listen to, inwardly to hear, to be at one with, to be as grass filled with, as reeds shaken by, as a wave lifted before the wind; this is to know what cannot otherwise be known; to hear the intimate, dread voice; to listen to what long, long ago went away, and to what now is going and coming, coming and going, and to what august airs of sorrow prevail in that dim empire of shadow where the falling leaf rests unfallen, where Sound, of all else forgotten and forgetting, lives in the pale hyacinth, the moonwhite pansy, the cloudy amaranth that gathers dew.

And in the wood; by the grey stone on the hill; where the heron waits; where the plover wails; on the pillow; in the room filled with flame-warmed twilight; is there any comrade that is as Silence is? Can she not whisper the white secracies which words discolor? Can she not say, when we would forget, "Forget"; when we would remember, "Remember?" Is it not she also who says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Is it not she who has a lute into which all loveliness of sound has passed, so that when she breathes upon it life is audible? Is it not she who will close many doors, and shut away cries and tu-

mults, and will lead you to a green garden and a fountain in it, and say, "This is your heart and that is your soul; listen."

The third one, is he a Spirit, alone, uncompanioned? I think sometimes, that these three are one, and that Silence is his inward voice, and the Wind the sound of his unwearied feet. Does he not come in wind whether his footfall be on the wild rose or on the bitter wave, or in the tempest shaken with noises and rains that are cries and tears, sighs and prayers and tears?

He has many ways, many hopes, many faces. He bends above those who meet in twilight, above the cradle, above the dwellers by the hearth, above the sorrowful, above the joyous children of the sun, above the grave. Must not he be divine, who is worshiped of all men? Does not the wild dove take the rainbow on its breast because of him, and the salmon leave the sea for inland pools, and the creeping thing become winged and radiant?

The Wind, Silence and Love; if one can not learn of these, is there any comradeship that can tell us more, that can more comfort us, that can so inhabit with living light what is waste and barren?

And in the hidden hour, one will stoop, and kiss us upon the brow, when our sudden stillness will, for others, already be memory. And another will be as an open road, with morning breaking. And the third will meet us with light of joy in his eyes; but we shall not see him at first because of the sun-blaze, or hear his words because in that summer air the birds will be multitude.

Meanwhile they are near and intimate. Their life uplifts us. We cannot forget wholly, nor cease to dream, nor be left unhopin', nor be without rest, nor go darkly without torches and songs, if these accompany us, or we them, for they go one way.

* * *

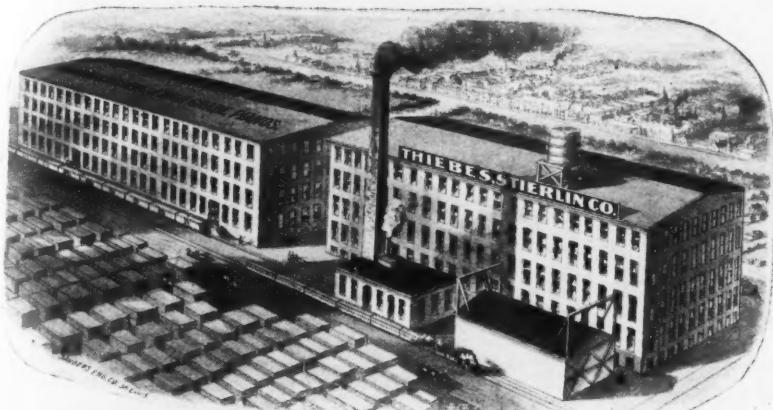
Hereafter

By Rosamund Marriott Watson.

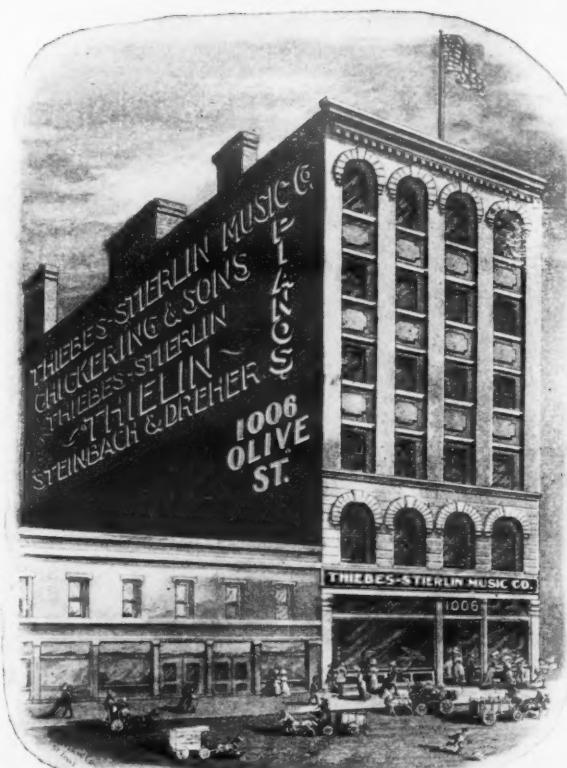
SHALL we not weary in the windless days
Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from out Life's dear, forsaken ways?

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
Summer, and soft unseasonable spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West;
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The sweet, vain world of turmoil and unrest.

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STYLE 6

The Children's Crusade

By Marcel Schwob.

(Translated from the French by Henry Copley Greene with the permission of the author.)

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I.

THE GOLIARD'S TALE.

GA poor Goliard, a wretched clerk wandering through the woods and along the roads to beg my daily bread in Our Lord's name, I have seen a godly sight and heard the words of little children. I know that my life is not very holy, and that I have yielded to temptation under the roadside lindens. Brothers who give me wine see readily that I am little used to drinking it. But I do not belong to the company of those who maim. There are evil men who gouge out the little ones' eyes, and saw off their legs, and tie their hands, so as to make a show of them and to implore pity. That is why I was afraid when I saw all those children. Doubtless Our Lord will defend them. I speak at random, for I am filled with joy. I laugh at the Spring and at what I saw. My mind is not very strong. I received a clerk's tonsure at ten years of age, and I have forgotten the Latin words. I am like a locust: for I hop hither and thither, and I buzz, and at times I spread tinted wings, and my frail head is transparent and empty. They say that Saint John fed on locusts in the desert. One would have to eat a great many. But Saint John was not a man made like us.

I am full of worship for Saint John, for he was a wanderer and spoke in broken phrases. It seems to me that they must be sweeter. The Spring, too, is sweet this year. Never have there been so many white and red flowers. The meadows are washed clean. Everywhere Our Lord's blood sparkles on the hedges. Our Lord Jesus is lily coloured, but His blood is crimson. Why? I don't know. That must be in some parchment. If I had been skilled in letters I should have parchment, and should write on it. And so I should sup very well every night. I should go into convents to pray for our dead brothers, and I should write their names on my roll. I should carry my roll of the dead from one abbey to another. That is pleasing to our brothers. But I have forgotten the names of my dead brothers. Perhaps Our Lord does not trouble Himself either to know them. All those children seemed to me nameless. And it is certain that Our Lord Jesus prefers them. They filled the road like a swarm of white bees. I do not know from whence they came. They were very small pilgrims. They had birch and walnut staves. They had crosses on their shoulders, and these crosses were all of many colours. I saw green ones which must have been made of plaited leaves. They are wild and ignorant children. They are wandering toward I don't know what. They have faith in Jerusalem. I think that Jerusalem is far off, and Our Lord must be nearer to us. They will not come to Jerusalem. But Jerusalem will come to them. And to me. The end of all holy things is in joy. Our Lord is here, on this reddened thorn, and on my lips, and in my poor words. For I think of him, and his sepulchre is in my thought. Amen. I will lie down here in the

sun. It is a holy place. Our Lord's feet have hallowed all places. I will sleep. May Jesus grant evening sleep to all those white little children who bear the cross. Verily I say it to him. I am full of sleep. I say it to him verily, for perhaps he has not seen them, and he must watch over little children. Mid-day weighs upon me. All things are white. So be it. Amen.

II.

THE LEPER'S TALE.

IF you wish to understand what I am going to tell you, know that I keep my head covered with a white cowl and shake a clapper of hard wood. I no longer know what my face is like, but I am afraid of my hands. They run before me like livid and scaly beasts. I would fain cut them off. I am ashamed of what they touch. They seem to make the red fruits that I pick decay, and the poor roots that I tear up appear to wither beneath them. *Domine ceterorum libera me!* The Saviour has not atoned for my pallid sin. I am forgotten until the resurrection. Like a toad sealed beneath the cold of the moon in a dark stone, I shall remain enclosed in my hideous gangue when others rise again with their bodies bright. *Domine ceterorum, fac me liberum; leprorus sum.* I am alone and full of horror. Only my teeth have kept their natural whiteness. Beasts are startled, and my soul longs to flee. The light turns from me. Twelve hundred and twelve years ago their Saviour saved them, and he did not take pity on me. I was not touched by the bloody lance that pierced his side. Perhaps the blood of the Saviour of others would have cured me. I often dream of blood: I might bite with my teeth; they are clean. Since He did not deign to give it me, I am greedy for blood that belongs to him. That is why I lay in wait for the children who came down from the land of Vendome toward this forest of the Loire. They had crosses and they were subject to Him. Their bodies were His body, and He did not share his body with me. I am encompassed on earth with a pale damnation. I spied about to suck innocent blood from the neck of one of His children. *Et caro nova facta in die irae.* On the day of terror my flesh shall be made new. And behind the others walked a fair, red-haired child. I marked him; I bounded suddenly: I seized his mouth with my frightful hands. He wore only a rough shirt; his feet were bare, and his eyes remained placid. And he looked at me without surprise. Then knowing that he would not cry out, I longed to hear a human voice once more, and I took my hands from his mouth, and he did not wipe his mouth. And his eyes seemed far off.

Who are you? I said to him.

Johannes the Teuton, he answered. And his words were limpid and healing.

Where are you going? I said further.

And he answered: To Jerusalem, to conquer the Holy Land.

Then I began to laugh, and I asked him: Where is Jerusalem?

And he answered: I do not know.

And I said further: What is Jerusalem?

And he answered: It is Our Lord.

Then I began to laugh again, and I asked: What is your Lord?

And he said to me: I do not know; he is white.

And that saying threw me into fury and I bared my teeth under my cowl and leaned toward his fair neck and he did not draw back at all, and I said to him: Why are you not afraid of me?

And he said: Why should I be afraid of you, you who are white?

Then great tears shook me, and I stretched myself on the ground, and I kissed the earth with my terrible lips, and I cried out: Because I am a leper!

And the Teuton child considered me, and said limpidly: I do not know.

He was not afraid of me! He was not afraid of me! To him my monstrous whiteness is like the whiteness of his Lord. And I took a handful of grass and I wiped his mouth and his hands. And I said to him: Go in peace to your white Lord, and say to him that he has forgotten me.

And the child looked at me without speaking. And I went with him out of the blackness of this forest. He walked without trembling. I saw his red hair vanish afar off in the sun. *Domine infantum libera me!* May the sound of my wooden clapper come to thee like the pure sound of bells! Master of those who do not know, deliver thou me!

III.

THE TALE OF POPE INNOCENT III.

FAR from incense and chasubles, I can very easily speak to God from this room, with the worn gildings, in my palace. It is here that I come to think of my old age, without being supported under the arms. During the mass my heart lifts itself up, and my body grows rigid; the sparkling of the holy wine fills my eyes, and my thought is freed by the precious oils; but in this lonely place in my basilica I can bend under my earthly weariness. *Ecce homo!* For it cannot be that the Lord really hears the voice of his priests through the pomp of decrees and of bulls; and doubtless neither purple nor jewels nor paintings please him; but in this little cell perhaps he has pity on my imperfect stammering. Lord, I am very old, and behold I am clothed in white before thee, and my name is Innocent, and thou knowest that I know nothing. Pardon me my papacy, for it was instituted, and I am subject to it. It was not I that ordained its honours. I am more glad to see thy sun through this round pane than in the splendid reflections of my stained glass windows. Let me moan like other old men and turn toward thee this pale and wrinkled face which I can hardly lift above the waves of eternal night. My rings slip along my thin fingers, even as the last days of my life slip away.

Oh, God! I am thy vicar here, and I stretch out to thee my hollowed hand full of the pure wine of thy faith. There are great crimes. There are very great crimes. We may grant them absolution. There are great heresies. There are very great heresies. We must punish them pitilessly. Even now while I kneel, white, in this white ungilded cell, I suffer great anguish, Lord, not knowing whether these crimes and heresies are in the pompous domain of my papacy or in the little circle of light in which an old man simply joins his hands. And also I am troubled concerning thy sepulchre. It is still encompassed by infidels.

Men have not been able to take it back from them. No one has led thy cross toward the Holy Land; rather are we plunged in torpor. Knights have laid down their arms and kings no longer are able to command. And I, Lord, denounce myself and smite my breast; I am too feeble and too old.

Now, Lord, hear the quivering whispers which rise from this little cell in my basilica, and counsel me. My servants, from the countries of Flanders and Germany even to the towns of Marseilles and Genoa, have brought me strange news. Unknown sects are about to be born. Women naked and speechless have been seen running through the cities. These shameless mutes were pointing to the sky. More than one madman has preached ruin in the public squares. The hermits and the wandering clerks are full of rumours. And I know not by what spell more than seven thousand children have been drawn from their homes. Seven thousand are on the roads with cross and staff. They have nothing to eat; they have no arms; they are helpless and a shame to us. They are ignorant of all true religion. My servants questioned them. They answered that they were going to Jerusalem to conquer the Holy Land. My servants told them that they could not cross the sea. They answered that the sea would part and dry up to let them pass. Good parents, godly ones and wise, try to keep them back. They break their bolts by night and climb the walls. Many are sons of nobles and of courtizans. It is very pitiful. Lord, all these innocents will be given over to shipwreck and to the worshippers of Mohammed. I see that the Sultan of Bagdad is lying in wait for them in his palace. I tremble for fear that mariners will seize on them bodily to sell them.

Lord, suffer me to speak to you according to the formulas of religion. This children's crusade is not a good work. It cannot gain the Sepulchre for Christians. It increases the number of vagabonds who wander on the outskirts of authorized faith. Our priests cannot protect it. We must believe that the Evil One possesses these poor creatures. They are running in a herd toward a precipice, like the swine on the mountain. Lord, as you know, the Evil One gladly seizes on children. Once he took the shape of a rat-catcher, that by the musical notes of his piping he might entice away all the little ones of the city of Hamelin. Some say that these hapless ones were drowned in the river Weser; others that he shut them up in the side of a mountain. Beware, lest Satan lead all our children to the torments of those that do not possess the faith. Lord, you know that it is not well that our belief be transformed. As soon as it appeared in the burning bush you caused it to be shut up in a tabernacle. And when it had escaped from your lips on Golgotha, you decreed that it should be enclosed in the pyx and in the monstrance. These little prophets will shatter the edifice of your church. That must be forbidden them. Is it in disdain for your anointed, who have worn out their albs and their stoles in your service, and who have sternly resisted temptations to gain you, that you will receive those that know not what they do? We must suffer little children to come unto you, but by the way of your faith. Lord, I have spoken to you according to your institutions. These children will perish. Under Innocent let there not be a new massacre of the Innocents.

Forgive me now, O God, that I have asked thy counsel in my tiara. The trembling of old age is taking hold on me again. See my poor hands. I am a very old man. My faith is no longer that of little children. The gold on the walls of this cell is worn by time. They are white. The sun's orb is white. My robe is white also, and my withered heart

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THE MIRROR

is clean. I have spoken according to thy rule. There are crimes. There are very great crimes. There are heresies. There are very great heresies. My mind wavers in weariness; perhaps we should neither punish nor absolve. Our past life makes our resolutions hesitant. I have seen no miracle. Enlighten me. Is this a miracle? What sign hast thou given them? Is the time come? Wilt thou that a very old man, such as I, should be in his whiteness like thy pure little children? Seven thousand! Though they be ignorant in their faith, wilt thou punish the ignorance of seven thousand innocents? I also am Innocent. Lord, I am innocent like them. Do not punish me in my extreme old age. Long years have taught me that this flock of children can not succeed. Yet, Lord, is it a miracle? My cell remains peaceful, as in other meditations. I know that it is needless to implore thee, for thee to manifest thyself; but from the height of my great age, from the height of thy papacy, I pray thee. Teach me, for I do not know. Lord, they are thy little innocents. And I, Innocent, I do not know, I do not know.

IV.

THE TALE OF THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.

WE three, Nicholas who cannot talk, Alain and Denis, started along the roads to go to Jerusalem. We have been walking a long time. White voices called us in the night. They called all little children. They were like the voices of the birds that have died in winter, and at first we saw many poor birds stretched on the frozen earth, many little birds with red throats. Then we saw the first flowers and the first leaves, and we plaited crosses with them. We sang in the villages, as we were wont to do at New Year's. And all the children ran to us. And we went forward like a flock. There were men that cursed us, not knowing the Lord. There were women that held us back by our arms and questioned us, and covered our faces with kisses. And then there were good souls that brought us wooden bowls, warm milk and fruits. And every one pitied us. For they do not know where we are going and they have not heard the voices.

On land there are thick forests and rivers and mountains and paths full of briars. And beyond the land is the sea which we are going to cross very soon. And beyond the sea is Jerusalem. We have neither governors nor guides. But for us all roads are right. Though Nicholas cannot speak he walks like us, Alain and Denis, and all lands are like, and alike dangerous for children. Everywhere there are thick forests and rivers and mountains and thorns. But everywhere the voices will be with us. There is a child here called Eustache who was born with his eyes sealed. He holds his arms stretched out, and he smiles. We see no more than he. A little girl leads him and bears his cross. Her name is Ally. She never speaks and never cries; she keeps her eyes fixed on Eustache's feet, to hold him up when he stumbles. We love them both. Eustache will not be able to see the holy lamps of the sepulchre. But Ally will take his hands, to make him touch the flag-stones of the tomb.

Oh, how beautiful are all earthly things! We do not remember anything, because we have never learned anything. Yet we have seen old trees and red rocks. Sometimes we pass into long shadows. Sometimes we walk until evening in bright meadows. We have shouted Jesus' name into the ears of Nicholas, and he knows it well. But he cannot say it. He rejoices with us in what we see. For his lips can open with joy, and he fondles our shoulders. And so they

are not unhappy: for Ally watches over Eustache; and we, Alain and Denis, watch over Nicholas.

Men said that we should meet ogres and were-wolves in the woods. It was not true. No one has frightened us; no one has hurt us. The lonely and the sick come to look at us, and old women light lights for us in their cabins. The church bells are rung for us. Peasants get up from their furrows to watch us. The animals, too, look at us and do not run away. And since we have been walking, the sun has grown warmer, and we no longer pick the same flowers. But all stalks may be plaited in the same shapes, and our crosses are always fresh. So we are of good hope, and soon we shall catch sight of the blue sea, and beyond the blue sea is Jerusalem. And the Lord will let all of us little children come to his tomb. And the white voices will be joyful in the night.

V.

THE TALE OF FRANCOIS LONGUEJOUE, CLERK.

*T*O-DAY, fifteenth of the month of September, in the twelve hundred and twelfth year since the incarnation of our Lord, there came into the office of my master, Hugues Ferre, sundry children asking to cross the sea to go to the Holy Sepulchre. And whereas the said Ferre has not enough merchant ships in the port of Marseilles, he commanded me to call on master Guillaume Pore in order to complete the number. Masters Hugues Ferre and Guillaume Pore will conduct the ships even unto the Holy Land for love of Our Lord J. C. There are now scattered without the city of Marseilles more than seven thousand children, of whom some speak barbarous tongues. Accordingly our worshipful sheriffs, fearing famine, have met together in the town house, where, after deliberation they have called for our said masters to exhort and entreat them to despatch the ships with all speed. The sea is now not very favourable because of the equinoctial storms, but we must consider that such a concourse might be dangerous to our good town, the more so since all these children are famished by the length of their journey and know not what they do. I have had the mariners summoned at the port, and the ships equipped. At vespers they can be dragged into the water. The crowd of children is not in the city, rather they have overrun the beach, gathering shells for signs of journeying, and it is said that they marvel at the star-fish and imagine that they have fallen alive from the sky to show them the way of the Lord. And as to this strange happening this is what I have to say: first, that it is to be wished that masters Hugues Ferre and Guillaume Pore promptly lead this foreign turbulence out of our city; second, that the winter has been very severe, wherefore the ground is poor this year, a thing sufficiently known to our worshipful traders; third, that the Church has been in no way advised of the plan of this horde from the North, and that she will not meddle in the madness of a childish army (tuba infantium). And it is meet to praise masters Hugues Ferre and Guillaume Pore as much for the love that they bear our good town, as for their obedience to our Lord in despatching their ships and escorting them at this equinoctial season, and through great danger of attack from the infidels who furrow our sea in their felluccas from Algiers and from Bujciah.

VI.

THE CALENDAR'S TALE.

*G*LORY to God! Praised be the Prophet who has permitted me to be poor and to wander through the towns calling on the Lord! Thrice blessed be the holy companions of Mohammed, who founded the

divine order to which I belong! For I am like Him when he was driven with stones from the infamous city which I will not name, and when he took refuge in a vineyard where a Christian slave had pity on him, and gave him grapes, and was touched by words of the faith at the fall of day. God is great! I have passed through the towns of Mossoul, and Bagdad, and Basrah, and I have known Sala-ed-Din (God rest his soul) and the Sultan, his brother, Seif-ed-Din, and I have beheld the Commander of the Faithful. I live very well on a little rice that I beg, and on the water that men pour into my calabash. I preserve the purity of my body. But the greatest purity inhabits the soul. It is written that, before his mission, the Prophet fell into a deep sleep upon the ground. And two men in white came down on the right and on the left of his body, and stood there. And the man in white on the left opened his chest with a golden knife, and drew out his heart, whence he pressed the black blood. And the man in white on the right opened his belly with a golden knife, and drew out his bowels which he purified. And they put back the entrails in their place, and from thenceforth the Prophet was pure to announce the faith. That is a superhuman purity which pertains especially to angelic beings. Yet children also are pure. Such was the purity which the seeress longed to beget when she perceived the halo about the head of Mohammed's father and tried to join herself to him. But the father of the Prophet became one with his wife Aminah, and the halo vanished from his brow, and thus the seeress knew that Aminah had conceived a pure being. Glory to God who purifies! Here, in the porch of this bazar, I can rest, and I will greet the passers-by. Rich cloth and jewel merchants are sitting cross-legged within. Behold a caftan worth surely a thousand dinars. As for me, I need no money, and am as free as a dog. Glory to God! Now that I am in the shade I remember the beginning of my discourse. First, I speak of God, without whom there is no God, and of our holy Prophet who revealed the faith, for that is the origin of all thoughts, whether they come forth from the mouth or whether they be traced with a reed. In the second place, I consider the purity which God has granted to saints and angels. In the third place, I meditate on the purity of children. In fact I have just seen a great number of Christian children who have been bought by the Commander of the Faithful. I saw them on the highway. They walked like a flock of sheep. It is said that they are from the land of Egypt, and that Frankish vessels set them down there. Satan possessed them, and they tried to cross the sea to go to Jerusalem. Glory to God! He has not suffered so great a cruelty to be accomplished. For these poor children would have died on the way, having neither means nor provisions. They are altogether innocent. And at the sight of them I threw myself on the ground, and I smote the ground with my forehead, praising the Lord with a loud voice. Now these children were ordered thus. They were clothed in white, and they wore crosses sewed on their garments. They did not appear to know at all where they were, and did not seem to be troubled. They keep their eyes steadily fixed afar off. I remarked one of them that was blind and that a little girl held by the hand. Many have red hair and green eyes. They are Franks who belong to the Emperor of Rome. They falsely worship the prophet Jesus. The error of these Franks is manifest. First it is proved by books and miracles that there is no other word but the word of Mohammed. Next, God allows us day by day to glorify him and to seek our

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bread, and he decrees that all believers must protect our order. Finally, he denied light to these children who tempted by Eblis, left a distant land, and he did not manifest himself to warn them. And if happily they had not fallen into the hands of the Faithful they would have been seized by the Fire-Worshippers and chained in deep caverns. And those accursed ones would have offered them as a sacrifice to their devouring and detestable idol. Praised be our God who does all things well and who protects even those who do not confess him. God is great! I will go now and ask my share of rice in this goldsmith's shop, and proclaim my scorn for riches. If it please God, all these children shall be saved by the faith.

VII.

THE TALE OF LITTLE ALYS.

I CAN hardly walk now, because we are in a burning country, where two wicked men of Marseilles have brought us. And at first we were tossed on the sea for a black day in the midst of the fires of heaven. But my little Eustache was not frightened, because he saw nothing and because I held both his hands. I am very fond of him, and I came here because of him. For I do not know where we are going. We have been gone so long. The others talked to us about the city of Jerusalem which is beyond the sea, and about Our Lord who would be there to receive us. And Eustache knew Our Lord Jesus well, but he did not know what Jerusalem was, nor a city, nor the sea. He fled to obey voices, and he heard them every night. He heard them in the night because of the silence for he cannot tell night from day. And he questioned me about these voices, but I could tell him nothing. I know nothing, and I am only troubled because of Eustache. We walked near to Nicholas and Alain and Denis; but they went up into another vessel, and all the vessels were no longer there when the sun came out again. Oh, what has become of them? We shall find them again when we have come near Our Saviour. It is still very far. They tell of a great king who has sent for us, and who holds the city of Jerusalem in his power. In this country everything is white, even their houses and their raiment are white, and the women's faces are covered with veils. Poor Eustache cannot see this whiteness, but I tell him of it, and he is glad. For he says it is the appointed sign of the end. The Lord Jesus is white. Little Ally is very tired, but she holds Eustache by the hand so that he shall not fall, and she has not time to think of being tired. We will rest to-night, and as usual little Ally will sleep near Eustache, and if the voices have not forsaken us she will try to hear them in the clear night. And she will hold Eustache by the hand until the white ending of this great journey, for she must show him the Lord. And surely the Lord will take pity on Eustache's patience, and will allow Eustache to see him. And then perhaps Eustache will see little Ally.

VIII.

THE TALE OF GREGORY IX.

BEHOLD the devouring sea, it seems innocent and blue. Its folds are soft and it is bordered with white, like a heavenly robe. It is a fluid sky, and its stars are alive. I meditate concerning it, on this rocky throne to which I have had them bear me from my litter. Truly it is in the midst of the lands of Christendom. It receives the sacred waters in which the Messenger washed away sin. On its shores all the saints have bowed their heads, and it has rocked their transparent reflections. Mysterious great anointed, without ebb or flow, lulling azure set in the ring

of the world like a liquid jewel, I question you with my eyes. O Mediterranean Sea, give me back my children! Why have you taken them?

I never knew them. Their fresh breathing never fondled my old age. They did not come and beseech me with their tender lips half-opened. Alone, like little vagabonds, full of blind and furious faith, they rushed toward the promised land and they were destroyed. From Germany and Flanders, and from France and Savoy and Lombardy, they came to your perfidious waves, holy sea, whispering vague words of adoration. They went even to the city of Marseilles; they went even to the city of Genoa. And you carried them in ships on your broad, foam-crested back; and you turned and stretched your blue green arms toward them, and you kept them. And others you betrayed by leading them among the infidels; and now they pine in Eastern palaces, captives of the worshippers of Mohammed.

In former times a proud king of Asia caused you to be beaten with rods and loaded with chains. O Mediterranean Sea! who shall pardon you? You are woefully guilty. It is you that I denounce, you only, sea falsely limpid and clear, evil phantom of the sky; I call you to judgement before the throne of the Most High to whom all creatures are subject. Consecrated sea, what have you done with our children? Lift up to Him your cerulean face; stretch out to Him your fingers shivering with bubbles; shake your innumerable purpled laughter, let your murmuring speak, and justify yourself to Him.

Dumb with all your white mouths which die on the beach at my feet, you say no word. In my palace at Rome there is an ancient, ungilded cell which age has made pure as an alb. The pontiff Innocent was wont to withdraw thither. It is said that he meditated there long on the children and on their faith, and that he asked the Lord for a sign. Here, from the height of this rocky throne, in the free air, I declare that this pontiff Innocent himself had the faith of a child, and that he tossed his weary locks in vain. I am much older than Innocent; I am the oldest of all the vicars whom the Lord has set here below, and I only begin to understand. God does not manifest himself. Did he aid his son in the Garden of Olives? Did he not forsake him in his last agony? Oh, childish folly to call on him for help! All evil and all trial dwell only in us. He has perfect trust in the work moulded by his hands. And you have betrayed his trust. Divine sea, be not astonished at my words. All things are equal before the Lord. The proud reason of men is of no more worth, in the heart of the infinite, than the little, rayed eye of one of your beasts. God allots the same portion to a grain of sand as to an emperor. Gold ripens in the mine as impeccably as a monk reflects in the monastery. All parts of the world are as guilty one as another when they do not follow the course of mercy, for they proceed from Him. In his eyes there are neither stones nor plants nor animals nor men, but creations. I see all those white heads that leap above your waves and melt in your waters; they spring up but a second in the light of the sun, and they can be damned or chosen. Extreme old age governs pride and enlightens religion. I feel as much pity for this little mother of pearl shell as for myself.

That is why I denounce you, devouring sea, you who have swallowed up my little children. Remember the Asiatic king who punished you. But that king was not a century old. He had not borne enough years. He could not understand universal things. I, then, will not punish you. For my accusation and your murmuring would come to die together at the

feet of the Most High, as the seething of your drops comes to die at my feet. O Mediterranean Sea! I pardon you and absolve you. I grant you most holy absolution. Go and sin no more. Like you I am guilty of sins I know not of. You continually confess yourself on the beach with your thousand moaning voices, and I confess myself to you, great sacred sea, with my withered lips. We confess ourselves one to the other. Absolve me and I will absolve you. Let us return to ignorance and purity. So be it.

What shall I do on earth? There shall be an atoning memorial, a memorial for the faith that does not know. Ages to come must see our devotion, and must not despair. God led the little child crusaders to himself by the sea's hly sin; the innocents were massacred; the bodies of the innocents shall have their resting-place. Seven ships went down at the Hermit's Rock; on that island I will build a church of the New Innocents, and there I will found twelve prebends. And you will give me back my children's bodies, innocent and consecrated sea; you will carry them to the beaches of the island; and the prebendaries shall place them in the church crypts; and above them they shall light eternal lamps in which holy oils shall burn, and they shall show to godly travellers all those little white bones stretched out in the night.

* * *

Corrymeela

By Moira O'Neill.

O VER here in England I'm helping wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong
day;

Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy
trees,

This livin' air is mithered wi' the bummin' o' the
bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through
the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels
in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefoot
child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did
go bare.

"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; the girl she
thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'y'e mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard
to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to
plase;

When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be
back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an
English town!

For a shaugh wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a
silver crown,

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in
vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

No Christmas Present Fitter Than a Beautiful Book

What the Press Reviewers of the Country Think of

Sonnets to a Wife

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

It is refreshing in this stage of eroticism and exuberance to find such sonnets so delightful every way, so full of the glorification of good women. The verse has no cant in it nor coarseness. It is free alike from the overly-saintly and the crudely sensual. It is wholesome and inspiring, passionate, yet reverent, vigorous yet tender. No finer sonnets have come from any pen in many years. It should be counted a high privilege to have the volume in the home and heart.—Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

"Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet, has been having the honor of dining with the President." And the President probably had the honor of telling the poet that he has given to the world some sweet and noble things in his "Sonnets to a Wife."—Chicago Evening Post.

"The ruddy glow of a rare old vintage beams and sparkles a thousand-fold more alluring, through the facets of a cut glass decanter. In this wise has Mr. McGaffey clothed in exquisite sonnet form the fire and passion of man's love for woman, sublimated by that intimate spiritual relationship that gives to true marital love the attributes of divinity."—Galveston News.

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"They are an exposition of modern love, chastely and delicately expressed, wherein the idealization of a woman is portrayed without any departure from the balancing influence of American common sense."—Chicago Post.

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"The man she loves and all he means to her," and, if he speaks from experience, he is much to be congratulated."—Agnes Repplier, in the Saturday Evening Post.

The book, 5½x7 inches, bound in padded, dove colored ooze, gilt top, title embossed in gold on front cover, portrait and autograph of Mr. McGaffey, a foreword by Mr. William Marion Reedy, all in a strong, neat box.

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The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

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But McGaffey is a poet in that he is worldly wise. The poetic lens through which he sees double and treble and quadruple does not distort the accuracy of his vision. How true, for instance, is this thought, thought by ten thousand men, and taking this sweet, simple form in the music of this songster:

"A woman is as cultured as she looks,
Speaks, acts and smiles, and merely
bookish rules
She may well scorn, as being clumsy
tools
With which dull fishers file their rusty
hooks."

Notice one thing as you read these lines. Behind their general truth is the well defined picture of some one who illustrates it. Is it not so, merry harlequins?"—New Orleans Harlequin.

This poetry of McGaffey's is true. More, it is sweet and pure and wholesome and strong—as sweet as the breath of the roses which comes to us on the breeze of spring-time, as sweet as the lovelight in one's loved one's eyes; as pure as the new born babe, or the fresh bloomed flower; as wholesome as mountain air, and as strong as all the resistless powers of an unhindered Niagara. The language of the sonnets is simple, and, perhaps, this adds to their strength. However that may be, the poems are always understandable. They are subtle at times, deeply so; and yet there is an undefinable something about them that makes easy of comprehension this subtlety. The poems are as beautiful as they are simple, and as chaste as they are beautiful. They deify the love for a good woman of a good man, who is also a poet. There are no wild bursts of passion, no burning sensuality. The love that these sonnets glorify is sane. It is all that it should be, all that God intended it to be when he made woman to be the companion of man. The man and woman of the sonnets are companions, in every sense of the word. Each is the complement of the other. They are to each other the things that make a heaven of earth, and in the doing thereof strengthen the belief of those who dwell in it in God's heaven beyond the sky. They do not seek to ignore the purely material side of married life. They show this phase in the degree that it is needed to make married life ideal. There may be some faults to be found in them from a purely technical standpoint, but one who could think of these flaws after reading the sonnets and absorbing the clean, healthful and beautiful atmosphere which surrounds them, would indeed be hypercritical."—Houston Daily Post.

"There is real poetry in these sonnets, too; let no one imagine they are simply verse. By them, Mr. McGaffey, has advanced himself to a rank few writers dare to hold in this country. The dauntlessness of them appeals to one first, and then, the deep note of sincerity is impressed upon the reader. One has but to read them to feel sure of ranging over the chords of a heart that loves, and from it is drawing the sweetest melody of which man is capable—the adoration of the woman he holds dearest and best on earth."—Kansas City Journal.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experience of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature."—Current Literature.

"Men of letters will be struck mostly by the splendid level of charm and dignity maintained, and by the fact that Mr. McGaffey has accomplished, in the close confinement of the sonnet form, an unusual task. Students of the curious will sit agape at the fact of a man's inditing no less than seventy sonnets to his own wife. The public at large will find in all these qualities the secret of a very wide-reaching charm. It should settle the doubt Mr. Edmund Gosse once expressed as to who reads American poetry. This book is not merely American poetry. Its quality puts it upon the plane of what the Germans call *Welt-Literatur*."—Town Topics.

"Ernest McGaffey has published several volumes of poetry, written in divers moods, and in varied circumstances, all of which have met with popular favor, but he has never written or published anything quite so exquisite or so fascinating as his last volume, entitled 'Sonnets to a Wife.' Here he reaches his highest level in poetic power, and discloses an inspiration in the expression of all that is beautiful in nature and in love that he has not hitherto displayed."—Chicago Journal.

"They mark the high tide of American poetry in the present generation, and will have a permanent place in English literature because they are the best praise yet uttered of the crowning glory of our Western civilization—the marriage relation. There is about them the serenity and grace which is appropriate to the subject, and, nevertheless, the joys which they voice are manifestly such as are best striving for."—Chicago Times-Herald.

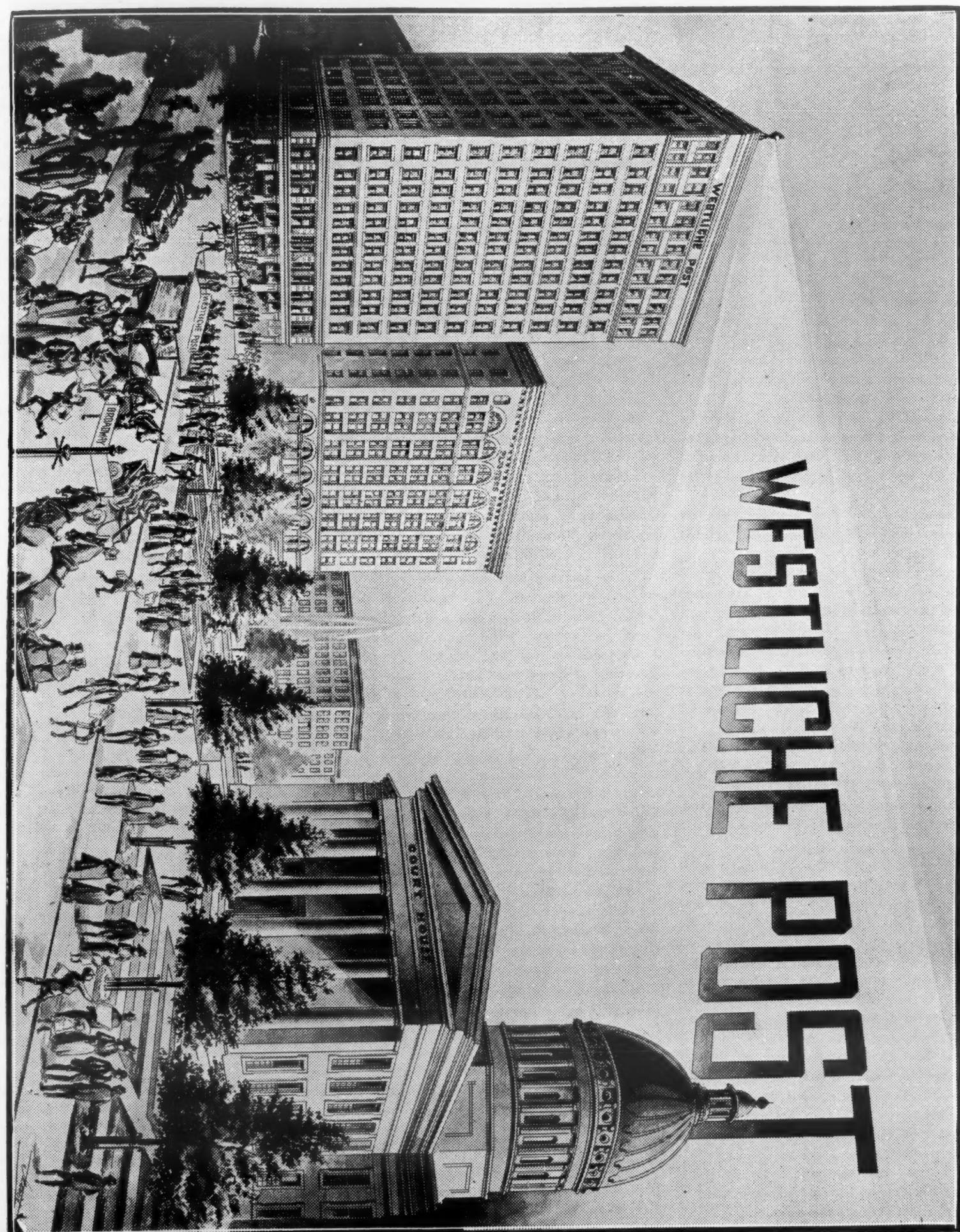
"Their simplicity, exquisite form and their sane interpretation of the love and comradeship between man and woman lift them quite above the average verse of today with its prevailing taint of morbidity."—Kansas City Star.

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WHY IS A SHYLOCK?



This view of the handsome new Westliche Post building, looking north shows how this modern new structure will beautify the Broadway and Chestnut street neighborhood.

Hog Thompson's Hegira

By Charles B. Oldham

THIS is just a plain Missouri story, located on Bear Creek, in the northwestern part of the State. It tells of plain people, their ideas of justice and how Hog Thompson spent a very unhappy Christmas. It is without hero or heroine, and if there is the faintest trace of romance running through the story, expert judges have not been able to discover it.

No one knew just where Hog Thompson came from when he squatted on a "forty" of brush land on Bear Creek. It was said, afterward, that he had lived for a time in the Chariton hills of Putman County, and left at the invitation of some neighbors. He had a team and wagon, a few old traps and twelve pigs when he located on Bear Creek. At the mill, where he was given all the slabs he wanted, he said he had bought the "forty" for \$200.

"Well, that's a durned sight more than its worth," observed Bat-eye Berry, who happened to be at the mill.

The residents knew that the forty-acre tract belonged to some eastern man, and took it for granted that Hog had purchased it.

In answer to a question as to his name, directed by one of the mill men, he said it was Thompson. When the mill man observed that the newcomer had carefully "sorted" and picked over the slab pile to get the best ones, he observed: "That feller Thompson is a damned hog." And so Bear Creek christened him Hog Thompson on the spot. Hog was not at all communicative. After trying to quiz him for an hour, old man Kennedy said:

"There is somethin' sneakin' and ornery about that man, Hog Thompson, and I wouldn't be s'prised if he should turn out to be a hoss thief."

The old man was greatly respected for his wisdom, so his judgment on Hog was the judgment of Bear Creek.

It was in the early fall. Hog put up a little shack for himself out of the slabs the mill men gave him, built a pig pen and a shelter for his horses and seemed content. Little of him was seen during the winter, or in fact, at any time during his stay on Bear Creek. It was observed that he did not clear out a patch of brush during the winter, preparatory to planting corn in the spring, nor did he buy any corn for his horses and pigs, so far as Bear Creek knew. It was quite as evident that he didn't care for society as that Bear Creek society was not yearning for him. When the Grange met at the Hard Scrabble school house there was a good deal of gossip about Hog Thompson. The fact that no one knew anything about him heightened curiosity. All said that he was a misfit on Bear Creek.

At one of these meetings in the spring, Hank Glasgow remarked that he believed he would have to buy corn to run him through the summer.

"I thought I had plenty last fall," he said, "and mout be able to sell a little, but now I am gittin' down near the bottom of the big crib up in the field. It do beat the dickens the way that corn went."

Bat-eye Berry said he was in the same fix. "Long as I have been on Bar Creek, I never had to buy

corn," said Bat-eye; "but afore long I will have to do so. And I had a good crop, too, last year."

"Did Hog Thompson ever buy any corn of any of youse?" asked old man Kennedy.

All said that he had not. "Well," continued the old man, "hogs and horses can't keep fat on crab-apple brush, and bein's as Hog's stock is fat and he don't buy no corn, and all of us has been missin' corn, it 'pears to me that there is somethin' wrong on Bar Creek."

No one made reply, but the old man's remarks had a perceptible effect.

Spring passed and summer wore along. Everybody on Bear Creek was busy, except Hog Thompson. Apparently, he had nothing to do. So far as Bear Creek knew, he slept all day, and it was commonly supposed that he prowled about at night. He was the chief subject of discussion at every gathering, and was always unanimously voted a corn-thief. Still, no one had ever caught him raiding a crib, although many nights had been spent in watching for him. Clearly, Bear Creek did not know what to do, but it was resolved to watch and wait.

"If we can only ketch him stealing corn, or somethin', I'll put the law on him good and hard," said 'Squire Franklin, Justice of the Peace for the Bear Creek neighborhood. The 'Squire had been a justice of the peace for years and was aching to get hold of some case where he could display his judicial acumen and authority. Besides, he had lost considerable corn, and connected the missing cereal with Hog Thompson's advent on Bear Creek.

But nothing turned up until about the middle of December. Then old man Kennedy discovered that he had lost a wagon load of corn the night before. Unfortunately, a heavy snow had fallen during the night and all tracks were obliterated. It was "snapped corn," however, and as all other corn in the neighborhood had been "shucked," the old man thought he could identify his property. He credited the theft, of course, to Hog Thompson. With great haste, Bear Creek was summoned, lest meantime Hog should shuck the corn, burn the husks and thus destroy all convicting evidence.

'Squire Franklin deputized half a dozen men to apprehend Hog, investigate his stock of corn and haul him before the bar of Bear Creek justice. It was not long until the posse surrounded Hog's shack and commanded him to come forth, which he did with much unconcern. He did not even ask what was wanted, but the posse told him that he had been stealing corn on Bear Creek long enough.

"I reckon you'll have to prove it," said Hog.

"Prove it," snarled old man Kennedy. "Well, just look at that pile of my 'snapped' corn over thar? Reckon I don't know that calico corn of mine? Oh, you ornery, thievin' cuss, we've got you at last."

Hog made no reply. The trial was brief. Old man Kennedy and other members of the posse told about finding the corn and Hog's fat stock.

"That's enough," said 'Squire Franklin. "Now, Hog Thompson, you low down, ornery, thievin' var-

mint, stand up and get your sentence, and may the Lord have mercy on you, for this Court won't."

Forthwith, Hog was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Two of the possemen, Tobe Williams and Ab Gill, were instructed to take him to the county seat and turn him over to the Sheriff, to be forwarded to the Jefferson City penitentiary. There was joy on Bear Creek that afternoon and night, followed by anger and consternation the next day when Williams and Gill returned. They said the Sheriff laughed at them, and a lawyer who talked to Hog in the Sheriff's office said that 'Squire Franklin was a jackass, else he would have known that a justice of the peace could not send anyone to the penitentiary. They also said they believed that Hog had beaten them home and was no doubt at that very minute feeding old man Kennedy's corn to his stock. The blow staggered the Creek, but not for long. The men parted and went home with ugly looks on their faces.

Christmas Eve there was a Christmas tree at the Hard Scrabble school house. Everybody in the Bear Creek neighborhood was there except Hog Thompson. All at once it was noticed that the able-bodied men folks were missing. Some of the women knew why, and those who didn't were told that the men would presently return.

Hog Thompson was smoking his pipe when the door of his shack was opened and he looked into the muzzle of Hank Glasgow's rifle.

"We have come to have a talk with you, Hog," said Bat-eye Berry, who was considered to be the best speaker in the crowd. "It is this way: We know you are a lazy, good for nothin' thief. Now, the Bar' Creek neighborhood is pretty big, but it's not nigh big enough for we all and you. We've tried to put the law on you and fizzled. Now, we're goin' to try suthin' else. Hog Thompson may be under the Bar' Creek ice New Year's, but he won't be livin' in this shack. Hog, how long would it take yer to get out of here?"

"That all depends," said Hog. "I've sold my pigs, horses and wagon, and bein's as I never owned this 'forty,' I reckon I could leave by spring."

"Spring, nothin'," snorted old man Kennedy. "You'll git out in two hours or you'll go over the divide. Yer ain't foolin' with no law this time. Just say yer little piece and git up and dig out mighty quick."

"Oh, I'll go," said Hog, as Hank commenced fingered the lock of his rifle. "I always knew that Bar' Creek was no fit place for a high-toned gentleman like me. That's the reason I wouldn't associate nor have nothin' to do with any of youse."

So saying, Hog walked out into the night. Ten minutes later his shack was in flames. That was the last Bear Creek ever heard of Hog Thompson.

"Boys, if it hadn't been Christmas time, I'd have advised lynchin' that thievin' cuss to-night," said 'Squire Franklin, as the party was returning to Hard Scrabble.

* * *

SAYS a dispatch from San Bernardino, Cal., December 12th: "Mrs. Jennie Vinson, who was prominent in church work and society, while talking in her sleep, revealed to her husband, William Vinson, the fact that she was a bigamist. He awakened her and she confessed that she had another husband living. Yesterday Vinson sued for divorce. They were married five years ago." We always knew that the woman wide awake was dangerous enough, but just see what she can do for herself and others with her tongue, in her sleep. This item will keep thousands of husbands lying awake at night either in fear or hope that they will hear something from their sleep-speaking spouses. Insomnia will soon, we fear, be as common as appendicitis.

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ED. BUTLER.

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under the sun. All the time he was working hand-in-glove with the respectable and pious, and for their pockets first and his own after. He has never squealed so as to hurt anyone. His gift of humor has always kept him personally likeable, even when politically damnable. He is shrewd, tireless, unscrupulous to his enemies, faithful to his friends, bold in his operations, quick to know when to fade away

before the people, anxious for money, yet free in giving. He is the foundation of all the franchise fortunes of the city, and a better man than most who revile him. He goes to church. No one ever spent five minutes in his company without liking him and admiring him, and forgetting all the accusations that have been made against him for thirty years as a boss.

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When Power is Sweetest

By Thomas Stewart McNicoll

PASCAL amused his readers by speculating on the changes in the history of the world had Cleopatra's nose been shorter, and others have delighted to imagine what would have happened, had the soul of a Napoleon been born in a woman. Power is not a matter of choice, and perhaps it would be a more profitable line of speculation to ask the results, had these great and powerful ones of earth withheld their power. Perhaps this, too, would have been impossible, for the great and powerful have been caught up and moved by a destiny stronger than themselves—a destiny swift and sure, like the procession of events in a Greek tragedy. Blind puppets of fate, they moved in an apparently predestined and unchangeable orbit, and it seems foolish to imagine why they did this or refrained from that. But even the seer-like Maeterlinck has to observe: "Had Jesus Christ or Socrates dwelt in Agamemnon's palace among the Atrides, then had there been no Oresteia; nor would Oedipus ever have dreamed of destroying his sight, if they had been tranquilly seated on the threshold of Jocasta's abode." And the great Belgian, who is disappointing us these days by not penetrating deeper into the new kingdom of thought he opened in his earlier books, tries to prove by such frail reasoning, man's actual superiority and control of destiny. Hear him: "Fatality shrinks back abashed from the soul that has more than once conquered her; there are certain disasters she dare not send forth when this soul

is near; and the sage, as he passes by, intervenes in numberless tragedies." Yet to take the two great names he uses as proof of this superiority over destiny—what do we see?

"*Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road.*"

It is this powerlessness of great power to obstruct or thwart its destiny which gives it such an aspect of sadness amidst all its grandeur. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass." Over the possession of great power there always rests the shadow of a tragedy. The ministers of destiny, the forerunners of fate are always marked for sacrifice.

Yet there is something sweet in the possession of power, not the great power which possesses us and makes of us only instruments to do its will, but the power to do or not to do, master of ourself and the moment, truly free. Power of this kind is god-like, and is the charm that lies in all truly creative work. It is the "fine frenzy" of the poet,

"*the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.*"

It is this which has filled the world with song, painted the great pictures, carved the great statues, built the great towers. This is the Mount of Power, the highest summit of human felicity. From its height Satan showed the Lord all the kingdoms of earth, and from its summit the chorus of angels

bore the dying Faust. Sir Frederick Leighton painted his Spirit of the Summit as a lonely woman in white seated upon a barren rock amidst mists and clouds which obstruct the view. Her face is upturned to a pitiless sky, and over her rests the air of great sadness and loneliness unspeakable. But not so would the occupant of my Mount of Power be painted. Not a figure of weakness and despair like Olive Schreiner's lonely Truth Seeker in her splendid allegory, nor yet a Jove on Olympian throne, wielding thunderbolts, but rather blind Milton in his garret writing for posterity, old beggar Homer, exiled Dante or some "mute, inglorious Milton" with the grand music in his heart, crooning over the songs of the silence that shall never break forth into speech.

When the Mount of Human Power is mentioned, many would picture a great Money King like Rockefeller or the Rothschilds with power to sway the destiny of nations, or yet a Russian Czar with control over millions of subjects, but how frail their tenure of power is easily seen in recent events. A peoples' wrath, a financial crash, and these mighty ones are shorn of their dazzling power. Even the old rain maker in *Rasselas*, and Chamber's gruesome Repairer of Reputations in his "*King in Yellow*" have as much, if not more pleasure and satisfaction from using the imaginary power they possess. Who could have robbed Milton or have taken his power away. Not even blindness and fate's most outrageous arrows, for one of the sublimest things in literature is the blind old man's divine-like sonnet on his blindness. Pity such men? Why, sooner pity the great White Czar cowering, shivering in his many palaces; sooner pity Rockefeller with his millions and that sad, thin face. Who would pity one of God's great singing angels, lost on earth awhile, but with the recollections of the glory of the lamps and in his heart, fragments of the celestial chorus? But even our own Lee Gibson, sweetest singer of all the local poets, has to lament

"*Fate to our gentle race was never kind;*

*Much have we borne of obloquy and wrong.
What tragic memories in our annals throng!
Tasso in madness to a cell consigned;
Dante in exile; Homer old and blind;
And Petrarch sorrowful his whole life long."*

The supreme moment of power's felicity is not the moment of action, but rather that stage which just precedes action. When we have acted, the result belongs no more exclusively to us, it is done for better or for worse, and is out of our control forever. The "Moving Finger having written," who can call it back to cancel a single line? It may be only a little word and yet a lifetime of regret cannot atone. But to have power to act, and then suspend that power and withhold the action, brings no such harvest of acute regret. True there may be that other regret of not having acted, but the agony of consequences is greater than the pain of the shadowy might-have-been. So, generally speaking, happy is the man who has learned the secret of reserved power, who knows and feels that what he is is greater than what he has done or will ever do. Who is able to keep his apple awhile without devouring it, who can drink his wine without gulping, who can, in other words, distill the essence of his life out till the last golden moment and die, if you will, like Petronius, the Arbiter, while yet able to taste to the fullness, the sweets of love and joy. "The greatest woe of life," sings Bailey in "Festus," "is to feel all feeling die;" and those who have not learned this art of conserving and reserving power, come at last to this unhappy stage, and may find their hearts grown "dry as summer's dust," and be forced as poor Strindberg, Huysman and others to fly for retreat from the terror of their own lives into some monastery.

In the prologue to the "Wanderer," Owen Meredith says:

*"How little know they life's divinest bliss
That know not how to possess and yet refrain.
Love thou the rose, yet leave it on its stem."*

Here is the fatal flaw of possession and power—it knows not how to refrain. Its exercise means destruction, since "all men kill the thing they love." We know no way to grace our rose, save Browning's.

*"How grace a rose? I know a way,
Smell, kiss, wear it—at last, throw away!"*

How the rose regards this treatment does not appear, and yet perhaps it would welcome it sooner than to be left "blooming alone." There is Marion Erle who

*"Would not be a rose upon a wall
A Queen might stop at near the palace door,"*

but would rather be trodden by the foot of Romney Leigh. Why love should work such injury, require such sacrifice, has always been the despair of the poets. "Love thou the rose, yet leave it on its stem." Love, for love's sake, pure and uncontaminated by any dross of passion or bribe of reward. When we demand of love an answering love, or use it to gain some selfish end, are we not bartering it as a commodity upon the market? We seem to be stipulating for so much return from so much given—as though our rule for love and friendship was the supremely selfish one of: "I'll give my love and friendship just so long as you give me yours, no longer." How much higher is that love which makes no demands, which receives no visible reward! This is the reserved power of love which can love its rose, and yet leave it blooming in all its native fragrance upon its stem. This is the beautiful love Dante had for Beatrice,

THE MIRROR

which Petrarch sang to Laura, which, who knows, the great Leonard had for Mona Lisa. And that is the secret of that mysterious and haunting smile which radiates from "La Gioconda." This is the attribute in mother love which has enthroned it in the hearts of men as the sweetest and purest thing in all the world.

From this power of reserved loving flows most of the sweetness that giving gives. When we do things for reward, even for the reward of gratitude, we are simply bartering our power to buy enjoyment, and all such bargains have the ache of disappointment in them. Lowell says that "large charity doth never

* * *

A Christmas Hymn

By Alfred Domett

I.

IT was the calm and silent night!—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three!
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the ROMAN what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

IV.

O strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

V.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

soil pure white hands," and yet, there is often this taint in it, that it smacks of a bargain. So much given, so much expected in return. Even our very giving to the poor is called a loan, "loaning to the Lord," and we expect large interest upon our investment; if not here, then in corner lots and mansions in the skies. Happy is the man who can love and yet refrain, give and expect no reward, be good without a thought as to present or future reward—simply as the flower exhales its fragrance, as sings the song bird in the forest.

It is delightful to be a creditor who can not be paid, or who will not expect or accept reward. But mark this: The delight will vanish if the obligation be known, for then the debtor, if an honest man, will not rest easy under the burden, but will endeavor to render compensation. If a small or ungenerous nature, the return will often take the form of a secret bitterness growing into downright hatred and perhaps injury and wrong. This is why large charity and princely giving have often won, not the expected reward of love and gratitude, but deadly injury and undying hate. Because benefits have been given too great for return, the receiver is forced to acknowledge inferiority and dependence, and nothing hurts worse than that. This is why the wise *Zarathustra* said "I am not poor enough to give alms." People often wonder why the poor are so ungrateful—that often and often they may strike the hand that feeds them. This is the reason. It only forces renewed recognition of their poverty and weakness. It is one of Arthur Stringer's inimitable kids who says

*"Tho they tykes us out of our gutter 'ome,
And scrubs till our 'ides is sore,
Their stinkin' suds won't make of a blore
W'ot 'e never was afore."*

So power, even in giving and charity, must be reserved if it is to give real pleasure or win it. It could be wielded as an instrument of fiendish torture by the repeated giving of obligations that never could be paid. One can imagine the studied malignity of heaped-up favors, and its return of deadly hate. It is a repulsive picture. Some men do so much for mankind in their lordly way, that we may be pardoned for thinking how they must despise it.

But are we not all Shylocks with the puny powers we possess? We want all that is coming to us, the uttermost measure of pay, and if we do not get it, how we vex the 'air with our frantic howls! We haggle and bargain, cheat and are cheated, and wear out our very lives and that of those around us, by the everlasting struggle. Even great power has been sullied by this meanness. Who does not recall Pope's stinging lines on Bacon, "the wisest, Wittiest, meanest of mankind," or for that matter, remember the little poet's own contemptible meanness which made his life a burden to himself and his friends. The poor little Wasp of Twickenham was one of those who fancied everybody had it in for him, and were trying to rob him of what was his due, and so, he stung, and stung, and perhaps, died of his own venom. Isn't it sad to see a great genius who can play upon Life's great harp, music as sweet as that of Israfil, quit his divine melody and set up a howl about his pay! Poor Shylock, the pay you exact is like the pound of flesh, and comes at last, from your own troubled breast. O hush your puny complaints, go play your divine music, heedless whether it fall upon careless and unheeding ears, unhonored and unmarked. Forget your tiny self save as eyes that see some of the beauty and the glory of life, or ears that hear

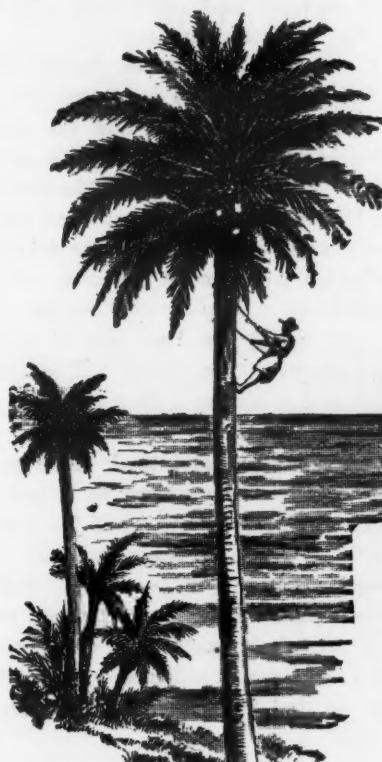
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snatches of celestial harmony, or a brain that can conceive and do, and dare. Merge your little dew-drop of life with the Universal Ocean and feel its mighty heart throb responsive to your own, with the everlasting music, the music of morning stars, and the evening moon, the song of the spheres, the grand anthem of eternity. Out with your filthy pay! What jingling gold, though it hath the gleam of Golconda's mines and the splendor of countless gems, can compare with such pay as this: "Out of Life's dissonance," out of its jangling voices and seeming chaos, to reach the long sought chord which blends all to harmony—the true Nirvana, where you and the Universe are one, lost in eternity, found forevermore.

But if the moment of power's sweetest felicity be that when it is poised ready to act, when it belongs

exclusively to us, there is a time when such suspended power is no joy. When wrong is done which we might right, when darkness covers which we could pierce with our candle, then is our power suspended and unused, a curse instead of a blessing. There is Browning's majestic old grammarian, who resolved to live such a life "when he had learned it, when he had gathered all books had to give." True, he added to the sum of human learning, and there is something sublime in his creed.

"God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say 'But time escapes!'

Live now or never.'

He said, 'What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes,
Man has forever!'

but was the game worth the candle? There is always something infinitely sad in the passing of great power, unused, without blossom or fruit. It is De Quincey's dead who died before the dawn. It is Poe's thunder blasted tree, it is the barren fig tree cursed by the Master. Life and power are for use, not for hoarding or abuse. It is something like this:

There was a king once who sent his two sons into a far country, sent them without advice or warning and left them to their own resources. After many years he summoned them back, and asked a report; The elder said, "Sire, I do not like the folks in that far country; they are coarse and ignorant; they like to drink, to fight and be merry, and so I had just as little to do with them as possible. I lived to myself, worked hard, and have saved quite a sum to tide me over

rainy days. I have taken care of myself and no one has any claims on me."

Said the younger, "Father, that is a jolly place where you sent me. Never were seen such skies and flowers and birds. And the people are so kind and generous—why, their hearts are gold and I love them. Yes, and perhaps I was too gay for awhile. The wine of life was sweet to drink and I gave freely and received; and the years went by. But one day, Father, there was a woman—and I loved her, and then was

sorry for the wasted years. And we have made a home there where roses grow in the garden, and little children play in the sunshine. And, Father, sometimes the way is hard and work seems too much, but at home there is peace and rest. And so, please, father, let me hurry back, for there is somebody watching down the road to see me come home."

Now, which of the sons heard the father say "Well done?"

light. In his efforts to maintain this dignity, and at the same time get the enjoyment the fullness of his feelings entitled him to, he kept up a series of facial contortions such as were never before seen on land or sea. The shrill voice of a ragamuffin finally penetrated the atmospheric envelope of self-satisfaction with which he had surrounded himself, and pierced his ears with the words:

"Hully gee, mister, aint yer face tired?"

Col. Blake stopped suddenly, and stood perfectly straight, his aristocratic silk tie topping the surrounding rabble like a jet-capped dome in a huddle of hats. Rocking forward and backward on heel and toe, blinking to keep the snow flakes out of his eyes, he slowly swept his view over the rabble, until he had picked out the owner of the voice, and then with a deliberateness in keeping with his dignity, he said:

"No, young man, my face is not tired, but my legs are—very, very tired. They have traveled a great deal in coming a short distance. I'll give them a rest."

He sighted a horse block ten steps away. With solemn mien he zigzagged to it and seated himself in the snow, spraddling out his legs at their full length. Then he began a smile. His features broadened; the grin became a chuckle, and sixty seconds after he had seated himself, he was laughing as if the whole world were one great farce-comedy, and he the entire audience. In another minute the rag, tag and bob-tail crowd was laughing with and at him.

What might have happened will never be known, but Lucky Jim Blake's luck was still with him. It was just at this critical moment that the erstwhile St. Louis humorist who had been driven out of journalism, again broke into Jim Blake's life. Scarcely half the age of Col. Blake, as strikingly broad and short as Blake was long and narrow; his round, jolly face utterly innocent of beard or moustache; clad in loose-fitting though well-made garments, a little round skin cap on his head, Fay Hempstead was the exact opposite of the millionaire.

"Why, Col. Blake, glad to see you in New York. How are things in St. Louis?" was the greeting.

The Colonel stopped laughing, tried to focus his eyes on the face of the man who had accosted him, totally ignoring the outstretched hand. Then he frigidly uttered the one word, "bunko!"

"Not on your life, Col. Blake. Don't you know me—Hempstead, with Feltem, Fur & Co., hats?"

"Card?" sententiously asked the Colonel.

"Card? Certainly."

Hempstead fished out a bit of pasteboard. The Colonel slowly put the Santa Claus and the Christmas tree on the pavement, accepted the card, and began fumbling for his glasses. He finally landed them astride his nose, and after much difficulty, succeeded in reading the card. The smile came back to his face, and the laugh followed, and the outstretched hand was accepted, the Colonel apologizing for not rising. Then some of the people noticed that the short, fat, young man suddenly seemed as drunk as the long, lean, old one. Hempstead, somewhat of a philosopher, in a commercial way, knew a sober man is as obnoxious from a drunken man's viewpoint, as a drunken man is viewed with eyes of sobriety. There was a tidy bit of trade to be secured through the favor of Col. Blake, whose home town, St. Louis, Hempstead, with his line of hats, made twice a year. Here was opportunity for a business stroke. The hat drummer reasoned all this in a flash, but quick as his com-

The Story That Never Was Told

By Harry B. Wandell

IT COST a St. Louis humorist his situation, and made of him an exile from home, to print a paragraph to the effect that it was "an impossibility to associate the name of Lucky Jim Blake with either of the big Jays—a Joke, a Jug or a Jag." Col. James Blake's financial, social and religious standing—to say nothing of the fact that the owner of the paper in which the paragraph appeared had a son who had matrimonial designs on the Colonel's only daughter, and incidentally on the millions she would one day inherit, forbade such trifling with things sacred. The humorist foreswore his humor and went into trade, and—but that's another story. Suffice it to say he never wrote another joke. And yet, had it been possible for him to look into the future, he might have made amends by confessing his error, and "writing up" Jim Blake as the central figure in a picture that had its inception in a jug, climaxed in a jag of proportions to make Bacchus blush, and culminated in a joke that might have convulsed Momus. It certainly was a picture no artist might paint, and hope to hold a reputation for keeping in touch with Truth.

From the days of Pierre Laclede Liguest and Auguste Chouteau on down through the ages to the era of David Rowland Francis and Joseph Wingate Folk, no man nor woman in St. Louis had ever been heard to say that Col. James Blake had been, could be, or might ever become drunk and dressed up, and on public view. At the Noonday Club on one or two momentous occasions, he had been known to take a little—a very little—something to assist digestion, and at the annual opening of the Exposition, with which his name had been associated for a score of years, he had shown a wee bit of sociability, in the Directors' room and strictly in a quiet way entirely in keeping with his position in the community. Once or twice—possibly thrice—at the recurrence of the Veiled Prophet's ball, he had allowed his solidity to soften, and his dignity to unbend to a degree that warranted a very few persons to believe that after all there might be a few red corpuscles drifting in the current of ice-water through his veins. But drunk! O, no! The impossible never happens.

Yet here he was, parading the streets of New York, drunker than a blind owl, and having more fun with himself than a ring-tailed monkey in his native wilds. Just why and where and how it had all happened, history does not record. Nobody ever knew but Col. Blake, and he has never been known to dis-

cuss the matter. Worth millions, the head of a great commercial house, his name a tower of strength for financial and transportation institutions, credited by many with being the power behind the throne, in certain journalistic and political enterprises, a pillar in the church and a leader in public affairs—to have hinted that Col. James Blake had ever been or could ever be drunk on the streets of New York, would have been treason to tradition in the staid old city on the western bank of the Father of Waters. Yet, here he was! and a striking figure he presented. Tall and straight of build, and fashionably attired; his silk hat far back on his head, Prince Albert coat tightly buttoned; dark striped trousers of just the proper cut; patent leather shoes and gray gloves—all were or had been before he got drunk, most dignified. But somehow and somewhere he had parted company with his overcoat, and had acquired certain additions to his make-up along with his jag, and the results were ludicrous. Around his neck dangled a great wreath of cedar and holly. In the hollow of his left arm, standing upright and leaning against his shoulder, he carried a plaster-of-paris Santa Claus about two feet tall. In his right arm, balancing the Santa Claus, was a small Christmas tree. Laugh though they might, it would have been a great shock to the people of sober old St. Louis to have seen one of the soldest of their substantial citizens thus arrayed and burdened and on exhibition.

They called him Lucky Jim—when he wasn't with in hearing—in St. Louis. Some there were who dared to whisper that his luck lay in not being found out. True or not, St. Louis had long come to accept him at his own estimate, and some people wondered why the earth didn't tremble whenever he took his walks abroad. But it didn't, and in spite of all his importance at home, here he was, staggering along the sidewalk of a New York thoroughfare, with the snow falling as though Nature wanted to bury all the world in one vast white, soft, cold grave, and at his heels followed a crowd of street urchins, hurling snowballs, and howling at him to walk straight long enough for them to get a good shy at his hat. If the dignified drunk heard or saw anything of the commotion he was creating, he made no sign. If he hadn't been drunk his dignity would have commanded attention. Without his dignity his drunk would have been a record-breaker. Both together—the drunk and the dignity—were something awful to be abroad in day-

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mercial instinct acted, there was still time for memory to recall that this drink-dazed clown was the man responsible for his exit from journalism; and while he may have had some sort of an idea of evening up old scores, still deep in his heart there was gratitude toward the one who, all unwittingly though it was, had rescued him before, as Brander Mathews says, "journalism had corroded its stigma." So as a business stroke the drummer forthwith proceeded to "harmonize" with the millionaire. Where there had been one drunk before, there were now two. The drummer was not, however, so drunk but what he was able to help the Colonel to his feet, and in a very few minutes the pair of them were marching off, arm in arm, through the snow, with the Christmas tree, Santa Claus, the long man's dignity, and the short man's good humor, all in sweet accord. Hempstead soon had the whole outfit in a closed carriage. Then the millionaire became mysterious. He seemed to know where he wanted to go, and gave orders to the cabman in whispers.

Twenty minutes' drive, and the pair were inside one of those select little hostleries far up town, where exclusive people and small family parties, willing to pay, can get accommodations that leave little to be wished for. The Colonel's card went up, and the pair soon followed. The apartments to which Col. Blake led the way, were sumptuously furnished and most elegantly appointed, but what surprised Hempstead was the hint he could not help seeing of femininity. Placing the Santa Claus on one side the blazing gas grate and the Christmas tree on the other, the Colonel, with the wreath still dangling about his neck, welcomed the drummer as to his own home. Then he said:

"My ward'll be surprised to see any one with me, but she'll not be angry; she never gets angry. Never met my ward, did you? Well, maybe you never will see her again after this evening. Just happened to hear she was in New York, so thought I'd call."

If Hempstead noticed the apparent incongruity of the Colonel's words with his actions, he did not have time to make comment before the portieres that separate two rooms slowly parted and the face of a very handsome woman, probably thirty years old, appeared. Surprise was mingled with inquiry in the look with which she swept the callers; but when the Colonel presented his young friend, "Mr. Jones," the smile that lighted up her countenance was so bright that Hempstead forgot everything but that.

The old gentleman was voluble in his dignified way, and the lady, whose name had not been mentioned, was chatty, and they soon made the hat drummer feel at home. He didn't ask any questions, and there were no confidences, but Hempstead somehow absorbed the information that she was a widow, and that she, like the Colonel, lived in St. Louis. That she had come to New York on some business connected with her late husband's estate, and that the Colonel was going to help her fix things up. Dinner was served for three, and a most charming dinner it was. The lady allowed herself to be persuaded to drink a little wine, and she sang a little song or two, and the three became jolly good Christmas Eve friends. The Colonel had brought her a Christmas gift, but when she searched his pockets in a rompish way while Hempstead held him, she couldn't find it. Some hint led her to examine the Santa Claus. She discovered that the cap of the figure was loose, and was in fact the lid to a box. It was soon opened,

and inside she found a ring. It was a flat gold band, set half 'round its circumference with diamonds. Then the Christmas tree was set up, and like romping children they made merry while they decorated it with some trimmings and trinkets with which the Colonel had thoughtfully filled his pockets at intervals between drinks during the day. Then the wreath attracted attention, and the charming and childishly hilarious hostess discovered that woven into the evergreen was a pair of silken garters with diamond studded buckles. So cunningly had the elastic ribbons been threaded into the meshes of the cedar and holly, that it was necessary to tear the wreath to pieces to get them out.

There was a little more wine, and songs all 'round, and a few dancing steps, and several times a tiny slippers foot sent the old gentleman's hat spinning from his head at intervals as the fun grew. All together it was quite the merriest Christmas Eve either of them had spent for a long time.

*

Two young people sat in a shaded corner of the hotel veranda at White Sulphur Springs one summer evening. They had seen much of each other in the six weeks since their first meeting; had danced and talked and strolled together; and they had grown very fond of each other. A more thoroughly happy summer probably neither of them had ever known.

"I have planned for this interview." It was the man talking. "I planned to have you alone this evening long enough to have a serious talk with you, Miss Blake. Please let me say my say out before you bid me stop."

The frou-frou of skirts was heard, and Mrs. Har-

THE MIRROR

ralson called from the other end of the veranda, "Are you coming in soon, Jennie?"

Miss Blake thought she would enjoy the moonlight and music a little longer; wouldn't Auntie Grace come and sit with them?

The three made a cozy party, but Fay Hempstead kept recalling a stage joke he had heard earlier in the evening—"three's a bunch." The older lady did not stay long, however, and somehow or other, the young man imagined her withdrawal was hastened by a reference the girl had made to a ring. "I think it's so funny, Auntie Grace, that you will never let me wear that particular ring. You let me forage on your finery to my heart's content, but you always keep that ring from me."

Attention thus drawn to the ring, its beauty and value were commented upon, and it was examined in the moonlight. It was a flat gold band, set half 'round its circumference with diamonds. It seemed to Fay Hempstead that he had seen that ring before. Just as the ring seemed familiar, so had Jennie Blake's Auntie Grace seemed not entirely a stranger. More than once during the past month he had half recognized her. Now as he sat there smoking in the moonlight, listening to the chat of the women, the smoke rings from his cigar seemed to take the semblance of blue silken bands with diamond studded ornaments, and he associated them with the diamond studded hoop of gold on Auntie Grace's finger, and he whistled to himself as he wondered if Auntie Grace had a good memory for faces. Just before Mrs. Harralson said good night, she said: "I wonder, Jennie, if your father will come to the Springs before we have to go home. Have you heard from him this week? Isn't he sticking awfully close to business this summer?"

"One would almost be warranted in thinking Auntie Grace was in love with papa," the young woman said, as the older left them. "She's not really my aunt, you know; no relation. She was mamma's friend at school, and afterwards until mamma died. She's been my chaperone so long, and has been so good to me that I call her Auntie. The idea of papa's being in love with anybody or anybody being in love with him. I wish you could see him."

"I think I have met your father—but I was saying to you Miss Jennie, when we were interrupted"—Hempstead was a drummer, and of course persistent. "I was saying something that I very much want you to hear to-night. I'm not romantic, and I may blunder in telling you that I have grown very fond of you. I love you very dearly, and I want you to be my wife. I want—please don't say No, until you have given me a chance to plead my case. If you shut me up now I'm sure I'll never again have the courage to say it."

Then Lafayette Hempstead, of the South, southerly; of aristocratic lineage but poor in purse, told Jennie Blake, the rich man's daughter, the old, sweet story. He was eloquent in his earnestness and in his honesty. "Our acquaintance is short, I know, but my family is of such standing that I fear no inquiry," he said. "I am without wealth, but I am young, and the progress I have made in business gives promise of success." All this and much more he said in a straightforward way that evidenced his American manhood and his confidence in himself; and he closed with: "There is only one question—do you love me? If you do all the rest is clear."

It was the girl who spoke now: "You have honored me, Mr. Hempstead, in what you have said, and you have doubly honored me in the way you have said it. I would be unworthy the confidence you have given me, if I did not answer you with the

same frankness. Yes, I care for you; you have read that in my eyes and in the touch of my hand. But my dear friend, there are obstacles to our union that you cannot surmount. My father, as you know, is a very rich man, and he is ambitious for me far beyond my deserts. I must marry, not only a rich man, but a man of prominence and importance. It is my father's ruling ambition to see me among the greatest in the land. He has no son, and he looks to me to bring at least reflected glory to the family through marriage. In this he will not listen to anybody's voice but his own. His whole life is centered in me. I dare not cross him in this."

He interrupted her: "I said there was but one question. You have answered that. You love me. There is now one other question: If your father consents will you be my wife?"

"An idle question; you do not know my father. If the useless answer will please you, then yes."

Just then Auntie Grace called again, and Jennie Blake said "Good night," and left Fay Hempstead to his cigar and his reflections. Again his thoughts drifted back to Auntie Grace's curious ring, and then to that little Christmas Eve dinner for three; and he wondered if he ought to remember or forget. Then he congratulated himself that there was nothing in the name of Jones likely to take tenacious hold on a woman's memory.

♦

Christmas season again. Fay Hempstead was anxious to get through certain affairs—not of a strictly business character—that were keeping him in St. Louis, that he might be on the scene in New York when the readjustment of salaries for the new year was made by the great hat firm for which he sold goods. The year had been a good one for him, and he felt quite sure that his good work would be recognized in a substantial manner. Besides he had certain plans for the near future that made it necessary for him to increase his income. Naturally he was a little impatient at the delay he had experienced in getting a private interview with Col. Blake. While he waited for the millionaire merchant to get through with the usual list of morning business callers, and dictate replies to such business letters as he answered personally, Hempstead mentally "sized up" the situation as to himself. Since his midsummer day dream at the Springs, he had done a prodigious amount of planning, and made and abandoned a score of schemes. The net result was that he decided to go to the father of the girl he loved—and who, he was convinced, loved him—and ask for what he wanted. Self-confident as he was, he admitted to himself that he would much rather try to sell the Colonel a big bill of goods than to ask for his daughter, but never for a minute did he think of giving up the one thing he wanted most in all the world. When he was told Col. Blake would see him, he was listening in a disinterested manner to a group of idle clerks discussing a prospective Christmas Eve party, to be given by Col. Blake to his business associates and employes; he remembered that he had received an invitation to the function, and that to-morrow night was the night. He strode valiantly into the lion's den, as he mentally called it, and in five minutes he strode out again. His head was just as high, and there was nothing in his movements or manner to hint that he had been "turned down." Brief though the interview had been, it had been, to the thinking of one of the men at least, conclusive. Clothed in his customary dignity, Col. James Blake had listened to his caller until the purpose of the visit had been made clear, then he had said, "No," with a great big N. He was not surprised at

the effrontery of the lover's plea—he never allowed himself to be surprised; his dignity forbade it. "My daughter looks higher than a drummer," said the Colonel. There were more words, but that was the substance of the interview.

"I hope this will not interfere with our business relations," remarked the drummer, as he was leaving. "I look on you as one of my best customers, and our firm would hold me very much at fault if I should let a mere matter of love for a girl on my part lose them your trade."

"Not at all, Mr. Hempstead, not at all," was the business-like reply; "I hold business as one thing, and romance another. The former calls for brain work, and these trifling affairs of an emotional character should never be allowed to interfere. By the way, I suppose you will come to our little Christmas Eve party to-morrow night; that, you know, is purely a matter of business—gives us all a chance to become better acquainted, and acquaintance is a big thing in business."

"I shall certainly be there, was the prompt response; "and, Colonel," with just a trifle of hesitancy, "I will say to you in a strictly business way that I intend to make Miss Jennie Blake my wife. O, you remember when I first tried to sell you goods you said I couldn't do it, but I did. By the way, how long since you were in New York, Colonel? Not for two years? That's peculiar. I thought you were there just about a year ago; mistaken, I dare say. Well, good-bye until the party"—and the drummer was gone, leaving the great merchant just a little bit disturbed over the interview.

So it was that Fay Hempstead was one of the merry folks at the Blake Christmas party. He danced with Auntie Grace more than once, and admired her unique ring. He sang with Jennie, talked trade and politics with the Colonel, and made himself such an all 'round favorite that it was quite as a matter of course that he was one of the late stayers, and the central figure of the company of gentlemen who found themselves in the smoking room after the crush was over. Reversing the order of things, the gentlemen had left the ladies at table and had retired to the library for a smoke. Auntie Grace refused to be thus "side-tracked," as she termed it, and organized a raid on the smokers. Just as they burst into the library, the Colonel was curiously inspecting a queer bit of bric-a-brac, and wondering how it got into his library. It was a plaster figure of Santa Claus, of uncouth make, and anything but artistic. Jennie herself had wondered why Fay Hempstead had smuggled it into the house and had asked her to put it in the room in which the gentlemen would retire to smoke.

"Nice way to treat us," chorused the invading ladies. "I know you are telling stories," soloed Auntie Grace—"nice Sunday-school stories to which we mustn't listen."

"Stories?—that's right. The girl guessed right, the very first time," merrily sang Hempstead. "I was just telling Col. Blake—let me see what was I telling you, Colonel? O, yes! About that curious old Santa Claus."

The Colonel looked at him questioningly, and a flutter of surprise agitated the old gentleman's features, and lost itself in his gray side whiskers.

"Don't run away, ladies; this is a nice story—isn't it Colonel? O! I forgot, you haven't heard it yet."

The Colonel cleared his throat noisily. Auntie looked bored, and stifled a yawn.

"I saw one of these things once under the most laughable circumstances. It was in New York. A

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man without an overcoat was carrying it in a snow storm. Very appropriate for a Christmas story—snow storm, Santa Claus, Christmas tree, holly wreath and all that sort of thing."

The Colonel began to squirm in his chair. Auntie Grace looked mystified.

"They make these things hollow—sort o' Christmas boxes. Put things in them to make surprise gifts. Shouldn't wonder if there was something nice in that old chap; examine him, Colonel."

Dismay displaced the frigid dignity of the Colonel's countenance. Auntie Grace looked frightened. Everybody else was interested.

"Guess I'd better tell the whole story—it's awfully funny."

Auntie Grace gave a little scream, and Hempstead heard her distinctly utter the name "Jones!" as she, seemingly by accident, swept the plaster figure from its position, and sent it crashing to the hearth.

The story was interrupted, and in the confusion, while Auntie Grace tried to explain something about a spider on somebody's dress which she somehow mixed up with a mouse running across the floor, the Colonel asked Hempstead to accept his hospitality for the night instead of returning to the hotel.

It was probably an hour later that the Colonel, Auntie Grace, Jennie and Hempstead were seated before the fine old open fireplace.

"You never finished your story about the Santa Claus. Tell it now," urged Grace.

"There wasn't any story," protested the Colonel. "I'll bet the little accident helped him out of a scrape. He was just making a story."

"That's right, sir," answered Hempstead. "You may rest assured that it will live in the history of silence as the best story that was never told."

* * *

The Lost Sheep

By Sallie Pratt MacLean Green

(Reprinted by Request.)

DE massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?
On, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro de col' night rain an' win',
And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in;
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

The Romance of Orchid Hunting

By Emily Grant Hutchings

THE flower-loving public has accumulated a few general facts about orchids, such as that they are the most expensive, the most difficult to grow, the most original in both shape and color among all the blossoming plants and that they are "the latest and most perfect work of the Creator."

Few St. Louisans who have seen the magnificent collection, always in flower, in the Shaw's Garden green houses and the remarkable private collection of Mr. Brown, out in the county, have any conception of the dangers and adventures incident to the rescue of the parents of those glorious blossoms from their native wilds. There have been more hair-raising adventures in the collecting of some species of orchids than in the capturing of Port Arthur.

The average layman thinks of these strangely aristocratic plants as queer and uncanny creatures that draw their substance from the limbs of trees or, worse than that, subsist on air, the "hot air" of the tropics, and parade themselves under outrageous and often unpronounceable names. He knows little or nothing of the means by which they came to dwell among us. Indeed most of the facts he has heard about orchids are not facts at all, but it is true, lamentably true, that their names are preposterous.

For the most part they derive their names from the men who have discovered or hybridized them, and these plain English, German or French names have been prolonged beyond the patience of mortal man by Latin endings such as are tolerated by no one but the botanist. A few of them have been given common names because of some real or fancied resemblance to a familiar object. For example, there is the dove orchid, that actually looks like a white dove with outspread wings, and the butterfly, a flower that is a perfect yellow and brown butterfly, even to the eyes.

The whole Cypripedium and Selenipedium families are known as Lady's Slippers, because of their shape, and if you open the mouth of the Nun orchid, you will see inside a perfect image of a nun at her devotions. Beyond the small group, whose nicknames have stuck, we find the vast range of Laelias, Cattleyas, Dendrobiums and Vandas whose names become as familiar to us, after a brief acquaintance, as the more common names of roses, lilies and carnations.

As to the commonly accepted idea that orchids are parasites or air plants, nothing could be farther from the truth. They do, many of them, live on trees, the same as we live on the floors of our homes; but they derive no nourishment from the limbs on which they happen to fix their roots. However they do get much of their food indirectly from the tree, for the roots serve to entrap the falling leaves which, when decayed, supply the best kind of fertilizer.

As the plants never die, except by accident, and as they keep on producing roots, collecting nourishment and developing foliage and flowers, there is almost no end to the size they may attain. One of the famous plants which was sent from South America to England occupied two limbs of a great tree

and was four feet across the base and more than five feet high. In captivity it continued to increase in bulk and produced several thousands of blossoms in one season. Its story is thrilling.

Mr. Arnold, an enthusiastic collector, had been sent out to New Grenada to seek a very different variety of orchids, and one day he came upon the humble dwelling of a poor coffee planter. Beside it, in the forks of a tree, grew the splendid Cattleya, radiant with its myriad blooms. He offered to buy it; but the Indian refused. His father had transferred it to that tree, many years before, and had pledged a share of its flowers for the decoration of the church. Hence it formed a part of his religion.

The old planter had a daughter and the daughter had a lover. To him Mr. Arnold appealed; but money would not tempt him. He suggested, however, that, like most frail human beings, he had his price. It was a gun, a really fine gun. Unfortunately the collector had only one with him and he needed that himself. So he went home with his accumulation of 40,000 white Masdevillias, which he had been sent out to secure, and reluctantly left the glorious Cattleya on its familiar limb, above the heads of the lovers and the pious old Indian, to yield its annual tribute to the little church.

Three years passed and he was again sent to New Grenada. This time he provided himself with the price of the orchid. The best gun he could purchase was in his outfit. But things had happened in the little Indian village in the meantime. The government, in order to suppress some revolt which had broken out or was likely to break out, as they have a habit of doing in Venezuela, sent a detachment of troops up to the village to forcibly enlist troops.

The officer was quartered at the old Indian's house and in less time than it takes to tell it, he made up his mind that he wanted the daughter of his host. On some pretext or other, he picked a quarrel with the lover of the beautiful girl and the young fellow was badly wounded. His townsmen, learning what had happened, were determined for revenge; but the officer had his trained soldiers and when the fight was over there was many an Indian corpse on the earth. The soldiers marched away and when the people were able to collect their scattered senses, they discovered that the girl who had been the innocent cause of all the trouble, was missing.

The father and the lover recovered from their wounds; but they had no means of revenge for the terrible wrong that had been done them. They were too poor to go to Caracas and demand justice from the upstart officer who had despoiled them. While they were still nursing their rage and grief, Mr. Arnold came back to the village, heard the story from the old priest and went to see the two wretched men. After a few words of sympathy, he asked them if they were willing to sell the Cattleya.

"How much will you give us?" they asked in one breath.

"Fifty dollars and the best gun that is made," was the reply.

Without another word the bargain was made, the

part of the tree on which the glorious plant grew was sawed off and the entire mass lowered carefully to the ground. It was suspended from two stout poles and Mr. Arnold's servants carried it away and prepared it for shipment. Then he went to the old padre and told him that, at the feast of the Virgin, he would have to look elsewhere for flowers to adorn the church.

The priest was disappointed; but a deeper feeling than mere grief at the loss of the flowers manifested itself when he learned the price that had been paid. In haste he and the collector returned to the little house; but its two occupants were gone. They had a gun and money to carry them to the capital whither the dastardly officer had carried the woman who was all the world to them. They never came back and the official report gave no account of the manner in which the suave officer triumphed over the two poor Indians to whom the most horrible death was preferable to life without revenge. Meanwhile the Cattleya was carried in state to England.

There is a story of another Cattleya that is quite as interesting although it lacks the romantic touch. As a rule the Cattleya is rosy purple. It is the great, splendid orchid which is commonly sold in the market at one dollar per blossom and is probably the best known of all the orchids. Once in a while nature creates an albino Cattleya, a pure white one, and this is the loveliest of all flowers. Moreover, it is almost priceless.

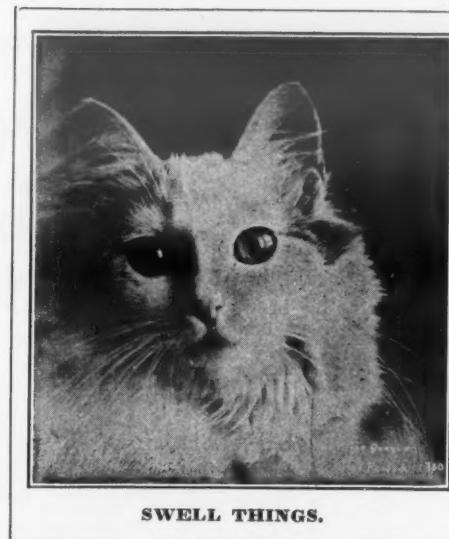
In the South American countries these white Cattleyas are called *Flor de San Sebastian* and are transplanted to the roof of the church to be used in the decoration of the altar. The people consider it an evil omen if one of the plants is removed, and hence it is next to impossible for the collector to buy them.

One day Benedict Roezl, the famous Hungarian botanist, chanced to be in a village in Guatemala, in company with the padre of the church. This church, like most of them in that region, had its roof laden with blooming orchids, and this priest, also like most of them in that region, was not over-afflicted with either religion or piety. In fact, he had but one passion, that of cock fighting. However, he was thoroughly superstitious, and there was little prospect that he would part with any of the church orchids, because of a foolish fear of evil spirits and a more rational fear of his parishioners.

At first Roezl saw nothing on the roof garden that he cared especially to possess, nothing that he could not collect for himself. There was the exquisite Lycaste, named for the unfortunate daughter of old King Priam, and the Oncidium with its wonderful combination of brown and gold, and there was the Cattleya Skinneri in great profusion. Of course, the priest knew nothing of the collector's names for his flowers, had never heard of Mr. Skinner who discovered this beautiful Cattleya away back in 1836.

The botanist was looking fondly at the mass of rosy purple blossoms when something white caught his eye. No one had ever heard of a white Cattleya Skinneri, yet here it was. Immediately he went to the padre and told him that he was looking for a white *Flor de San Sebastian* and would pay well for it. The priest replied that he might as well give up the search for only one had ever been found and that one was on the church. His people had searched the woods for years and no other white one had ever been seen.

The priest was in the worst of humor for he and his congregation had put all their money into a pen of fighting cocks in the hope of winning both money



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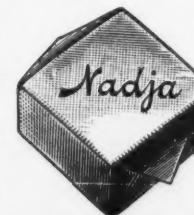
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and glory from the cock fighters in the next village, and all their cocks had been defeated. The botanist knew something about fighting cocks and it did not take him long to learn the secret of the priest's-repeated failures. The truth of the matter was that he did not know how to handle cocks. Before the fight, instead of keeping them in training, he and his people kept them penned up in a dark place where they lost their spirit. That and a few other facts suggested themselves to his mind and he followed the padre who had gone into the house.

He offered to teach the villagers the tricks of cock fighting if they would pay him his price. Indeed he agreed not to collect until they had actually won a victory over those same neighbors who had been jeering them and carrying off their wager-money for years. The priest summoned his people and they asked Roezl to name his price. He replied that priest and congregation must swear on the holy altar

to give him the white Cattleya, in case he taught them how to make their cocks win.

The oath was taken and the botanist set to work. On the appointed Sunday the former victors arrived, confident of fresh laurels; but to their dismay all their cocks were beaten, all their money remained with the enemy. That night the padre and some of his men took the white Cattleya down from the church and Roezl sold it in Manchester, England, for 280 guineas.

The most dramatic of all the orchid stories is that connected with the collecting of a peculiar species of *Bulbophyllum*, a genus of fly-catching orchids, a genus which includes both the largest and the smallest of all the orchids. The one in question has the special name of *Barbigerum*, and it is as beautiful as it is uncanny, with its pendant lip, covered with long, silky hair that waves constantly, giving it the appearance of a vibrant insect.

THE MIRROR

In Dahomey this plant is called the holv Endua and it is the most sacred thing that grows. The penalty for plucking one is death in the most horrible form. This fact was not understood by a young man named Boville who was sent out to that savage country in 1835 as a clerk in the office of a slave trading company. He knew the value of the Barbigerum in the English market and as the plant grew in abundance in the woods, he resolved to make a small fortune "on the side" by sending a consignment home with the next ship.

He hid his treasures in his room; but the people discovered his secret. As the terrible procession was on its way to seize him, his employer placed around his neck a charm in the form of a rope of dry palm leaves. They could not touch him while he had it on and no one but the chief priest could remove it. The procession was headed by a priest wearing a black and white cap on his head and the red cross of Dahomey on his breast. His person was adorned with yards and yards of human teeth and bones which clattered as he danced, leaped and gesticulated.

Behind him were two drummers dressed in black and white, their faces covered with chalk. When they reached young Boville, they hesitated for they saw the palm rope. They dared not lay violent hands on him, so they carried him off to the snake temple. Here he had often seen the masses of writhing, hissing creatures, and as he was tossed in, he thought his last hour had surely come. To his surprise there were no snakes on the floor. He stood there, bewildered for a little time, which gave his employer an opportunity to do something in his behalf.

At length he chanced to look up and there on the top of the wall, between it and the low roof, were the venomous creatures, hundreds of them, waving their long necks in his direction and darting their gleaming tongues at him. His apparent unconcern was the only thing that saved him. As he saw them, he uttered an inhuman yell and leaped through the door, falling at the feet of the Viceroy who had come to his rescue. However, even he was powerless to prevent all punishment. It was finally settled that the young man should receive the penalty imposed for the accidental killing of a snake.

This consists of first placing the victim in a shallow pit, covering him with reeds which are ignited and then permitting him to leap out and run until he reaches water. The entire band of priests and fetishmen pursues him, hacking and beating his body as much as possible, and only a swift sprinter has any chance for his life.

The Viceroy bribed some of the priests to trip others, those who cared more for the sport of torturing a man than for anything the official had to offer, and he told the unfortunate fellow of a pond which was much nearer than the river, to which the priests supposed he would run. Most of the really vicious ones were waiting for him near the stream, and when he leaped from the pit, shaking the burning reeds from his body, and ran in the opposite direction, they stood still with astonishment. Long before they could reach him he had gained the pool and had expiated his sin in its waters. He had only a few slight burns which were soon healed, and he never experienced any further trouble with the natives, although he remained among them until he became an opulent trader, but that was his last attempt at orchid collecting.

The discovery of the stately Vanda, called San-

deriana for Mr. Sander, the great orchid expert, is of double interest to us because its home is Mindanao, one of the largest of the Philippine Islands, and its finding was in connection with a Bagobo raid, and we learned all about the terrible Bagobos and the tree-dwelling tribes of Mindanao who perch their houses in the branches of lofty trees as a means of protection from those same Bagobos.

Mr. Sander sent a very skillful collector, Mr. Roeblin, out to the island in 1880, as soon as a steamship line began to ply between there and Manila. He knew that there were valuable orchids in those jungles, but he knew little or nothing about the tribes who have given Uncle Sam something to do the past six years. At that time Spain had only a little strip of coast under control, and Mr. Roeblin started inland with a Chinese merchant who sold beads and other trinkets to the less savage tribes.

On the very day of their arrival at Lake Magindanao there was a Bagobo attack. A sharp encounter took place in the afternoon and at night the chief of the tribe invited the white guest to take refuge in his home. This was in the tallest of the trees, fully fifty feet from the ground. It was not an easy climb; but it was safe.

When he went to sleep his only fear was of the vicious wretches who, he had no doubt, were lurking under the tree. At dead of night he was awakened by shrieks and shouts, the roaring and booming of the lake, crashing and clattering in every direction. He sprang to his feet but pitched headlong, the floor bounding and springing under him. The other occupants of the house rushed over him, tumbled to the door and gained the ladder. Then he began to understand.

It was a terrible earthquake, such as only the island of Mindanao and a few other tropical islands ever experience. When he reached the ladder, it was a wreck to which he would not have dared to trust his life. The shock was past, so he lay down to wait for day. When it became sufficiently light he proceeded to examine his aerie. The roof was shattered and there on a limb of the tree above him grew the most wonderful orchid he had ever seen, a plant resplendent with great lilac blossoms, tinged with cinnamon color below. It was the Vanda which he named in honor of Mr. Skinner, and he considered its discovery well worth a Bagobo fight and an earthquake.

"Memories"

By Gilbert Christian

IN the old days, when the gods left the earth to dwell on Olympus, man prayed that some token or reminder of the golden age be granted him; and the deities in mercy gave him memory.

Memory is the golden key that unlocks the treasure house of life, where all the good of all the years is stored; where the sweetness culled from every passing day is kept; where one may still catch fleeting gleams of "the trailing clouds of glory" that fell from him as he left childhood.

Without memory man were a mere machine blindly following the dictates of an inner energy; he would live but for this moment; there could never be for him "the touch of a vanished hand" or "the sound of a voice that is still."

Virgil puts into the words of Aeneas the

heart-cry of all humanity when he musters the failing courage of his comrades with the old, old truth: "In after years it may delight thee to remember." Aye, indeed, there is not a living soul who does not "delight to remember"—something. That "something" may be well-nigh lost amid heaps of rubbish better forgotten, but always, there is some spark that glows in the surrounding darkness and illumines the past years.

With most of us, the approach of the Christmas-tide brings these memories thick and fast. The road we have traveled since the long ago may have been long and oftentimes rough, but the backward glance our eager eyes send into the past falls only upon the bright places; and memory takes us back at this glad season of the year to the gladdest season of life—childhood, with its beauty-finding and beauty-loving eyes, and its rich store of imagination.

Never think for a moment that the powers of imagination vanished from the earth with the glory of the Greeks; do not allow yourself to be deceived in fancying that the days of peopling wood, mountain and valley with dream-children, belong to the dead past. A child between the ages of four and ten, can create a new mythology within the compass of his back yard and with some children these dream-friends enter so largely into their lives they carry a vivid memory of them throughout after years.

Every one of us possesses one of these private mythologies, the key to which is to be found in our own hearts. Poor indeed is that man or woman who cannot recall at will the imaginative friends of his or her childhood.

If in your memory there is not an old garden somewhere, whose trees and bushes and fence-corners hide as many ghosts as the ruins of ancient Greece, your estates in Spain are extremely limited. If you have never sniffed frail pink and deep red roses, whose fragrance you can never catch in the roses of to-day; if you have never sat in a grape-vine swing and talked to boys and girls who had beautiful lives in the "flower-pit" and the cow-lot, and the dairy, and were allowed to do everything that you wanted to and couldn't—then, in truth, you have been cheated of some of your rights as a child.

It has been said that the senses of sound and smell more quickly and successfully span the years than unfailing sight, or even sensitive touch, and in every heart there must be the remembered fragrance of a flower or the lilt of a song that has braved all the storms of time.

Does the scent of an old-fashioned pink open before your eyes a quaint garden with brick-bordered beds of pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, johnny-jump-ups, and these same pinks?

And in the spring, when the first yellow jasmine fills the soft air, do you always see a hill-top crowned with the glory of sunset, and the surging blood in your young veins seems to lead you straight into the golden glow?

These memories are glimpses of that "heaven that lies about us in our infancy" and are granted as flash-lights in the dull gray of grown-up years.

There is a Christmas away back in your life somewhere that stands out above all the others you have ever known; when some small unexpected deed on your part has lifted your soul for the moment from the commonplaces of life and brought it close to the heart of the Universe.

It may have been in childhood, or, perhaps, in your mature years, or, when your baby hands having been filled, you looked into the face of your mother, and a great desire came into your heart to give her something, who had given you so much. But what to give her? A moment you hesitated, then picking out your prettiest toy, you put it in her hand.

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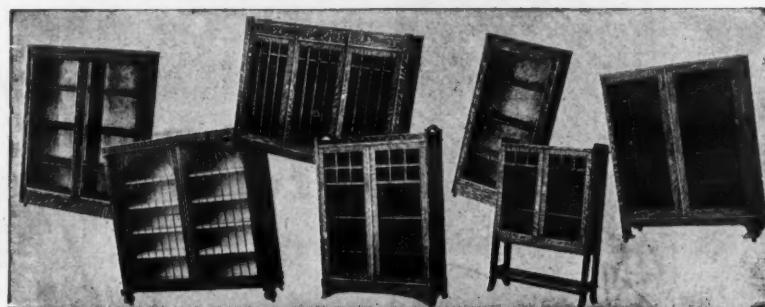
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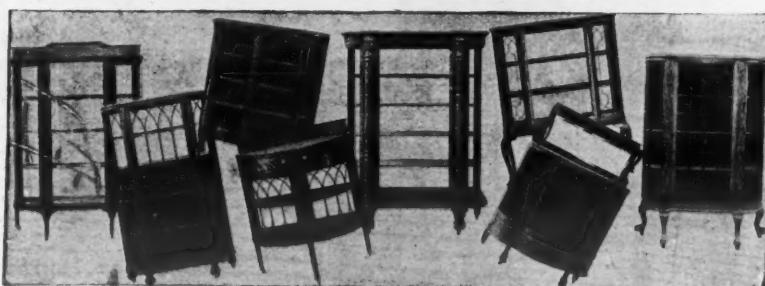
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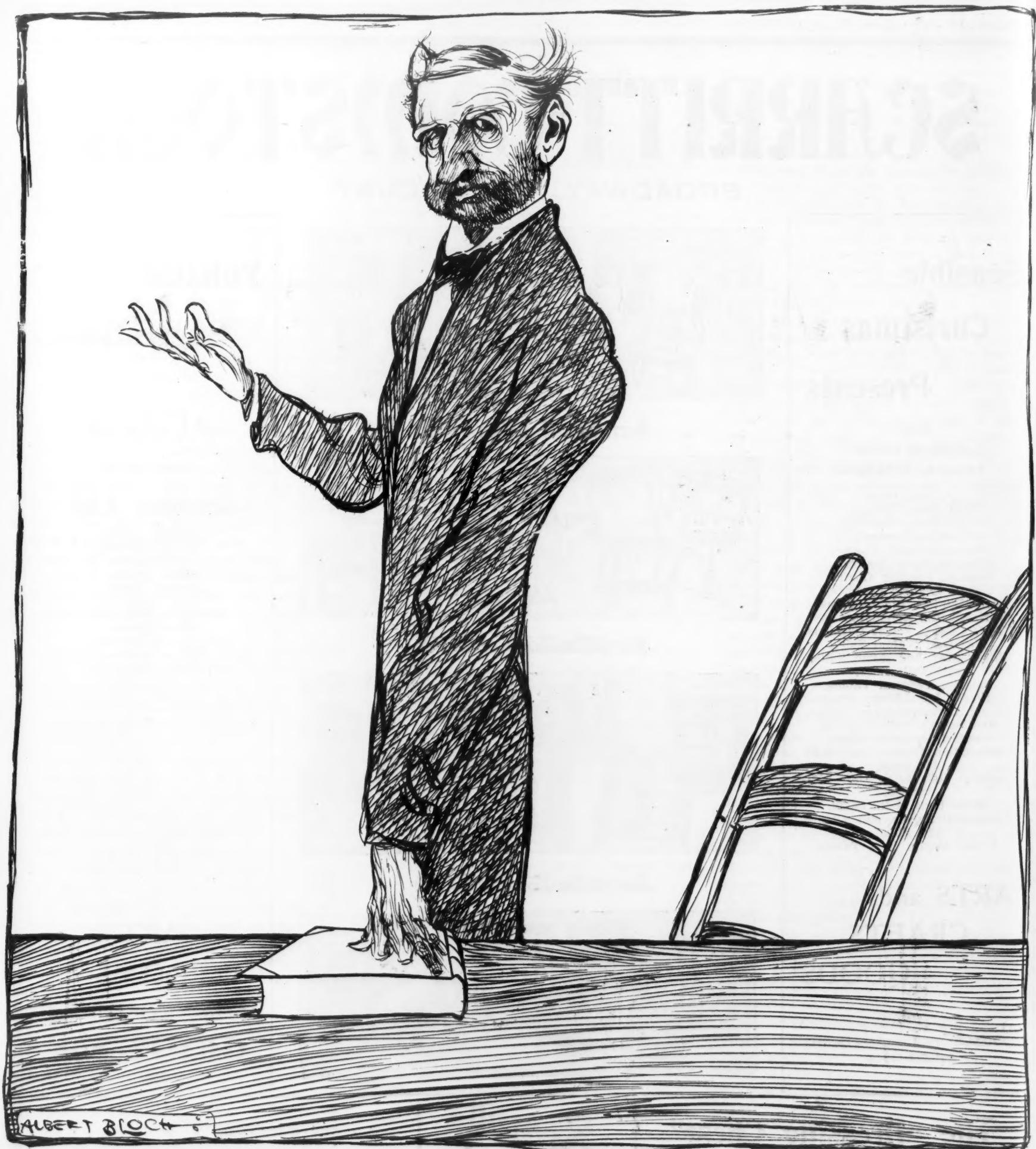
Dressing Tables,
Cheval Mirrors,
Book Cases,
Hall Clocks,
Ladies' Desks,
Wall Cabinets,
Stenographers' Desks,
Shoe Chairs,
Children's Rockers,
Kitchen Cabinets,
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Bed Side Tables,
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F. N. JUDSON

If one could photograph the New England conscience, it would probably look like Frederick N. Judson. He first appeared in public life as private secretary to B. Gratz Brown, the man who was nominated for Vice-President with Greely because he buttered his watermelon. Mr. Judson's manner and method always suggest the buttered watermelon, un-

til he laughs, and then mirth flees affrighted. He is an authority on taxation; because he doesn't prove that taxation doesn't get the people it ought to get. He is a reformer whose reform ideas stop short of disturbing the big snaps. He is a high-toned lawyer who has helped put over some rather low-toned legislation, but he is a great lawyer, just the same.

He recommended the prosecution of Paul Morton for rebating. He reads the *New York Nation*, and looks it and acts it. His New England conscience is very strict, but somehow he's always to be found adjusting that conscience to the lawyer necessity of getting the money from the side that has it—usually the wrong side. Great friend of the vested interests.

THE 2 ARTICLES

ALWAYS APPRECIATED

XMAS GIFTS

FOR HIM OR FOR HER

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Houbigant's Rose Ideal, orig. pkg.....	3.25
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Hudnut's Violet Sec Toilet Water, in handsome holiday package75
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Heliotrope Blanc.	
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Ladies will find it **very** easy to get just the kind of cigar **he** likes here. Our cigar men will be of much aid in helping you in your selections.

Chancellor Invincibles, box of 25	\$2.25
Chancellor Perfecto Grands, box of 25	1.75
Chancellor Conchas Especiales, box of 25	1.25
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Robert Burns Invincibles, box of 25	1.00
Robert Burns Jockey Club, box of 50	3.75
Glendora Club and Perfectos, box of 25	1.50
La Azora Large, box of 25	1.90
Winfield Scott Jockey Club, box of 50	3.00
Winfield Scott Invincible, box of 25	1.75
Continental Perfecto, box of 25	1.50
Preferentia Victorias, box of 25	1.75

Preferencia Media Perfecto, box of 25	2.25
Preferencia Seconds, box of 50	1.50
Spana Cuba, box of 2590
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Indian Princess, box of 50	2.00
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La Garnita Epicure, box of 25	\$2.50
La Garnita Media Perfecto, box of 25	2.25
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El Wrisberg, Apollo Size, box of 50	4.50
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Solace (Geo. W. Nichols) Conchas Especial, box of 50	3.50
Solace (Geo. W. Nichols), Escepcionales, box of 12	1.00

Y. Pendes & Alvarez, Webster, box of 25	3.50
Lord Temple (Lopez & Storm) Conchas, box of 50	3.00
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IMPORTED

Bock Reciprocity, 100 in box ..	\$ 9.75
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Carolina Favorita, 50 in box ..	5.50
Garcia Perfecto, 25 in box ..	5.00
Carolina Perfecto, 25 in box ..	5.00
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Partaga Belvedere, 25 in box ..	3.75
Partaga Epicure, 25 in box ..	3.50
El Crepuscolo, 25 in box ..	15.00

All Purchases of Cigars are Exchangeable.

JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO.,
515 OLIVE STREET

THE MIRROR

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny:

AS THE time draws near for our annual reckless expenditure of more cash than we can ever hope to possess, it came to my mind how expedient and *en rapport*, forsooth, it would be, were I to compile a little list, as it were, of suitable, seasonable, and helpful Christmas gifts, the aforesaid to be entirely for men, like the George W. Childs cigar and the pale pink bathrobes which I view with horror in all the million haberdashers' windows.

Don't you think, darling, that it would facilitate shopping as well as furnish important first aid to the impecunious and provide for them timely tips on ticklish topics—those which only a real earnest worker in the field of fun and frivolity would and could appreciate? It seemeth even so to me, and I have therefore, at some considerable loss of time and brains, gone heartily to work. You may remail my letter to any St. Louis society person whom you may wish to do a good turn, or in whom you may have more than passing interest.

Behold the list:

Suitable and seasonable presents which may with perfect propriety be purchased or procured for any young man of good birth and breeding.

Bessie Green—Fine complexion, frank, child-like gaze; nice hair combed well back from noble brow; wholesome; inexpensive; literary and clubby, well suited to college professor or D. D. L.

Josephine Cobb—Good-looking; amiable; fond of fun; domestic; cannot fail to be acceptable to any cultivated bachelor of decent income.

Mary Boyce—Tactful; always attractive to men; Madame Cotrelly's quip, "Handsome vas as Handsome Doos" applies; looks older than her years, will therefore look thirty at forty-five; splendid wearing qualities; a much-coveted gift by any man.

Louise Espenschied—Handsome brunette; decorative; deliberate; trifle spoiled by much adulation; critical; contemplative; in no haste to be given away with every pound of tea.

Grace Finkenbiner—Original; picturesque; sprightly; quick-witted; fine gift for rich, sedate bachelor.

Martha Sproule—Blonde; clean-looking and well groomed; inexpensive; modest tastes; practical; thrifty; favors Scotch homespuns; will be richer some day.

Ade'e Howard—A nice girl.

Lucille Overstolz—Another nice girl.

Emily Wickham—Aristocratic; ultra fashionable; progressive; independent; a contradiction; detests conventions but lives conventionally; suitable gift for man of means and position; reported already taken.

Myra Tutt—Very rich; mild; gentle; will feed from the hand; excellent gift for good-looking lawyer of old family and large aspirations.

Daisy Powell—Fearfully rich; plump and good-natured; D. A. R.; D. O. C.; Colonial Dames; Daughter of Consolidated and Amalgamated Daughters; Something or other of 1812; splendid organizer; would organize any gentleman along right lines; too critical for most ordinary duffers.

Eugenia Maginnis—Very ornamental; delicate mechanism; Tiffany glass complexion; opalescent tints; fine figure on horseback; comes high.

Jessie Wright—Energetic; amiable; affectionate; real fireside angel; favorite gift for impecunious young man with lots of love and domestic inclinations.

Anna Koehler—Genuine blonde; brilliant smile that should never come off; a bit blasé; but a bargain at any price.

Lucy Hutchinson—Good-looking, tall brunette; thoughtful; aggressive; energetic; does things; likes the whip hand and drives first under the wire every time; splendid for a shy bachelor of sterling qualities.

Isabel Lane—Small; bird-like; snappy; vivacious; likes people; amusing; would stir up any crotchety man of means and make him hustle.

Carroll West—Another blonde; fine-appearing in light blue evening gowns; deliberate; devoted to society; distinguished; not yet domesticated.

Leigh Whittemore—Edition de luxe; beautiful; figure and face positively beyond criticism; needs ginger; appreciated by man of exclusive tastes.

Elma Rumsey—Literary; unconventional; un-society; unusual; unrivaled in athletics; unattached as yet.



Saw that petite and blonde widow with the bright brown eyes one night recently at some concert or other. What? You actually don't know whom I mean, darling? Why, Mrs. Hills, of course; Mrs. Charles Hills, or however she writes it now—they say it is again quite good form to still use your husband's Christian name, if he was one, and Charles Hills certainly was—to up and marry that little woman just so's he could leave his fortune to her without any legal bother and nuisance. That was the rumor, you know, dearest, when they were married—he was a hopeless invalid, but a perfectly darling man—so kind and gentle and so cultivated, too. The little lady was a music protege of his—well, she is now out of mourning with that perfectly splendiferous big house that looks like a baronial castle down on Lindell, opposite the park—you know those tall white marble pillars—and, my dearest, she just keeps that big place all shut up and only uses a few of the gorgeous rooms and never entertains a single, single bit. Isn't it a crime, with all the nice people whom we know who have to give their poinsettia parties and their college teas in apartments big enough for ten but an awful tight fit for twelve, and all those high-ceilinged rooms just going to waste, I say. And the mun, oh, Great Gehosophat, Gane, but she hath it by the firkin and it must be piling up interest now at a perfectly scandalous rate, for she dresses very simply and never even has visitors for house parties, as I'm sure that I would. But opinions differ on such subjects, don't they, ducky, and maybe if I were she I would do just the same. All I know is, Jane, that everybody in town who makes any social pretensions at all, at all, has taken the hint this winter and is spreading herself—sometimes is is a him, too. Henry T. Kent actually gave a big theater party the other night, with some married women who have entertained him to the indigestion point, for his invited, and I'm sure that's a sign of life on the ocean wave, isn't it?



And Charlie Senter, who has been awfully quiet for the past year, being in mourning, up and gave a dinner for Emma Tittmann's wedding party—you know Emma used to be one of his best girls. And dear old Lewis Werner is always doing his best to make his friends happy—I hope his stocking next week is so full that it runs over—he is surely the prince of hosts, and his guests, always the nicest people in the city.

Now, if we can only induce a few like Robert Brookings to give a ball—by, the by, Mr. B. has recently taken his widowed sister and all her brood to live with him in his mansion by the Forest Park lake, and honest Injun, Jane, I don't know such a truly generous man as that self-same gentleman. He is always and eternally doing some kind and thoughtful act—that costs him money, too—for somebody and you never hear about it until five years after—I do wish he'd find a nice girl in his Christmas stocking—oh, Jane, I'm afraid that sounds rather—er—forward, doesn't it? But I wish it just the same.



And if that dignified and portly Judge Harvey, who must have a good deal of money, would only entertain the buds with a dinner or any old kind of a meal, and if dear fat Mr. Miltenberger and elegant Mr. Hiddon, Walter McKittrick and George Doan, both of whom have most comfortable and comforting bank accounts, would only loosen up and do fancy stunts in the way of a few functions, how happy we should all be this joyful Yuletide season.



Oscar Chopin married his stately blonde Miss Hinckley last week. All very much conserved and no spread eagle doings. The Chopins, every one, have the same quiet instincts and they hate a show. Lelia was married that same way, a lovely wedding it was, too, and only the relations saw Oscar and Louise off on their matrimonial voyage. I wonder if they took "Pork Chops" on the weddin' tower with 'em.



Young Will Scullin has won his long-pending railroad suit and will have twenty thousand for his Christmas gift—in compensation for the loss of both legs. I shouldn't be a mite startled, darling, to hear that he and Jo Salorgne would be married in the spring, as soon as the twenty gets good and settled in the bank. They are both young, but what's the diff? Which reminds me that Viola Benoist, Jo's inseparable, you know, ought to be announcing her engagement pretty soon. I forget the man's name, but he's a perfect love—saw him once with Vi and he's too handsome for words. Kind of dark and furrin' and awfully dignified.



The buds are coming right along, tedious but necessary, and my dear, what on earth is there for them except a tea and then a ball or a dinner, dance and the usual stunts? They've got to learn the ropes some time and they might as well practice early—and keep it up. Bessie Elliott, who is the daughter of those rich railroad Elliotts who have built a club house out in Washington Terrace—at least, Jane, it looks like a club, it's so big and massive—was one of last week's announcements. She is quite tall, slim and rather elegant, and doesn't hump over nor slouch the way so many young girls do, and looks fully as though she were out in society. She bought a whopping lot of clothes in Europe last summer and wears them to everybody's taste, and has not only her own handsome mother to coach her, but that young aunt—or is it a cousin, who lives with the Elliotts—named Fairbanks—who, let me hasten to whisper, wouldn't make an unacceptable Xmas gift for any nice kind of man—provided, she'd have him.



I just tell you, dearest, that men have an awfully hard time. They are—er—er—exposed to so much that is calculated to shatter their piece of mind, to embitter their lives, and to make them have a complete and intense loathing of the Christmas stocking

Buy Her a Fan!

We have them in a thousand handsome designs. Dainty creations from Paris, Vienna and Japan. Satin-lined Oriental boxes free with purchases of \$3.00 and upwards and all fans boxed free of cost. Fans of silk and lace with sticks of enameled and decorated wood—also carved ivory or pearl sticks. Ostrich feather Fans and Fans with sandalwood sticks. Prices range all the way

From 25c to \$25.00 Each.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

— AS TO —

WHAT TO GIVE

Men's Smoking Jackets

Smoking Jackets or House Coats, of all-wool cheviots, in two-toned effects—Oxford gray, brown, olive or wine—also of tricot with quilted shawl collar and cuffs—very desirable for Xmas gifts—worth \$7.50—

Your Choice for \$5

Regular \$5.00 House Coats and Smoking Jackets, in all sizes; a big bargain at

\$3.95

Still finer Smoking Jackets, at prices that range up to \$20.

Men's Bath Robes of Terry Cloth; a splendid lot of regular \$4.50 Bath Robes, your choice for only.....

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We Suggest a Pair of Gloves

When in doubt, buy Gloves! If uncertain as to correct size or color, BUY A GLOVE CERTIFICATE. We issue them for any amount, redeemable in Gloves whenever the holder desires, thus insuring perfect fit.

Sole agents for the celebrated Trefousse Paris Kid Gloves. Handsome Glove box free with each purchase amounting to \$1.00 or over.

Men's Kid Gloves—all the best makes—
\$1.00 to \$2.50

Women's Kid Gloves—all the best makes—
\$1.00 to \$3.75

Girls' and Boys' fine Kid Gloves at
\$1.00 to \$1.50

Men's warm Fur Gloves at
\$2.00 to \$12.50

All kinds of fur-lined Kid Gloves—
\$3.50 to \$5.00

Boys' Fur Gloves—a big assortment at
\$1.50 to \$8.00

Women's Fur Gloves—
\$2.00 to \$10

Kid Gloves, lined with silk or wool—
\$1.00 to \$2.50

If You're Looking for HANDKERCHIEFS

Come to Nugents'—direct! We have a stock so vast in its assortment that you are absolutely certain to find just exactly what you want; and at a very moderate price!

A Handkerchief Box Free with Every Purchase of \$1.00 or More.

WOMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS.
Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs—some plain, some with embroidery—your choice at **12½c**

Women's Embroidered Swiss; also Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs—choice for **15c**

Women's Linen Center Lace-Trimmed kerchiefs—thousands of patterns—choice at **25c**

Women's All-Linen Handkerchiefs; hemstitched—hand-worked initials box of six for **\$1.40**

Women's all-linen hemstitched— $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch hems—medium and sheer linens

25c

Women's Lace-trimmed Linen Center Handkerchiefs—also hemstitched with initials—neat box containing six for

50c

Handsome Swiss Embroidered, Hemstitched or Scalloped Handkerchiefs—box of six for

95c

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS
Hemstitched colored border Handkerchiefs—fast colors

10c

Men's All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs— $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch hems—excellent values at

12½c

Men's All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs with hand-worked initials—six for \$1.40, or, each.....

25c

Men's Japanese Silk Hemstitched Colored Border Handkerchiefs—pretty patterns—choice

25c

Men's fine silk and linen Handkerchiefs in beautiful colorings—our price

50c

Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs with worked initials—six in a neat box for

69c

Men's Hemstitched Japanette Handkerchiefs—a pretty box containing six for

\$1.00

Mufflers—All pure silk, white or black—splendid values at

\$1.00

Handsome Brocaded Silk Mufflers—regular \$5.00 goods—our price

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RELIABLE FURNITURE AT LOW PRICES

Let Us Furnish Your
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For the : : :
HOLIDAY *
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And Other Novelties.

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In a Variety of Designs and Prices to Suit Everyone.

and the red sled accompaniments. I don't really see how in the face of these awful things Gene Angert or Will Chauvenet or Oleaginous—only it ain't "Oly," but very near it—Smith, or Captain Corkery or Charlie Hurd or "Gardie" McNight can forswear their bachelor apartments in the Pendennis or the Colonial and rent a Lake avenue steam-heated apartment—for two, or possibly, more.

It's a fearful risk, when he thinks what might have been or what must be.

Oh, of course, you goose, I have a special case in mind—in my mind, not yours—and if you'll promise with both hands on that new miniature necklace that you seem to think so much of, that you'll never, never breathe a word of it to a living soul, I may be induced to whisper a few hints. All right, now see you keep your words, or I shall get into the hottest kind of water, for the man told his pal who would only tell me without names, but I've guessed, just the same, for I have eyes in me 'ead, Jane, and I've seen these two people together once or twice.

Well, it was this way: the man is one of our most prominent lawyers—a bachelor, too, with some money and all the social life he wants—goes to swell dinners mostly, for he has gotten over the dancing days, and also takes girls to the theater and generally is a personage. He is the lawyer of a very, very wealthy man who lives, well, I won't tell you that, for it is such a descriptive spot that you'll guess right off, and you mustn't; that is, you shouldn't. Of course, being the lawyer of this rich man he goes often to the house and has been dined and wined there a whole lot. He knows Mrs. Rich quite as well as he does Mr. R. and likes her in a mild kind of way. Mrs. Rich, you have seen so much and have heard so much about that I

need say nothing more except that she is quite good-looking, very fashionable and exclusive, goes to all the big guns' blow-outs, and entertains somewhat lavishly herself—now that her family is out of mourning. She has no children.

The other day Mr. Lawyer was a bit surprised to receive a call from Mrs. Rich at his office. He was more surprised when the call didn't seem to have anything especially business-like to it, indeed 'she just talked about nothing much in particular, and as he was frequently interrupted by telephone calls and people to see him, she left, after awhile, and without any explanation of her visit, but with some show of having a load on her mind.

A few days later she called again, and he kinder suspected that this time something was coming. It did. Jane, if you'll list unto me for half a second longer, I'll be glad to inform you that she had called on that nice bachelor lawyer to invite him to elope with her—now isn't that the careless thing, all over again! He was so stunned that he could hardly see, but that cut no ice. She had the whole thing planned out, and ducky, she had even brought her diamond sunbursts along and her private check book and she just up and coolly said that if he hadn't enough coin to see 'em to the Riviera—that was her prospective destination, Jane, though why, I can't understand, for they would be sure to meet old acquaintances and Lindell boulevard neighbors and the like of that. Southern France is so popular now—why, she said she would advance the requisite. Now, what d'ye think of that, Jane? Ain't she the saucy baggage, though? Lunny? Not on your life. As sane as most of us, which don't say much, but I've got to make some kind of a strong comparison.

And when Mr. Lawyer finally got the whole

bloomin' idea through his head—he thought she was just putting up a funny joke, though he didn't see the fun for some time—when, I say, he finally comprehended that this woman was in dead earnest, he swore—yes, Jane, he told the man who told me that he forgot all about the presence of a real lady and he swore deep and awful, and told her to skiddoo and that the sooner she skiddooded the better it 'ud be for all parties most concerned. And then you can guess what happened—the "hvsticks" as that lovely bride-y Schumann-Heink has said a good many times—and my conscience! but wasn't he up a tree for true. He didn't dare call in the female stenog. for that would have given the whole thing away—and shown how nervous and perturbed he was, don't you see, and the only kind of a restorative that came to hand was a bottle of good old brandy that somebody sent him in advance for a Christmas present—and he couldn't even find a corkscrew so he smashed the head off'n the bott'e and spilled a lot down the front of her dress and otherwise behaved like a horrid brute, and when she saw the panne velvet—it was a lovely shade of violet, Jane, for I've seen the dress, 'deed. I have—all getting mussed up and brandied, she came to and flounced out, and that's all, Jane, and quite enough, don't you think?

Of course, darling, I've left out all the funny part, and her tactful conversation that led up to the opening of the jewel casket a la Marguerite—no, darling. I'm distinctly *not* talking about *fillet of sole* and the Seine—and how she said she knew they were twin soles—is that right, or not, I always forget how to spell that word, not being much bothered about my own, as much as I ought—and that she was madly in love with him. And the hateful, horrid thing just luffed up and answered her, when he got his gray mat-

ter to doing business again, that he was sure she didn't love him at all and that the whole trouble with her, was that she didn't love her husband. Now wasn't that hard, to have it thrown—pitched—hurled right at her that way? No wonder the poor soul had the hysticks. I should have thrown a double fit of 'em, myself, provided I ever got into such a mess. Then he read her the riot act and made her go home to her children—oh, I forget, she hasn't any—but he made her go home to the house where there ought to be some—seven of 'em and all under five years of age, Jane—that is the only cure for such an one as she, now, isn't it?

I must go back and say over again that the poor, dear men do have an awful lot to put up with, and how sorry I am for them under such embarrassing circumstances, and think of such a thing as that in our set, Jane? Good gracious, how can any woman be so silly as to imagine she's in love at all. And with some man other than her husband, too. That's become terribly bad form lately. It's much more swagger to be in love with your husband, if you have to be at all. Mrs. Eddie Faust told me so, and Mrs. Saunders Norvell backs her up, I mean combusticates her statement. They are both exceedingly in love with their husbands, only nobody suspects it. And that's stylish now, too.

❖

Well, little Myra Opel is engaged and to another fellow. Don't mistake my meaning, ducky, I don't intend to 'sinuate that she has oftentimes plighted her troth, but I do mean that she was once reported—rumored—said—confidently expected—definitely understood to have contemplated marrying the young Handlan sprig—Edward by name, and lively by gosh. Edward has disappeared, at least lately, but he was such a handsome rascal and so nice and kind of dimply and cuddley and—you know that kind, darling, that I don't see how Myra ever had the heart to do it—give him the G. B., as it were—or was. But the engagement kind of hung along with nothin' doin' in the way of hiring a suite at one of the family hotels or renting a clothes line out in West Lenox place, and so finally and forever Myra told him it was all to the bad and that in the future they would meet as friends, and not before. Edward went sadly forth and he is still going. For Myra's sake, I'm not sorry. I don't believe that their temperaments were exactly suited, and Edward could not be induced to get into the matrimonial band wagon with the proper kind of empressment, so 'tis well, 'tis vast and exceedingly well, my angel. And now Myra is engaged to another—a certain Harrison—something—Eckert, who hails from New York, and may Heaven send its choicest blessings, for Myra, seriously, is a darned sweet girl with nice little ways and a cute little waist. She knows how to wear her garments, and she knows a good deal more, too, and so I have no fears for Harry. I hope Edward feels left out—he sure is, and he ought to be made to sense it. The Handlans are all unlucky on the marrying propositon. All except Lillian, who bagged a Lemp when Lemps were scarce and came high. But Lil was and is a corker, and her Lemp is more than satisfied, I feel dead sure. There are three other Handlan girls, all young, all pretty and all awfully attractive. They love Papa so—and his generous monthly allowance—that I doubt if any of 'em marry soon. Ham tied up with a tall stunning brunette two or three years ago and 'Gene is perfectly hopeless on the Benedick question—my stars! but wouldn't he make some nice girl the dandy husband, though—he knows how and he's the kindest heart in

The Japanese Tea Room, Jefferson Hotel.



The most exclusive resort in St. Louis patronized only by the ultra fashionable set of society; a revelation in oriental furnishings and decorations where is served a most tempting menu of salads, broths, sandwiches, pastry, ice cream and imported confections. Six brews of tea of as many varieties and five of coffee, and many other articles that caress the palate and delight the inner creature.

Secure your tables now for the great Watch Night Celebration that will take place New Year's Eve night at the Jefferson. The dining-room, in fact, the entire interior of the hotel, will be converted into a bower of beauty for the occasion, and on a larger scale than last year's will be the special attractions and entertainments

the world—but I'm afraid it's too late. And yet me-thinks—perchance not. Suppose you come home with all your French acquired flavor, Jane, and see what you can do. 'Gene likes 'em with just a souncon of ginger, you know.

❖

Dearest, I don't know how to break the sad news to you, but you remember that dear old gentleman, Benjamin O'Fallon, and his tight little black skull cap and every night at a different theater and down in the front row? Well, he is going to move away from St. Louis, and with Mrs. O'Fallon has bought a big estate in Virginia near the Charlie Mullikens. Mrs. M. was the oldest O'Fallon daughter, and sister of that lovely Mrs. Hunt Turner, you know, and the Mullikens made all kinds of money when the Wiggins Ferry stock was bought or sold or something, for Charlie got wind of the deal and came on by telegraph and sold his stock for a cool hundred thou' and they now live happily ever afterward. And the O'Fallons are going to live down there with them in old Virginy, where the porkers grow fat and the society is high aristocracy. And my sakes! but we do miss Ben at the show this winter. He was half the show, anyway, for every stranger in town always wanted to know who that nice little man was with the

FRED C. WEBER

FLORIST

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black s. c. and grew interested in watching his interest. He is a crackerjack critic, Jane, and knows personally every star of prominence on the stage to-day.

To be in it this winter, darling, you must give a dinner dance. They are considered properly “all feet,” if you’ll excuse my French accent, and a plain everyday ball or a little inconspicuous dance is outside the city walls. You see, dumpling, the men must be fed, and fed well, or they are cross and sulky and they simply won’t do things. But if they have had a full feed—five or six courses of tolerably good victuals thrown into their person, as it were, they are quite different in aspect and quite amenable to the frivolities of life—namely, to-wit: clasping some debutante firmly round the waist and twirling her in the mazy dawnce for a spell. Hence, these aforesaid functions out at the Country Club. The Ephron Catlins have given one for Nellie Wickham, they are not the Daniel Catlins, my dear, as you certainly must know, but another family, though related. Emily Catlin, who married young Shepley after the most ardent courtship that man wots of—St. Louis man, I mean—is their daughter, and there is another younger one in the school room, I believe. They are all related, though, the Dan C.’s and the E. C.’s. By the by, I did a certain pretty young woman a great injustice when I wrote to you sometime ago—Mrs. Dan Catlin, Junior, was the lady. I said she wasn’t good-looking and that she wore clothes that were sights. Well, I retract. She does neither. She may have, the day I saw her in a fly-away automobile, but the other night at the play or maybe it was in a concert box, I thought she was easily the most distingue woman in her neighborhood—simply gowned in black, with a bit of white lace for contrast and a string of fine pearls—and a most interesting face—oval shaped, and so intelligent—the best Boston type—and so, Jane, I again humbly and regretfully eat my wurruds.

Seads of news, but nothing startling. Mrs. O’Reilly is reported engaged again. I mean reported again. Believe that it is some recluse lawyer of vast wealth, though I don’t know for sure. Perfect jams of teas and as for holly wreaths and mistletoe, I never want to see any of ‘em again. One of the Brokaw girls, Clotilde, is to marry a New York artist in January by the name of Lowell, and Virginia Thomason will wed the Kirkwood Tracy about the same time. The

Clint Udells gave a crush reception last week—following my hint of sometime ago, Jane—and the Charles Nagels spread themselves on a ball at the St. Louis Club for their bud daughter, Miss Hildegarde. Very inexpensive ball but kinder jolly, after all. The Striblings have so far handed forth the most mun on balls this winter. Mrs. Harry Hawes is still the prettiest woman in town and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert’s peachy skin becomes more peach-like every day. The Al Nicolls who were said to have lost all their money, didn’t or hadn’t for they have rented a house on West Pine and begun to bloom out. Mrs. Nicolls was Edith Franciscus, R. Park von Tiddlywinks’ old girl, you know—and a terribly stylish miss, too, and the Housers are going to cut a swath for young Malotte who gets home from school, by giving a dance, and we are all going to the Woman’s Club to-night to see their first essay at theatricals. I hear Mrs. Charles Clark is to do a soubrette stunt, and that Mrs. Sidney Blackwell and Mrs. Wallace Delafield may appear in a ten-minute vaudeville sketch, but of course, dearest, you can never believe half what you hear. And pretty Emily Francis has gone and married a Mr. Royal Whitney of the big New York Whitney family, and over at the Union Club the other night the stunningest creature I ever saw in the South Side proved to be Mrs. Ben Westhus—sumptuously pretty and roseate.

Must away to tie up my bundles and prevent duplicates. A Merrie owld Christmas to yez, darlin’, and belave me when I say that I love ye still.

BLUE JAY.

♦♦♦

Mephisto’s Last Metamorphosis

By Frank T. Marzials

C ANDID he is, and courteous therewithal,
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,
Flashes his scorn to heaven, nor, as the mime
Of after-days, with antic bestial,
Convenes the ape in man to carnival;
Nor as the cynic of a later time
Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.

But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
He glories in the growth of good, his glance
Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
Good everywhere—till, as mere notes that dance
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base
Glint golden in his genial tolerance.

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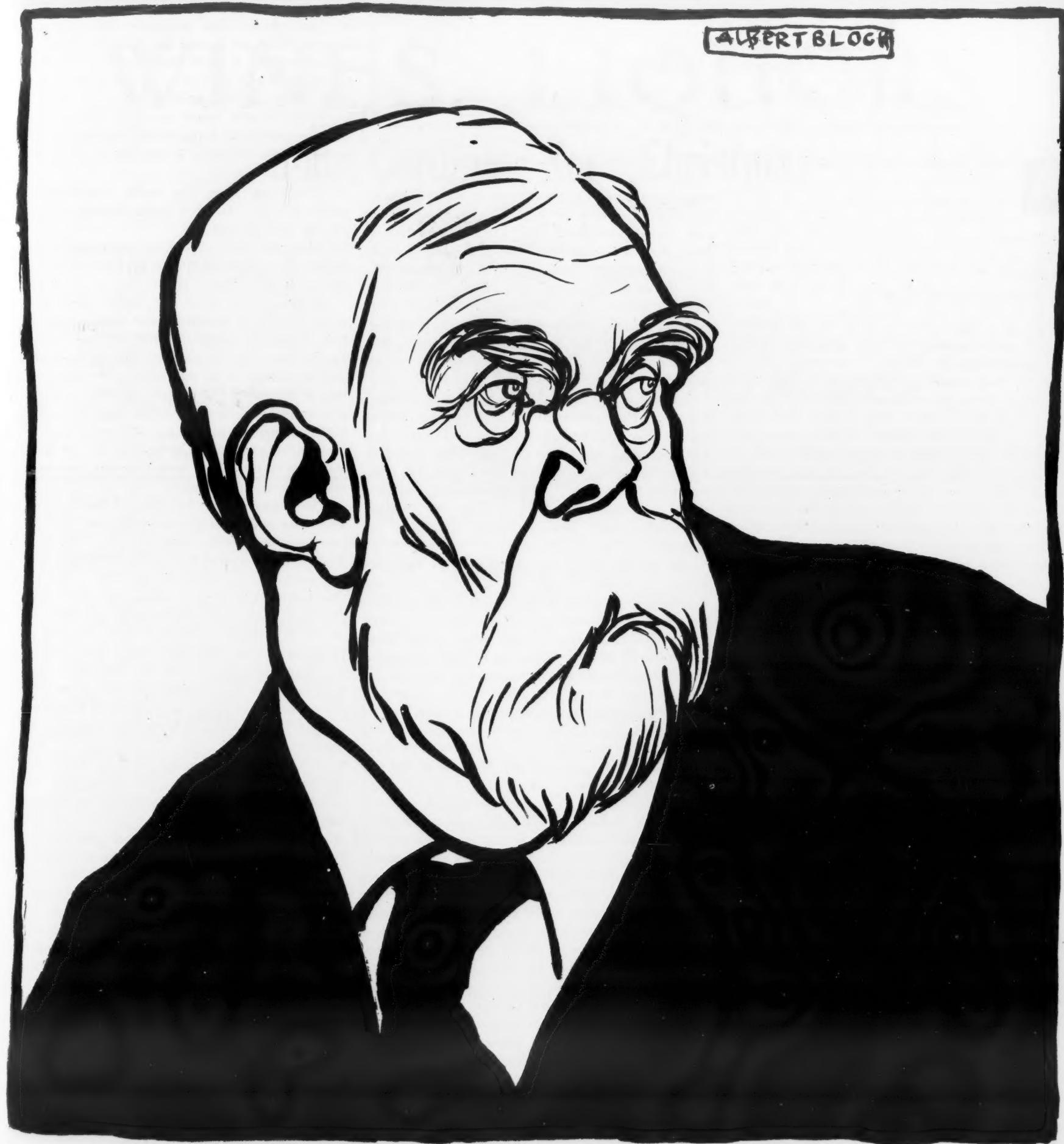
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Tainted morals,
Tainted sports;
Tainted cases
In the courts,
Tainted votes
And tainted tricks
In the world
Of politics,
Tainted novels,
Tainted plays,
Occupy our
Nights and days,
Tainted husbands,
Tainted wives—
Gee, but ours are
Tainted lives.

Louisville Courier-Journal.



Kindly Caricatures No. 33.

ROBERT MOORE

THE engineer who is to determine for the Terminal Commission what the Terminal Association wants to do in the matter of providing terminal facilities! The Association will do what it pleases, and the commission, to get results, will have to accept that. Mr. Moore is one of the most famous men of his profession in the United States. He

is employed in big work to watch other engineers and keep them straight, scientifically as well as morally. The big corporations like his honesty. The engineers he keeps tab on like him because he doesn't squeeze them and crowd them and grind them. He realizes that the poor engineer has to live. His conspicuous characteristic is an almost mathematical

fairness. Without any enthusiasm above the demonstrations of physics, he is a rather simple sort of man, with a great reverence for the big aggregations of capital that give engineers their work. The Big Cinch swear by him, and men who come here with good things to tap the town of its gelt for themselves, swear at him,

Peaceful Valley

By Ernest McGaffey

ATHIN, crawling, sinuous thread of smoke curled warily from the trees. Above, the bald summit of a ledge of rock shone white in the morning sunlight. To the left a sluggish stream wandered through the deep gorge. A hawk swung high overhead, and a squirrel ran out on a limb and, cocking his tail airily, watched the figure of a man with a rifle in his hands who sat at the foot of a near-by ash.

"I reckon 'Tuck' must be there," he muttered to himself, as he prowled forward very much like a trailing animal on the track of a quarry.

As he drew nearer to where the smoke was slowly ascending, his movements became more studied, and he put more and still more caution in the plan of his advance. Each time he raised a foot to take a step forward he stopped and listened before venturing on the step; each time the step was taken he set himself in a position to shoot; each time he resumed the onward march it was with a breathless anticipation that held within its strained alertness the suggestion of death lurking in the shadows.

Meanwhile, at the little "still" in the Kentucky mountains Tucker Haley, commonly known as "Tuck," was pursuing his avocation of "moonshining," or making "moonshine whiskey," with as much caution as this stalking process of his foe exhibited. A revolver and knife were at his belt, and a rifle lay across a log within immediate reach. Every time he turned around he was near enough to the gun to catch it up at a moment's notice. Every time he moved he listened. Every time he listened he frowned; and as he worked with the grain and the mash and turned and bent in his cramped quarters he grumbled and talked to himself, and growled unintelligibly.

There was a mere wisp of a trail to the "still," and as it was comparatively open along this outline of a path, "Tuck's" scrutiny and vigilance were almost entirely directed to the points higher up on the mountain. He figured that no revenue officer would attack him from anywhere excepting from above the "still," so his watch was directed to the scrubby timber and the gray and brown rocks beyond him.

It was this very logic which proved his undoing. The revenue officer had planned his approach from below, on the theory that the "moonshiner" would be more easily approached from above his haunt, and that his guard would be for a surprise from the land higher up on the mountain. And so the hunter and the hunted watched and waited, and still, by the decree of fate, drew nearer to each other.

As the revenue official came to a scrub ash about two hundred yards from where the smoke showed, he lay flat on his stomach and reconnoitered. He could see nothing, however, but the tell-tale curl of vapor, moving upward like a drifting gray feather. Between him and this signal was a low, flat rock, which stood about two feet in height, and was broad enough across to hide the body of a man. From this point, which was about a stone's throw to where the smoke lifted, he could "get the drop" on the law-breaker, if that worthy did not discover him before he got there.

He studied the surrounding cover eagerly for

signs of a better approach, but there was none. If "Tuck," now, for instance, was on the alert, it was simply suicide to try to crawl to the rock. He would be compelled to drag or shove his rifle along, and a man like Tucker Haley could shoot at him half a dozen times before he could rise, or get into position to shoot accurately. Even as his thoughts took this turn he smiled grimly to himself. A dead shot, such as "Tuck" was, would hardly need more than one shot to either kill or disable a man at even one hundred yards. And if disabled, the finishing bullet would follow its mate before the crack of the first report had died away.

He was a cool man, this deputy, and a courageous one. He would not hesitate to take any advantage possible, nor hesitate at any task allotted him. The command at Louisville had been, "Bring in Tucker-Haley; if you can't fetch him back, kill him; and take no chances." He remembered that last clause of "take no chances." Well, this hunting down moonshiners included taking all sorts of chances.

He unbuttoned his coat and slipped his watch inside. It might scrape on a rock and get detached, or it might make a noise as he crawled. He swept the mountain above and below for some token of danger. Then he sank silently to the rough and rocky ground and began his tortuous approach.

At about the time that the deputy started on his final attempt to reach the "still," Mrs. Haley and "Tuck" junior had also started to join "Pap," as his wife called him. Little "Tuck" was about twelve years old, and his mother had on a new calico dress which had been a part of the proceeds of the last "run" of "moonshine" liquor.

The deputy reached the rock and peered cautiously out, rifle in readiness. The "still" was a rude affair, and from his hiding-place he saw the man working there and occasionally casting his eyes up the mountain-side. He cocked his weapon noiselessly, rose to his feet, and shouted "Surrender, Tuck." Haley dropped to his knees, seized his rifle and had actually cocked it before the deputy could fire. As the crack of the officer's Winchester broke the morning stillness Haley pitched forward shot through the breast. The deputy held his weapon on the fallen man for a few moments and then walked forward, holding the rifle squarely on the prostrate "moonshiner."

But Tucker Haley had received his death-wound, and the officer, hurriedly gathering together the man's revolver, knife, and a peculiar ring he wore, left the "still" and disappeared down the mountain. He left the dead man's rifle, and it lay where it had fallen when "Tuck" dropped.

The crack of the rifle reached Mrs. Haley's ears as she and the boy toiled upwards, and she knew it was not "Tuck's" gun. Divining danger, and possibly tragedy, she ran for the "still" like an Amazon, her long black hair streaming out, and little "Tuck" vainly striving to keep pace. She rushed into the rude "lean-to," and saw her husband lying dead on the floor of the "still." She caught his head up to her breast and the blood from his wound ran out and dyed the bosom of the new calico dress.

She rocked back and forward for a little while in an agony of sorrow, and as she kissed the dead

man's face, and smoothed his rumpled hair the form of "Tuck" junior came in sight. The child threw his arms about his mother and burst into tears, crying and sobbing, "I know who done it." Mrs. Haley laid the dead man down and said, "What do yo' mean, Tuck, honey, did yo' see ary one?"

"I seen a feller runnin' down the hill just now," was the boy's reply between sobs, "he had pap's revolver. I seen the white handle, an' he had a Winchester in his hands."

"Would you know him again, Tuck?" said his mother fiercely. "I'd never furgit him long as I live," was the lad's answer.

"Then you'll live to kill him some day," was his mother's cry, as she turned once more to the prostrate form of the dead "moonshiner."

Seventeen years after, the Haley's were on the other side of the mountain, and hundreds of miles from where the moonshiner met his fate. "Tuck," Junior, had a boy of his own some seven years old, and his mother lived with him. There was coal land in the region, and asphalt, and some said copper, and people were coming down from Louisville to invest in mining properties. "Moonshining" was about dying out in and around the tier of counties about the mountain, and the natives were turning their attention more to agriculture.

The Tucker Haleys had changed the family name when they came over the mountains, and their neighbors knew them as the Breckenridges. The name of Tucker, however, had been clung to religiously. The boy was known as "Tuck" Breckinridge. In a Louisville hotel two men were talking coal one afternoon. One was a tall, dark-complexioned man with a scar on his right cheek. The other was short and stout, red-faced and bewhiskered. "It's a sure thing," said the stout man gayly. "By the way, did you ever have any work in your line when you were with the Government, that took you up Peaceful Valley way?"

"No," was the other's reply, "my work took me in another direction."

Yet the face of this tall man, if "Tuck" Haley, Jr., could have seen it, was the living image of the countenance of the man who ran past him that tragical morning seventeen years back.

"Bring your wife along," had been the short man's final injunction, and Dalrymple, the ex-deputy, had smilingly agreed. On the streets of Three Forks, a little mountain village, the stout man, Dalrymple, and Dalrymple's wife were standing in front of the tiny hotel. "And so this is Peaceful Valley," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "What a romantic country, and what heavenly air and sunshine. When do we start for the mines, Mr. Adams?"

Adams, the short man of the Louisville conference, turned to a huge leviathan of a driver who stood idly by and remarked, "When do we take the wagon, Ben?"

"Bout an hour," was Ben's response.

"Takes a long time to get ready, don't it?" was the fat man's next query.

"Right smart," was the driver's answer.

"Road pretty rough?" persisted Adams.

"Right smart," came the monotonous echo.

"Got a good team?" was Adams' final question.

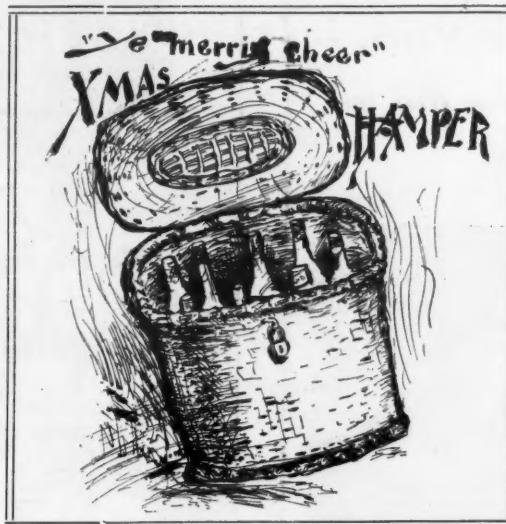
"Right smart," was Ben's final reply.

"Tuck" Breckinridge, formerly "Tuck" Haley, Jr., came out of the country postoffice, and used as he was to controlling his feelings, almost reeled as he caught sight of James Dalrymple. The ex-deputy had changed not a whit, except that his hair was a trifle gray. The same bold eye and profile, the same stature and carriage, the same black and drooping mustache, and the same deep scar across his right

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cheek. "Tuck" stood rigid as a stone until he caught sight of the left hand of Dalrymple. The little finger missing—"The same feller," he said to himself without moving his lips.

Adams came out of the hotel and approached Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple. "We go over the jaw-bone road as they call it and we'll start in about half an hour or so. We ought to get to the mine by five o'clock. Of course, we'll have to rough it a little up there, but we come back Thursday."

"Tuck's" back was to the group and he strolled easily to where he had hitched his pony. Mounting nonchalantly he walked the animal out of sight of the little town and then struck it with his soft black hat and urged it to a gallop. Out of the narrow country road and up into the hills the pony galloped and in an hour "Tuck" was home. He swung from his pony and as he came into the cabin he caught sight of his mother. A weird light burned in his eyes. His mother sat in an old splint-bottomed chair knitting socks. "The rifle," he said in a low voice, "Pap's rifle. I seen the feller that killed him, at Three Forks to-day. He's coming over to the mine by jaw-bone road."

Mrs. Haley straightened up with the look of a lioness. "Don't wake Elly," she said, "she's laid down fer a spell." "Shoot him through the heart, 'Tuck.' He killed yo're pap like a dog."

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon on White Oak Knob. The party from Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, and Adams, and the behemoth driver, had been clambering over the hills in a two-seated rig, going leisurely in the direction of the mine. It had been a delightful drive. Sometimes they forded little mountain streams, clear and sparkling, and once

or twice they had gotten glimpses of miniature mills, perched high on the knobs, where men and boys took the grists on their backs after going on pony back as far as they dared.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple descended and picked wild flowers. Adams laughed at that, for he had no time for sentiment. But to a man married only two weeks there was still a touch of romance in color and perfume. Mrs. Dalrymple was certainly enjoying herself.

They had halted at a spring on the mountain side to eat luncheon, and Mrs. Dalrymple had sung for them. And for that matter, the birds had been singing for them all the way along.

There is one place on the jaw-bone road where the trail takes you through a narrow pass and at the end of the pass is a long decline which leads towards the lowlands. Dense timber lines it to the left. Back of this timber on that day there was a pony hitched. It stood out of sight of the road, hid in a thicket of quaking ash.

As the Louisville party came to the edge of this "cut" they halted the wagon to admire the view. Mrs. Dalrymple's white dress stood out brilliantly against the dark-green of the mountain side. As the wagon turned a slight curve in the "cut," the report of a rifle broke the stillness. Dalrymple sank forward, shot through the heart. The horses leaped forward. "Christ!" cried the driver, as he threw all his ponderous strength into the effort of checking the maddened team. Dalrymple's wife caught the form of her dead husband to her bosom. The blood from his mortal wound dyed the purity of her white dress.

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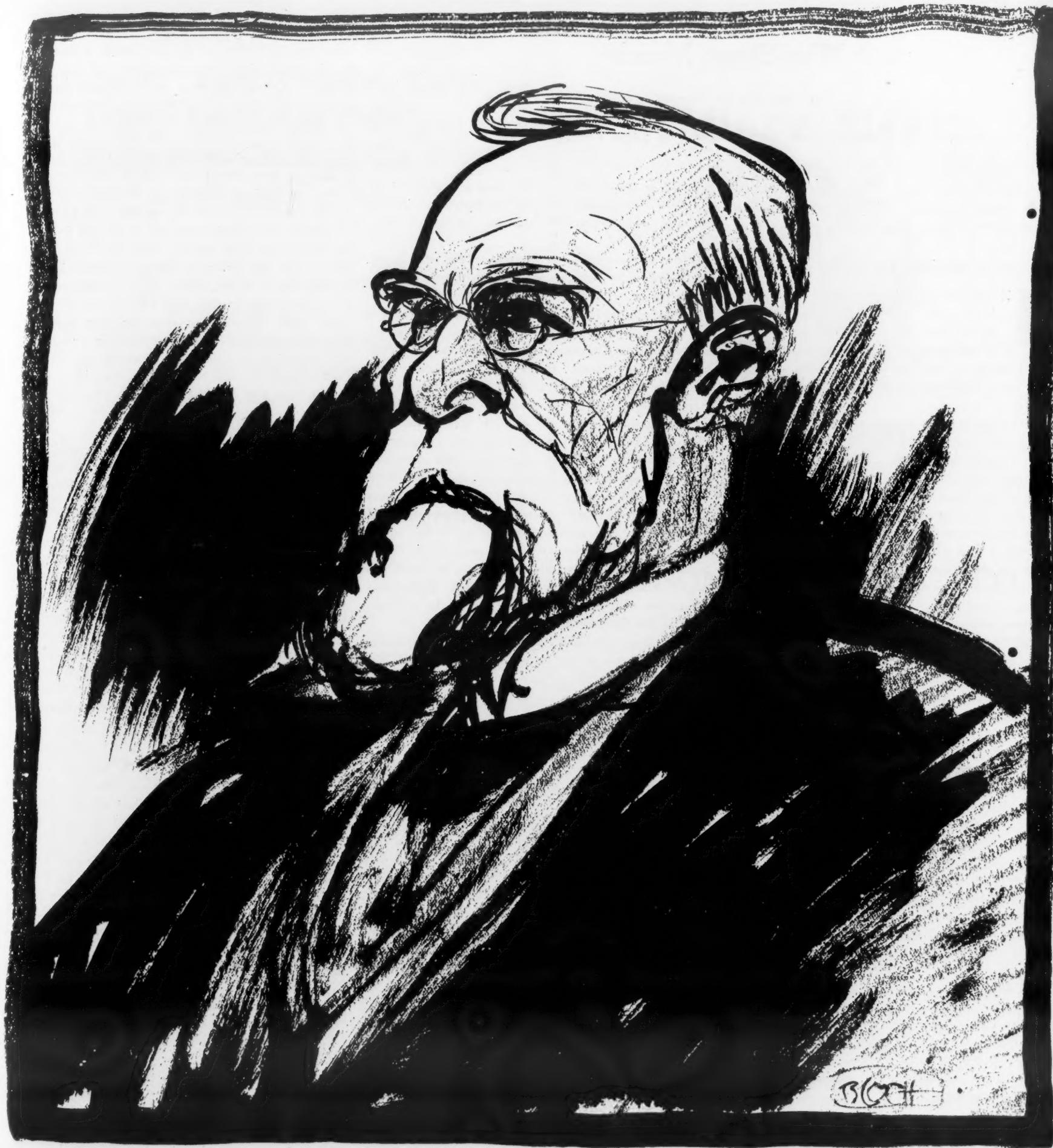
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Kindly Caricatures No. 34.

CALVIN S. WOODWARD

NOT for that he founded the greatest and first manual training school in this country, nor for that he cleansed the old School Board of politics and made it frostily non-partisan, will Prof. Calvin S. Woodward live in history. He will get into the Hall of Fame because of his discovery that it is impossible to beat the bank at the game of craps.

This is the greatest result of modern research. It will do more for the negro than Booker Washington ever did. Still, the Professor didn't discover that, by his own system of manual training, a proficiency in crap-shooting may be attained whereby one of the dice may be controlled so as to minimize the percentage of chances against making the point. Manual

training has enabled experts to name what one of the dice will show on the first throw. Prof. Woodward is a public spirited citizen, a pious man, a defender of John D. Rockefeller, and is accused of using the public schools to provide berths for the graduates of Washington University.

The Sweet Miracle

By Eca de Queiroz

Translated From the Portuguese by Edgar Prestage

Et circuibat Jesus omnes civitates et castella, docens in synagogis eorum et praedicans evangelium regni et curans omnem languorem et omnem infirmitatem.

EVANGELIUM SECUNDUM MATTHACUM, CAPUT IX.

 N THOSE days Jesus had not yet departed from Galilee and the fair luminous margins of the Lake of Tiberias; but the news of his miracles had already penetrated as far as Enganim, a rich city of strong battlements set among vineyards and olive groves in the Country of Issachar.

One afternoon there passed down the fresh valley a man of burning, dazzled eyes, who announced that a new Prophet, a handsome Rabbi, was traversing the plains and villages of Galilee, foretelling the coming of the Kingdom of God, and curing all human ills. And while he sat and rested beside the Fountain of the Orchards, he went on to tell how this Rabbi had healed the slave of a Roman Decurion of leprosy on the Magdala Road, merely by spreading over him the shadow of his hands; and how, another morning, he had crossed by boat to the Country of the Gerasenes where the balsam-harvest was commencing, and had raised to life the daughter of Jairus, a man of consideration and learning who expounded the Sacred Books in the Synagogue. And when the husbandmen and shepherds round about, and the dark women with water-pots on their shoulders, inquired of him in their wonderment if this was in truth the Messias of Judah, and whether the sword of fire shone before him, and if the shadows of Gog and Magog, like the shadows of twin towers, walked on either side of him—the man, without even a draught of that thrice-cold water of which Joshua had drunk, took up his staff, shook his hair, and made his way pensively beneath the aqueduct, and straightway disappeared from sight in the mass of flowering almond trees. But a hope, delightful as the dew in the month when the grasshopper sings, refreshed these simple souls, and now, through all the Plain that stretches its verdure to Ascalon, the plough seemed easier to bury in the soil, and the stone of the winepress lighter to move; the children, even while they plucked bunches of anemones, watched, as they went, for a light to rise past the turn of the wall, or under the sycamore, while the aged from their stone seats at the city gate ran their fingers through the threads of their beards, and no longer unfolded the old sayings with such wise certainty as of yore.

Now there lived then in Enganim an old man, named Obed, of a priestly family of Samaria, who had offered sacrifices on the altars of Mount Ebal, and was possessed of well-nourished flocks and richly bearing vineyards, and a heart as full of pride as his cellar was full of wheat. But a dry burnt wind, that wind of desolation, which, at the Lord's command, blows from the savage lands of Assur, had slain the fattest beasts of his flocks, and, on the slopes where his vines twined round the elms and stretched themselves on the graceful frames, it had left nought round the bare trees and pillars save broken twigs, shrunken stalks, and leaves eaten by curly blight. And Obed

squatted at the threshold of his gate with the end of his cloak over his face, fingered the dust, lamented his old age, and ruminated complaints against a cruel God.

Now as soon as he heard tell of the new Rabbi of Galilee, who fed the multitudes, scared demons, and repaired all misfortunes, Obed, who was a man of books, and had travelled in Phenicia, conceived in his mind that Jesus must be one of those soothsayers, well-known in Palestine, like Apollonius, or Rabbi Ben-Dossa, or Simon the Subtle. These men, even when the nights are dark, hold converse with the stars, whose secrets to them are ever clear and simple; with a wand they drive the gadflies, born in the mud of Egypt, from the standing corn, and grasping in their fingers the shadows of trees, they draw them like kindly screens over the threshing-floors at the hour of rest. Of a surety Jesus of Galilee, a younger man with newer charms, would, in return for a liberal largess, bring the mortality among his flocks to an end, and make his vineyards green once more. Thereupon Obed commanded his servants to set forth and search through all Galilee for the new Rabbi, and bring him, with promises of money or goods, to Enganim, in the Country of Issachar.

His slaves tightened their leather belts and swung out by the road of the caravans that coasts the lake and stretches as far as Damascus. One afternoon, over against the West, red as a fully ripe pomegranate, they caught sight of the fine snows of Mount Hermon. Next, amid the freshness of a soft morning, the Lake of Tiberias shone before them, transparent, cloaked in silence, more blue than the heavens, with its margins of flowery meadows, dense orchards, porphyry rocks, and white terraces amid the palm groves, under the flight of the doves. A fisherman, who was engaged in lazily untying his boat from a grassy point shaded by oleanders, listened with a smile to the slaves. The Rabbi of Nazareth? Oh! since the month of Ijar, the Rabbi with his disciples had descended to the sides whither the Jordan bears its waters. The slaves set out at a run along the margin of the stream until they came in front of the ford where it rests, stretching out in a great pool, and for a moment slumbers, motionless and green, beneath the tamarinds' shade. A man of the tribe of the Essenes, clothed from head to foot in white linen, was slowly gathering health-giving herbs by the water side with a white lambkin in his arms. The slaves humbly saluted him, for the people love those men of honest, pure hearts, as white as the vestures they wash morning by morning in the purified tanks. And did he know of the passing of the new Rabbi of Galilee who, like the Essenes, taught sweetness and cured men and cattle? The Essene murmured that the Rabbi had crossed the Oasis of Engaddi, and had passed further beyond. But where "beyond?" With a bunch of purple flowers he had plucked, the Essene pointed to the country over Jordan, the plain of Moab. The slaves forded the river and sought Jesus in vain, toiling breathlessly up the rough tracks to the cliffs where the sinister Citadel of Makaur raises its head. At Jacob's Well they met a great caravan at rest that was carrying into Egypt myrrh, spices, and balm of

Gilead, and the camel drivers, as they drew out the water in their leather buckets, told the slaves of Obed how in Gadara, at the new moon, a wonderful Rabbi, greater than David or Isaiah, had torn seven devils from the breast of a weaver-woman, and how at his voice a man, whose head had been cut off by the robber Barabbas, had risen from the tomb, and gone back to his garden. The slaves, still hopeful, straightway mounted in haste by the Pilgrim's Way to Gadara, that city of lofty towers, and further on still to the Springs of Amalha. But that very morning, followed by a crowd singing and waving branches of mimosa, Jesus had embarked on the lake in a fishing smack, and made his way under sail toward Magdala. And the slaves of Obed, disheartened, passed the ford again by the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob. One day, as they trod the country of Roman Judea, their sandals torn with the long ways, they crossed a sombre Pharisee, mounted on a mule, who was returning to Ephraim. With devout reverence they stopped the man of the Law. Had he met, perchance, this new Prophet of Galilee who, like a God walking the earth, sowed miracles as he went? The hooked face of the Pharisee darkened in every furrow, and his wrath resounded like a proud drum. "Oh! pagan slaves and blasphemers! Where have ye heard of prophets or miracles out of Jerusalem? Only Jehovah in His Temple is mighty. Ignorant men and impostors come out of Galilee!"

And as the slaves recoiled before his raised fist wrapped round with sacred couplets, the furious doctor leapt from his mule and with stones from the road pelted the slaves of Obed, howling Racca! Racca! and all the ritual curses. The slaves fled to Enganim, and great was the sorrow of Obed because his flocks were dying and his vineyards were scorched, and all the time, radiant like the dawn behind the mountains, the fame of Jesus of Galilee, consoling and full of Divine promises, grew and increased.

At that time a Roman Centurion, named Publius Septimus, had command of the fort which dominates the valley of Cesarea as far as the city and the sea. A rough man and a veteran of Tiberius' campaign against the Parthians, Publius had grown rich with prizes and plunder during the revolt of Samaria. He owned mines in Attica, and enjoyed, as a supreme favour of the Gods, the friendship of Flaccus, the Imperial Legate in Syria. But a sorrow gnawed his boundless prosperity, even as a worm gnaws a very succulent fruit. His only daughter, dearer to him than life and fortune, was pining away with a slow subtle malady which escaped even the wisdom of the doctors and magicians whom he sent to consult at Tyre and Sidon. White and sad like the moon in a cemetery, uncomplaining, with pallid smiles for her father, she grew weaker and more frail as she sat on the high esplanade of the fort under an awning, and stretched her sad dark eyes with longing regret over the blue of the Tyrian Sea by which she had sailed from Italy in a rich galley. Now and then, at her side, a legionary between the battlements aimed an arrow carelessly aloft and pierced a great eagle as it flew with serene wing in the rutilant sky. The daughter of Septimus followed the bird for a moment as it turned over and over until it crashed dead on the rocks, then with a sigh, sadder and more pale, began once more to gaze at the sea. Now Septimus, having heard the merchants of Chorazim tell of this wonderful Rabbi whose power over the Spirits was such that he cured the dark troubles of the soul, despatched three decuria of soldiers with orders to search for him through Galilee and in all the cities of Decapolis as far as the coast and up to Ascalon.

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The soldiers put up their shields in the canvas bags, fixed boughs of the olive tree in their helmets, and hurriedly departed, their iron-shod sandals resounding on the basalt slabs of the Roman road which cuts the whole Tetrarchate of Herod from Cesarea to the Lake. At night their arms shone out on the tops of the hills amid the waving flames of the torches they bore aloft. By day they invaded the homesteads, searched through the thickest apple orchards, and drove the points of their lances into the haystacks, and the frightened women, to appease them, hastened in with cakes of honey, new figs, and bowls full of wine, which they drank at one draught as they sat in the shade of the sycamores. In this way they traversed Lower Galilee—but of the Rabbi all they found was his bright track in the hearts of the people. Wearied with futile marching, and suspecting that the Jews were concealing their wonder-worker lest the Romans should avail themselves of his superior magic, they let loose a tumult of anger as they passed through the pious subject-land. At the entrance to bridges they stopped the Pilgrims, shouting the name of the Rabbi, tearing the veils from the virgins' faces, and, at the hour when pitchers are filled at the cisterns, they invaded the narrow streets of towns, penetrated into the Synagogues and beat sacrilegiously with their sword hilts on the Thebabs—the holy Arks of cedar which enclosed the Sacred Books. In the environs of Hebron they dragged the Hermits by the beard from their caves to draw from them the name of the desert or palm grove where the Rabbi was hid, and two Phoenician merchants who were coming from Joppa with a cargo of malabatum, and who had never heard the name of Jesus, paid one hundred drachmas for this crime to each Decurion. And now the peasantry, and even the wild shepherds of Idumea who

bring in the white beasts for the Temple, fled in terror to the mountains as soon as they saw the arms of the violent band glittering at some turn of the road; while from the edge of the terraces the old women shook the ends of their dishevelled hair like bags, and flung ill-luck at them, invoking the vengeance of Elias. In this tumult they wandered as far as Ascalon, but failed to find Jesus, and returning along the coast they buried their sandals in the burning sands. One morning near Cesarea, as they were marching in a valley, they caught sight of a dark green grove of laurels on a hill, among which the elegant bright portico of a temple shown white in its retirement. An old man of long white beard, crowned with laurel leaves, clothed in a saffron tunic and holding a short three-stringed lyre, was gravely awaiting the rising of the sun on the marble steps. Down below, the soldiers waved a branch of olive and shouted to the priest. Did he know a new Prophet who had arisen in Galilee and who was so clever in miracles that he raised the dead to life, and changed water into wine? Quietly extending his arms, the serene old man cried out over the dewy verdure of the valley—"Ye Romans, believe ye that prophets appear working miracles in Galilee or Judea? How can a barbarian alter the order established by Zeus? Magicians and sooth-sayers are pedlars who murmur empty words to snatch an alms from simple folk. Without the permission of the Immortals, not a withered branch can fall from the tree, not a dry leaf be shaken. There are no prophets, no miracles. . . . The Delphic Apollo alone knoweth the secret of things!"

Slowly then, with heads cast down as after a defeat, the soldiers returned to the fortress of Cesarea, and great was the despair of Septimus because his daughter was dying, and no complaint did she utter,

but gazed as she lay there at the Tyrian Sea, and all the while the fame of Jesus, the healer of lingering maladies, grew ever fresher and more consoling, like the afternoon breeze that blows from Hermon and revives and lifts the drooping lilies in the gardens.

Now between Engannin and Cesarea, in a wretched hut sunk in the cleft of a hillock, there lived at this time a widow, the most miserable of all the women in Israel. Her only son, a little boy crippled in every part, had passed from the lean breasts at which she had suckled him to the rags of a rotting mattress, where he had lain starving and groaning now seven years. And her, too, sickness had shrivelled within her never-changed rags until she was darker and more contorted than an uprooted vine. And over the twain misery had grown thick as the mould over broken potsherds lost in a desert. Even the oil in their red clay lamp had long since dried up, and neither seed nor crust was left in the painted chest. In the summer, their goat had died for lack of pasture; next, the fig-tree in the garden ceased to bear. So far were they from an inhabited place that no alms of bread or honey ever entered their door. Herbs plucked in the fissures of the rocks and cooked without salt were all that nourished those creatures of God in the Chosen Land where even birds of ill omen had enough and to spare!

One day a beggar entered the hut and shared his wallet with the sorrowing mother, and as he sat for a moment at the hearthstone and scratched the wounds in his legs, he told of the great hope of the afflicted, this Rabbi who had appeared in Galilee and of one loaf in a basket made seven, and how he loved all little children and dried all tears, and promised the poor a great and luminous kingdom of more abundance than the Court of Solomon. The woman lis-

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tened with famished eyes. And this sweet Rabbi, this hope of the sorrowful, where was he to be found? The beggar sighed. Ah, this sweet Rabbi! How many had longed for him and been disappointed! His fame was going over all Judea like the sun that leaves not even a stretch of old wall without its blessed rays, yet only those fortunate ones chosen of his will could gain a sight of his fair countenance.

Obed, the rich, had sent his slaves throughout all Galilee to search for Jesus and bring him with promises to Enganim: Septimus, the powerful, had despatched his soldiers as far as the sea coast to find Jesus and conduct him by his orders to Cesarea. As he wandered and begged his bread on many a road, he had met the slaves of Obed and then the legionaries of Septimus. And all had returned like beaten men, their sandals torn, without having discovered the wood or city, hovel or palace, where Jesus lay hid.

The evening was falling. The beggar took up his staff and descended by the hard track between the heather and the rocks, while the mother returned to her corner more cast down and desolate than before. And then in a murmur, weaker than the brush of a wing, her little son begged his mother to bring him this Rabbi who loved even the poorest little children and healed even the longest sicknesses. The mother clasped his tangled head and said:

"Oh, my son! How canst thou ask me to leave thee and set out on the road in search of the Rabbi of Galilee? Obed is rich and hath slaves, and in vain they sought Jesus over hills, and through sandy plains from Chorazim to the Country of Moab. Septimus is mighty and hath soldiers, yet in vain they hunted for Jesus from Hebron to the sea! How canst thou ask me to leave thee? Jesus is afar off,

and our grief abideth with us within these walls and imprisons us between them. And were I to meet with him, how should I persuade this longed-for Rabbi, for whom the rich and mighty sigh, to come down from city to city as far as this solitude in order to cure such a poor little impotent on such a ragged mattress!"

But the child, with two long tears on its thin little face, murmured: "Mother, Jesus loveth all the little ones. And I am still so small and have such a heavy sickness and should so like to be cured!" To which the mother sobbing: "child of mine how can I leave thee? The roads of Galilee are long, and the pity of men is short. So ragged, so limping, so sorrowful am I, that even the dogs would bark at me from the homestead doors. None would give ear to my message, none would show me the dwelling-place of the sweet Rabbi. And, my child! perhaps Jesus is dead, for not even the rich or the mighty meet with him. Heaven sent him. Heaven hath taken him away. And with him the hopes of the sorrowful have died for ever." The child raised his trembling little hands from out of his dark rags and murmured: "Mother, I want to see Jesus."

And immediately, opening the door slowly and smiling, Jesus said to the Child: "I am here."

* * *

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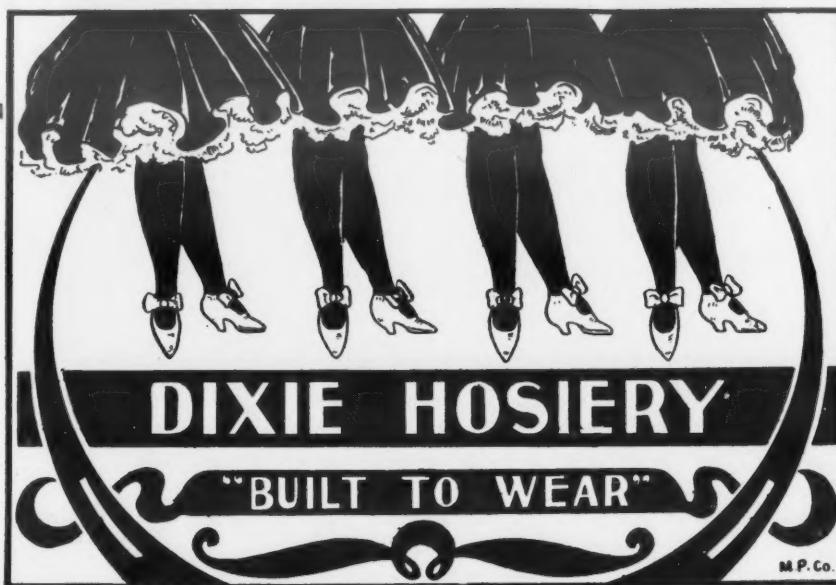
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Every Heart Has Its Closed Room

By Anne Thurber

WHEN my Tante Rosalie died I found myself the executor of her property. It was not large, and consisted chiefly of personal effects. She had some very handsome jewels and rare old laces, all of which came to me, who was heir as well as executor. My Tante Rosalie had never married, and of all her nephews and nieces I was the only one upon whom she had ever lavished any affection. My mother said that her sister-in-law was far too cold to love anything or anybody. "The woman without a passion," she called Rosalie, changing the gender of her Balzac epigram to suit her subject, "a monster, an angel without wings. She has only a head, like the angels in the Catholic mythology."

Yet my aunt had red hair, the kind of hair that one always associates with great ardor. However, she was never ardent, but frigid to the arctic point. I have seen men, passionate wooers, unable to stir a pulse in that icy being. She was not a coquette, either, as I understand coquettes. She appeared to enjoy men's society and was cordial to them, but she never in any way attempted to awake the tender passion in them. It was as if her heart had never been touched and she was in no haste to have it awoken. My mother insisted that Rosalie had no heart.

It was therefore with the greatest surprise that I read the letters which I found, and destroyed, after her death. There was quite a large packet of them, and attached to the packet I found a certain direction:

"After my death, please send these letters to M. le Comte de Livernais. In life I wrote them but did not have the courage to send them. Now that I have passed from life I wish him to read the secret of my heart."

Now the Comte de Livernais was a mere boy, who had just come into his inheritance. It could not be, I thought, that my aunt had conceived a passion for a child in school. Surely, I reasoned, it is better for me to examine this voluminous correspondence, one-sided as it is, and save the dead from being misunderstood by this lad. So I read them. The man to whom they were addressed, I soon discovered, was the father of the present Comte. He had died a few days before the passing of my Tante Rosalie. I felt that it was well that the secret of that misjudged heart should also die.

Wrote Rosalie: "It is well for me to say good-bye. But I never liked to say good-bye. I shall not say it now. I know my duty, but does one always do one's duty? Why can't you be content to love me in my own way? Must man always long for complete possession of the loved object? You had no right to love me in the first place, for you knew—though I did not, then—that you had a wife. What matter if you are separated, that she neither loves you nor you her? You are hers, and she yours, for Holy Church will not dissolve your bond. You said to-day that it was my fault—that I drew you on. Perhaps you are right—but you are the first *man* I ever met.

Your rough, commanding manner attracted me. I felt compelled to draw your attention. All the other men looked like manikins beside you. And it came so soon, the knowledge that we two loved each other. All these years I have tried to make myself believe that I was in love with this one or that one, but I knew all the time that it was a game of pretend. My heart had never been dented, not the least tiny wound. Then you came. I tried to resist your attraction, but I could not. It was my Master who had come. I felt it. When you said to me: 'Did any man ever kiss you before?' I laughed to myself, as I said, 'Not like *this*.' For though many men had kissed me, none had ever made my pulses tingle with the mere contact of lips as you did.

"*Tout bien ou rien*, you said last night. You did not stop to think what that means—to the woman. Did you never say to yourself when you contemplated some action at variance with the code of morals by which you were brought up, '*Noblesse oblige!*' I have to say it many times, since I met you. I know in that gay circle in which you move many old rules are forgotten. You have made yourself the arbiter of your fate. What you desire, you do. If I were a rich woman of your set, the 'fast' Paris set, and able to follow my inclination and, like you, scoff at convention, I might do what you ask me. But in my little narrow circle there are certain things forbidden. The family escutcheon must not be stained by any act of mine. But, oh, why aren't we all born rich or conscienceless, so that we might follow every desire without stopping to think that because we are women, dependent on others, we can't do this or that! We could just let fancy lead us, and not have to pull in the reins just when Le Diable prompts us to a reckless deed. It is very easy to talk of that woman in the English novel, the Woman Who Did, and imagine we would do the same in a like environment. But talk is different from action unless one has an independent income as well as an independent spirit.

"You always say—'Rose, you are too collected. Why not let yourself go? Why always keep yourself under such strict curb?' You insist upon quoting Balzac to me, as my sister-in-law does. 'Woman lives by sentiment, where man lives by action,' you said last evening as we strolled in the moonlight. Sentiment—will you ever know what it costs me to withhold the knowledge of my passion from you? When you touch my hand, my nerves are all at extreme tension. When your arm steals round my waist every nerve thrills. When your lips touch mine it is all I can do not to throw myself into your arms and say—'Take me, I am yours to do with as you like.' For one short day of bliss I would give up my hope of salvation. But my reason comes into play even as my heart longs to breathe its confession. I hold back. I am lost—saved—whichever way you look at it. And you think me cold, self-contained. That is as far as a man can judge a woman's feelings.

"There is one circumstance, *mon ami*, that would change my mode of action. I could never stay away from you if you were ill. If word came to me from

any quarter of the earth that you were wounded, if your legs and arms were cut off, if you were paralyzed and could only utter the one word 'Rose'—if you wanted me, I should cast aside convention and fly to your side. I should be as passionately fond of you as if you were a whole man.

"You say that I have too much logic, that I should not pause to reason, but just go ahead while desire is warm. Ah, no, *mon ami*. That is where you are wrong, *cheri*. Listen. I see you only on rare occasions, when you come to your chateau, leaving Madame la Comtesse in town. Now, just suppose you are a woman who loves. When he goes away she misses his simple kisses; what would be the feeling of utter desolation if there were more to miss? She would have to weep herself to death. Therefore is it not better for her to remain ignorant of the knowledge which, if she doesn't know, she cannot miss? That's philosophy if no comfort. Of course, there is another way of putting it: live while you live, and take what you can get. Life is too short to curtail natural desires. But then again, if her Comte goes away, what is the forsaken maid to do? After she grows to love one man, she cannot change right off to another, as I hear men do when one mistress forsakes them. Fie, fie, *cheri*! And we can't all die, *helas!* There are our families, responsibilities, careers. My brother looks for me to make a brilliant match, though my *dot* is small. That is the career he has marked out for me. For my part, I would give up all thought of a career of such dullness if, for one hour, I could forget my conventional training and sink reason for impulse. For one such passionate moment it would be worth while to have lived years of sheltered uneventfulness. But it is not likely that I shall ever do anything so rash. If I ever feel myself keyed up to the eventful moment, may you, my dear love, be within call.

"You say that I ask too much of a man; that no man can be expected to act like a god always. You say that because I am cold is no reason why you should be considered an iceberg also. Cold—you do not understand. I make myself cold to you, but in thought I am anything but that. I am not always strong, as I seem to be when I am with you. There are moments when I am weak, miserably weak. If you were here in one of those moments, my resolution would not be equal to the strain. Perhaps it is as well—for me—that you are in Paris with your unloved Comtesse, at those times.

"Do you remember that day you took me to Versailles? My sister-in-law had gone to spend the entire day with a friend in the country not far from Paris, and told me to amuse myself as well as I could at the hotel until her return. When I was walking in the Champs Elysees with Marie, you saw us, and asked me to go to Versailles with you. We took Marie first to the hotel—*pauvre petite*, she would have been frightened enough to have had to find her way alone—and I changed my frock. What do you think, my boy, I had a struggle with myself over what would seem to you a very small matter. My sister-in-law had just bought me some dainty lingerie, most exquisite, and I longed to wear it. But I said to myself, *non, non*. If I wear this lace and chiffons, it will not be well with my stern resolution. So I put it back in its pasteboard box. On such tiny things one's virtue sometimes depends—*n'est-ce-pas?* But how you would have smiled had you known my superstitious imaginings.

"I have seen Madame la Comtesse. She is *belle charmante*. She is more beautiful than I am. If



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you could love, and tire, of her, what would happen to me were I to grant your wish? I torture myself with all sorts of wild imaginings as to the outcome of our love. But you will never know how near I came to calling the world well lost for you. Had I not seen la Comtesse I would have been with you now. I said to myself, "*Elle n'a ni bouche, ni eperon,*" and resolved that I would dare all. Why, I reasoned, should I part two hearts that should be one; that were fashioned for each other? But then came my glimpse of your wife, so beautiful, so gracious. If you no longer love her, how could your heart cling to me forever, who am less beautiful, less magnetic? My old logical mind again. I was reading in a little book my niece has, from America. One verse has the refrain, 'My gypsy vagabond heart, my sober Puritan mind.' To me it should read, 'my gypsy vagabond mind, my sober Puritan heart.' For it is my mind that loves you, my Comte. My heart loves you, too, but it never flies to you, as my mind does, a thousand times a day. My heart is conventionally trained: my mind is as broad as Voltaire's. Could you but be satisfied with my mind-love—but you are not one of the gods, you say.

"My brother has a husband for me, but *cheri*, I have sent him away. You have accustomed me to the *haut gout*; I shall have no counterfeit love.

"You are right. We must not meet again. It is wrong for me to dally with danger. It is selfish for me to wish you to be mine, and yet not give up all for you. I could never do that. But I never understood the wrong of it until to-day. I thought it was the triumph of virtue in me that I could love you just that far, and no farther. To play with fire, and not scorch even the tips of my fingers; to be mad with longing, and yet strong enough not to give way to the wild desire. All that I considered a virtue. And all at once, I know not how, my eyes were opened to the enormity of my sin—not against myself, not against God, but against *You*. The woman who will dally, and has not the courage of her conviction sufficiently to *do*—she is the worst of her sex. And so, *cheri*, I must say adieu. I should not say it did I not know that it is best. *Je n'oublierai jamais*—I would not part with one of those wild sweet memories, those short, stolen hours, which I, the thief, stole from those who had the better right.

"*C'est fini. Et moi, je porte mon rêve fini,*"—but oh, I hate myself. I am devoured with jealousy when I think of you with other women, speaking to them the tender words that were once whispered into my ear. I am consumed with the fire that can never be quenched, the flame of ungratified desire. Oh, that I were anything but myself—a peasant maid—a cocotte of Paris—anything that does not have to say and act out the precept '*Noblesse oblige.*'"

Had my mother read these letters, the outpourings of the heart of my Tante Rosalie, how changed would have been her opinion of my aunt's temperament. I wondered if the Comte ever had any suspicion of how near he had come to overcoming my aunt's virtuous resolutions. If not, I thought, as I consigned the impassioned epistles to the fire, it is perhaps as well. And then I wondered if the same feelings could be animating the mind of a charming Russian Princesse upon whom I was just then bestowing my ardent attentions. She appeared to be cold—but my Tante Rosalie was the intensity of frigidity. Do all seemingly cold women conceal hearts of flame? I resolved to return to the siege of the Russian's heart without delay.



HE movements in finance and speculation in the year 1904 have been more than ordinarily erratic, sensational and inconsistent, in this country as well as in Europe. On the New York stock exchange, the tendency in security values was steadily upward. The occasional bear raids, and sharp reactions resultant therefrom, only served to reveal the underlying strength of general economic conditions more clearly. The buying power was remarkably insistent in its manifestations, although it never approached the enormous volume of 1901. The rising tide of prosperity, based upon the ease in money markets prevalent in the latter part of 1904 and the first six months of the year just ending, and also upon the general satisfaction felt over the results of the political contest of November, 1904, proved, of course, the only logical reason for the astonishing eagerness with which investors absorbed the shares and bonds of railroad as well as industrial corporations.

Notwithstanding the growing monetary stress noticeable in the world's financial centers, in consequence of the flotation of large loans by Russia and Japan, on neither side of the Atlantic was there anything like acute stringency in interest rates during the first half of the year 1905. In New York banks there was what might be called a chronic plethora of funds. This, of course, greatly facilitated the stock market operations of powerful cliques and "pools," which had acquired immense holdings of shares at the low quotations prevailing in the first six months of last year. But for the almost abnormal ease in money rates, Wall Street would not have witnessed such phenomenal advances in stocks like Union Pacific common, Illinois Central, St. Paul common, Delaware & Hudson, Reading, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and some of the industrial shares. The banks had adopted a policy of *complaisance* towards stock-jobbers such as monetary conditions throughout the year, given prospective exigencies, never sanctioned.

The surprising industrial activity simply aided in fostering that spirit of reckless speculation which manifested itself in such a spectacular fashion in American Smelting & Refining preferred and common, Tennessee Coal & Iron, National Lead, American Locomotive and Amalgamated Copper issues. The daring operations in this group of stocks made it clear beyond a doubt that the entire market was in the hands of a most powerful coterie of insatiate millionaire stock-jobbers. Imprudent bear traders had to pay heavily for their operations on the "short" side of the market. The bearish interest in Tennessee Coal & Iron, for instance, received a punishment such as had not been given it since the palmy days of 1899, when the self-same stock was whirled up to 126 on a series of tricks the raw effrontery of which made even callous Wall Street traders stand aghast.

Concomitant with the vacilating fortunes of the Manchurian war, there were, ever and anon, moderate setbacks in quotations on the New York stock exchange. The freight-rate-regulation views of President Roosevelt and the scandalous disclosures made in the insurance investigation at New York also had

A Financial Retrospect

By Francis A. House

depressing influence, from time to time, on stock exchange trading. Taken as a whole, however, it cannot be said that the bulls ever relinquished their hold on the entire speculative position. Stocks rose faster than they declined. There were no real panicky spasms. Not even the terrible disorders in the Russian empire, and the consequent magnitudinous sales of Russian bonds and shares, could exert more than a temporarily weakening effect on Wall Street prices. That the greater part of the support given was of fictitious origin, cannot be questioned. This, however, did not deter the hordes of small stock exchange traders from risking their money on the bull side of the account.

In the last half of the year heavy profit-taking could be noticed. The process of "unloading" was accompanied by the customary choice assortment of "deals" in both the railroad and industrial fields. The New York Central system was to be further consolidated and unified; the Hill railroads of the Northwest were buying control of Southwestern lines having termini on the Gulf, the reports of purchases of Kansas City & Southern and Missouri, Kansas & Texas shares being particularly insistent and frequent. Mr. James J. Hill was generally believed to be seeking control of the last-named property, he being credited with having consummated his object by secret negotiations with foreign holders. The Rock Island people were reported to be looking for an outlet to the Atlantic ocean and to have made efforts, in furtherance of their ambition, to obtain a majority interest in the Brunswick Company's docking properties.

All the Southern iron and steel properties were, and still are, said to be on the verge of amalgamation. This accounted for the stock-jobbing pyrotechnics and prodigious spurts in Tennessee Coal & Iron, Sloss Sheffield and Republic Iron & Steel. Experienced traders of good memory will recollect, no doubt, that stories of a similar nature were current a few years ago, when the same shares were constantly in wild agitation. The smelting and lead issues were likewise affected, and that very materially, by amalgamation rumors. The clique controlling National Lead shares made particularly vigorous and successful efforts, in the last two months of the year, to dispose of its holdings at dazzling figures. National Lead common, which sold at 15 in 1902, was advanced to more than 81, on tremendous transactions. It is hardly necessary to add that quotations established in the prosecution of these more or less brilliant exploits in stock-jobbing were, or are, utterly untenable. No careful investor, outside of the confines of a padded cell, would dare to pay prices of this sort for industrial shares the value of which is incessantly fluctuating.

The record-breaking production of pig iron was responsible for the decisive gains made in the quotations for United States Steel issues. The bonds as well as the shares of this gigantic corporation responded handsomely to the striking betterment in trade conditions. So far, however, the net earnings of the property have failed to eclipse the high-water figures of two and three years ago. On account of this, the



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common stock has not yet re-entered the list of dividend-payers. The corporation is now pursuing a decidedly more conservative policy. The amounts set aside for repairs and additions are growing larger, and the management appears to be less inclined to permit itself to be influenced by stock-ticker movements or the temptations held out by designing Wall Street operators. As the months pass by, it becomes more and more evident that the shares of the United States Steel Corporation are slowly enhancing in intrinsic value. No longer are they in the control of a clique intent only upon "milking" the property through specious conversion schemes and the extortion of enormous commissions. Of course, the real test of the shares' value will be made in years of extreme business depression.

With but few exceptions, the railroad companies continue to report substantial gains in gross and net earnings. The New York Central, Pennsylvania, St. Paul, Illinois Central, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Southern Pacific, Louisville & Nashville and Southern Railway lines are adding materially to their surplus from year to year. The gains in the instances of the Union and Southern Pacific are particularly striking. They clearly attest to the marvelous earning capacity of these rapidly developing properties. Less satisfactory have been the revenues of the Atchison, Missouri Pacific, St. Louis & San Francisco and Rock Island Companies in the last three or four months, but it is expected that a change for the better will take place in these instances also, within the near future, as a result of the immense yields of corn and wheat, and the fairly large crop of cotton, made in the sections tributary to these Southwestern lines.

The corn crop of 1905 broke all records. It exceeded 2,700,000,000 bushels. The wheat yield is estimated at about 725,000,000 bushels. With but one exception, it eclipsed the record, also. The cotton crop is estimated, officially, at 10,167,000 bales. This denotes a deficit of about 2,000,000 bales, when compared with the crop of 1904. In connection with this, it must, however, be borne in mind that there are still large quantities of cotton of 1904 in planters' hands, so that we will be able to supply all legitimate requirements made upon us at remunerative prices, notwithstanding the absence of panic-breeding manipulative operations *a la hausse* on the part of Browns and Sullys. Agriculturally, the Nation is in strong, commanding position. It has got the stuff to sell, and will sell it without difficulty. Very encouraging is the fact that our wheat and corn exports are at last again on the increase. This must be ascribed to the more normal quotations that have prevailed ever since a well-known Chicago clique of bull manipulators thought it the better part of wisdom to retire from the field. A continuance of reasonable prices will soon re-establish this country in the front rank as an exporter of wheat and flour. Talk often heard in recent months that our domestic consumption is fast overtaking our production of wheat need not as yet be taken seriously. More attention must be paid, however, to the enormous increases in the wheat production of Argentina, Russia and Canada. Argentina, especially, appears destined to become our most formidable competitor in the world's wheat trade within the next four or five years.

Owing to the well nigh uninterrupted speculation for the rise, the reserves of the Associated Banks of New York have been reduced to a dangerously low level. On two distinct occasions, the banks reported reserves below the twenty-five per cent limit established by law. At the same time, loans gained on de-

posits, and the call-money rate in Wall Street advanced to thirty per cent, with rates for time loans at six to seven per cent, rates not touched since the latter part of 1903. Notwithstanding this soaring of money rates, foreign exchange quotations did not decline sufficiently to permit of importations of more than a few million dollars of gold from Europe.

However, the precarious money situation did not deter Wall Street "pools" and manipulators from continuing their hazardous *tours de force*. When the call rate rose to thirty per cent, certain industrials were advanced by leaps and bounds, in defiance of all precepts of common sense. Gains ranging from five to ten points within a few hours were frequently recorded. Liquidation in one quarter of the market was accompanied by dashing bullish *coupes* in another quarter. At times it looked as if inmates of Bedlam had been turned loose on the stock exchange and given complete liberty to follow their own crazy whims. In a few instances the absurdity and *bizarrie* of Wall Street's antics outrivalled even the grotesque performances of April and May, 1901.

In European financial centers, heavy liquidation made its appearance in the last three months of the year. British operators threw overboard immense holdings of "Kaffir" mining shares and also Russian issues. At Paris, utter demoralization followed the disquieting news from St. Petersburg, fears being entertained on the part of couliers and investors that the Russian government might soon default on the interest-coupons of its almost overwhelming debt. These fears are considered exaggerated and premature by competent critics. It must be evident, however, to every close observer that a continuation of chaotic, ruinous political agitation cannot but render a default on the Muscovite government's obligations an inevitable consequence. What such a default would mean, may be readily inferred from the fact that the total debt of Russia is in excess of \$8,000,000,000, the major portion being held by French investors. A default on the interest would entail wide-spread ruin and awful crashes on the world's stock exchanges.

The monetary position abroad is distinctly weak. Neither the Bank of England, nor the Bank of Germany, can be said to be at present in a half-way strong position. The British institution's proportion of reserve to liability is abnormally low for this time of the year, in fact, lower than it has been since 1899, at the time of the outbreak of the costly conflict with the South African burghers. Its official rate rose from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. In Germany, remarkable industrial prosperity and an unwieldy bull position on the Bourses have caused a serious strain on the banks' resources. This necessitated a sharp rise to 6 per cent in the official discount rate of the Bank of Germany. The speculative outlook in England and on the Continent is distinctly unfavorable. Not even the enormous gold output of the Rand mines suffices to establish anything like a satisfactory equilibrium. The calamitous *debacle* in the French sugar industry, involving, as it did, the downfall of several prominent firms, was another factor making for liquidation and intense anxiety.

As the year 1905 draws to a close, the economic situation throughout the civilized world may be said to be imperilled, principally, by a strained, perturbed money market. The Manchurian war led to an enormous waste of capital. It withdrew from active use more than \$1,200,000,000 of funds. While this money is still in circulation, it was, for a considerable length of time, rendered unavailable for really productive purposes. While the conflict lasted, the specula-

tive cliques on both sides of the Atlantic engineered an extensive bull movement on the stock exchanges, which produced another menacing strain on the world's money market. In the United States, stock inflation and an almost unprecedented buying furore in real estate must be held to be the chief reasons for the prevailing monetary stringency. The interior banks found themselves unable to profit materially by the high interest rates in Wall Street, they being confronted with a singularly active demand from their own customers, owing to business activity and record-smashing crops.

It is intimated that the United States Treasury will soon deposit about \$25,000,000 in interior national banks to relieve the uncomfortable money pinch. If Mr. Shaw should decide to do anything of this sort, the efficaciousness of his remedy will be of short duration, for the additional money placed on deposit will only provide further needed means in the prosecution of Wall Street's campaign of inflation. The only cause of tight money must be sought on the New York stock exchange, not in the centers of throbbing industry, nor in the God-blessed, fertile fields of the West and South. There's a plenitude of money in this land for all legitimate use, but not for arrant abuse.

* * *

The Festival

By Robert Prince



HE night even as a garment covered the city, and my soul was exceedingly glad of the night and I took solace of the darkness.

I laid aside the things that are, and I took company with the spirit, even mystical things, and I went with Imagination, the great enchantress, who hides from the light of the sun.

The shame of the sordid city was covered with the mantle of the night, very splendid with the gold patens of the stars. Over the far places hung the pall of the mist, and in the violet west the silvery bow of Dian, and behold, the stone was rolled away from the souls of men.

From afar I heard voices as of a festival, of singing, of playing on lutes. Their mad-glad voices were not ashamed. And lo, a company with flambeaux and music. Their robes were of scarlet and their sandals of beaten gold, and on their heads were chaplets. For a moment's space I saw the face of the wanton before whom they danced. She was as a fair youngish woman, but her eyes were olden as the sea, and as the sea green, and as fitful as the sea, and her heart was as of ice.

The young men who bare her company were as slim as young leopards and they played on silver flutes. The young men played on their silver flutes before the woman, and the music was the music of their own souls. And the wine they drank even their own hearts' blood, which they poured into a crystal cup and quaffed before the woman. On her head was a golden crown, even the crown of Ash-to-reth; at her feet swung seven golden censers, and the incense thereof ascended to the moon and to the stars.

I saw the face of him who lay on her bosom, and the young man was exceeding beautiful. He was as slim as the young leopard, and his eyes were the eyes of desire, and underneath his feet were the prayers of his youth. And he poured his soul into the crystal cup, and drank unto the woman, and she, bending, whispered into his ear, and her voice was as the voice of the first love that is dead, as the voice of the angel Israfel, even the voice of the wind sighing in solitary places.

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THERE is no more famous citizen of St. Louis than Col. Abe Slupsky. The New York *Sun* once devoted over three hundred columns to the exploitation of a doubt as to his existence. But the Colonel is. He first flowered into fame as a school board reformer and Republican committeeman, but his ambitions were foiled and he at once became a walking Golconda, vending of diamonds and watches, incidentally boosting Budweiser, playing "the great game" of secret service, speculating in real estate, and doing any small service for a fee. The Colonel has made much money, and refuses to con-

sider the possibility of not making more. His past-mastery consists in a flow of language which never reveals his real purpose in talking, and so he is a supreme absorbent of information. The Colonel is something of a rough-and-tumble fighter in addition to his other qualifications, and is widely known as a *gourmet* since he ate a quail a day for sixty days and offered for a dignified sum to do it for a year. He is addicted to frequent and strange disappearances, but always turns up where there is trouble and where velvety and insinuating services are useful to the parties in interest. His chief apparent business is having a good time with people whom it is important

he should have a good time with, and this makes him a lavish *bon vivant*. For one who makes it his steady occupation, the Colonel is very successful in being amusing, and for one so much of a business *fleur* he is exceedingly domestic. His genius lies in knowing things that other people are willing to pay for. It has enabled him to accumulate half a hundred thousand dollars. No one ever before so successfully capitalized good fellowship, except Chauncey Depew. We print his picture to convince the still dubious New York *Sun* that the Colonel is not a sun-myth. St. Louis loves Colonel Slupsky while it smiles with and at him.



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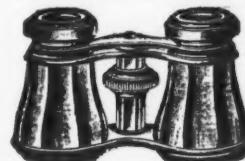
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The Head of Durosel

By Paul Parfait

Translated From the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House

JT WAS a delightful summer evening. My friend and I were strolling about in the suburbs of Marseille. Along the road covered with gray-white dust we spied a small inn, and, being thirsty, walked into the garden adjoining the building. We ordered wine and entered into brisk conversation, my friend dwelling upon his preparations for a trip to Oran and Sidi-Bel-Abbas. From the last-named region he intended to reach the Moroccan frontier *via* Tlemcen.

Near us sat a neatly attired individual, who pricked up his ears as soon as we commenced talking. The subject seemed to interest him considerably. At the mentioning of the name of Tlemcen he quickly rose from his seat, approached us, and, doffing his hat, asked, visibly moved: "Are you about to visit Tlemcen?"

I looked him over with searching glances. He seemed to be about sixty years old, was well built, with an unmistakable military air about him. A large black cravat encircled his neck, and his mustache was gray and bushy.

When my friend responded to his question with an affirmative nod, he asked, brusquely, if we thought of visiting the neighboring cemetery.

My companion replied that he would not go there unless he had a special motive for a visit.

"Well," answered the stranger, "in case you should go there, I would earnestly beseech you to deposit some flowers upon the grave surmounted by a cross bearing the words: 'Here lies Durosel Ferdinand, of the eleventh regiment of chasseurs.'" At the same time he threw a few flowers on our table.

"And so you are an ex-soldier?" demanded my friend. "And Durosel was doubtless one of your comrades in arms?"

"Yes," the stranger replied. "He was a simple chasseur in my regiment, and I have reserved a special place for him in my memory. But there's some particular reason for my not forgetting him." He

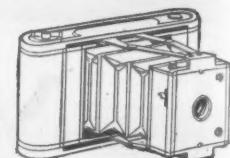
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implanted in me by the parish priest of my natal village, and for many years I remained faithful to his teachings. In character, Durosel was the very antithesis of me. I was a religious believer; he was a mocker. I saved my money, he gambled; I was sober, he coquetted with the bottle; I feared women, he ran after them."

The former chasseur chuckled to himself a moment at these memories of a ridiculous past, and then resumed: "Ah, my friends, this life of ours is a strange, crazy affair. Our regiment was ordered to the Moroccan frontier. The fanatical tribe of the Beni-Senoussi had started an uprising. They were untractable, pitiless assassins and robbers. One morning, shortly after the reveille sounded, the intelligence reached us that a column of our infantry had discovered and engaged a strong force of Arabians. The order to advance was immediately given. Every one jumped on his horse. We had hardly proceeded more than two miles, when we could already hear the rattling of rifle-fire. We hastened our speed, and arrived just in time to be able to make a flank attack on the tribesmen. Of course, I could only judge from appearances, since I couldn't see much owing to the dense smoke overhanging the scene of battle. It's not necessary for the soldier to know; all he has to do is to obey. Where or why he has to go, is none of his concern.

"We halted for a few minutes at the foot of a hill occupied by the Arabs. Our Colonel then addressed us: 'Children, we must take this hill.' And off we were. After the position had been taken, the Colonel, pointing at a force of the enemy hastily retreating from the base of the hill, commanded us to attack them in the rear. 'Get me those rascals,' he exclaimed, furiously. Again we were off, at full speed. We all were in a state of intense excitement, like drunk, from the violent emotions procured by fierce, swift hand-to-hand encounters. If any one of us had slackened the speed of his horse the least bit, he would have been crushed to pulp by the thundering mass of hoofs that followed him. Ah, what a scene that was,—grand, magnificent, overwhelming!

"Suddenly, a group of Arabs emerged from some thorny underbrush and prepared to give us battle. They were led by a fierce devil of a fellow, whom I can still see with my memory's eye. He flashed an immense saber, with which he practically cut the air to pieces. *Sacrebleu!* what a sight he was! Durosel was directly headed for him, and as my horse fol-

sighed, and then added: "My head is buried with him in that grave."

We looked at him with stupefaction. He had spoken gently, without hesitation or emphasis of any kind. There was nothing suspicious or mystifying in his face or general appearance.

We both exclaimed, questioningly: "Your head?" "Yes," he resumed, calmly, "for the head I bear on my shoulders doesn't belong to me. You may rest assured, of course, that this fact does not inconvenience me a bit. Yet, the truth must be told."

"Well, but this is most astonishing, most singular!" I interrupted. My friend moved his chair closer to the old fellow, and exclaimed: "The most interesting thing I ever heard. By Jupiter, you have to explain the matter to us." At the same time, he ordered the waiter to bring a third glass of wine.

"And so you really said that the head you carry around with you does not belong to you?"

"That's what I said, my friends. This head is not mine—it's Durosel's. Well, let me give you the story! I just hated that man,—Durosel, I mean. Why? I couldn't tell you. Certain instincts must be responsible for such psychological aversions. Durosel had a bad reputation in the regiment, but that alone did not account for my detestation of him. There were many others no better, if no worse, than he was, with most of whom I could get along very well. As I said, I detested Durosel. There's no use arguing about a matter like this. Some of my comrades often tried to convince me of the silliness of my aversion. 'Why don't you like him? What can you accuse him of?' they often asked me. It was no use. They bored, and finally angered me with their expostulations. At last, they ceased to argue with me, and agreed among themselves that I was merely posing.

"They believed me to be posing, because I used to be so strict in matters of morals. My moral rectitude was the result of religious principles carefully

lowed his, I was immediately behind my comrade. The movement was utterly irresistible. Durosel had his saber in his hand, but he counted without the incredible agility of that scoundrel of an Arab. *Diable!* The Arab chief executed a pirouette, dodged Durosel's savage blow, and then described a horizontal line with his own, long saber, cutting Durosel's head clean off the trunk. Meanwhile, my comrade's horse continued its course, and I received the severed head directly against my teeth. Unfortunately, my own head came within the parabola of that dusky devil's damascene blade. All this happened within the quiver of an eyelid. I felt the cold steel. Ah, what blades those brigands have! When I saw Durosel's head fly off the trunk, I said to myself: 'Attention!' Putting my two hands upon my helmet, I pressed down with all my force in order to keep my head in place, while the blood was gushing out in streams.

That was the only idea I had at that moment. I had no time to have any others. A few seconds later, I was rolling in a ditch. But I did not cease holding the head on my shoulders with both hands. They finally picked me up and carried me to the surgical department, where I arrived still pressing down my head. Some weeks after, the doctor told me that I could rise from my cot. I did so, but I still, instinctively, put my hands from my occiput to my sinciput. However, this precautionary movement was no longer necessary. My head was solid, perfectly firm. How happy I was when I realized the full import of this fact! I just ran in front of a mirror. I looked at myself, once, twice, three times—I thought I was in a dream. What had happened? I pinched myself to make sure that I was not in the midst of a nightmare. But there could be no mistake. I was fully awake. And I saw that I carried Durosel's head on my shoulders."

The narrator paused a moment. He evidently enjoyed our astonishment, which was immense, indeed. Then, removing his cravat, he exhibited to us the scar of an ugly, horizontal gash across his throat. No mistake was possible. We could no longer doubt. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may look for yourself; here is the authentic mark." We neglected, however, to ascertain whether the gash encircled his neck.

The old chasseur continued: "After reflecting a little, I began to understand how all this occurred. When Durosel's head struck my jaw, it displaced my own head entirely, which had been severed with the same blow of the keen blade, and remained on my trunk, where I maintained it with such obstinate force. All this may sound *bizarre*, yet, when closely considered, it appears altogether clear and simple." We hastened to endorse this statement: "Very simple, undoubtedly."

The old fellow moistened his lips and throat with a little wine, and then resumed: "Gentlemen, I need hardly assure you that I was thoroughly vexed at the thought of carrying around on my own shoulders the head of the man I had so thoroughly disliked. As a matter of fact, I was furious for a while, and was especially, when I felt growing within me an inexplicable craving for absinthe. Just think of it, gentlemen! I, who had been so temperate, suddenly began to long for alcoholic beverages! The head of that hated drunkard, Durosel, was doubtless responsible for this. And I said to myself: 'Well, you have got me at last, you dead rascal!' At first, I tried to overcome the temptation, but found myself too weak. I succumbed. The craving for drink increased. Surely, I was being punished for my erstwhile hatred of Durosel. The doctor told me



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Third Floor.

that, if I continued that sort of a life, I would wreck my health, and as I was still convalescent, they sent me home to France. At Marseilles, in my sister's home, I finally recovered my former health.

"A wine merchant, who had me for a customer at that time, had a pretty, vivacious wife. She had been a school friend of mine in my native place. To be from the same place quickly leads to intimate friendship, and particularly so when the woman is of tempting appearance. My eyes—that is, those which I was compelled to regard as my own—had often dwelled with pleasure on her well-formed figure. I was singularly interested in her. My eyes followed her wherever she went. She seemed to haunt Durosel's head, for I dreamed of her every night.

"One morning, we were alone in the room. She was, as usual, very busy, and had her sleeves turned up. She had a white, smooth, dimpled arm. I couldn't turn my eyes away from it. She approached me during our conversation. The white arm was

tantalizingly close to my face. 'Kiss it,' whispered a secret voice, 'kiss it!' But I hesitated. 'Don't be a fool!' whispered the voice again. And then I followed the command.

"'Why, what ails you?' she cried, and then she laughed, more pleased than angry. If I had not listened to Durosel's voice, I surely would have resisted the temptation. Afterwards, I took still more courage. I declared my love for her. In reply, she allowed me to grasp her little hand. There was no check to Durosel's perversity. I pressed and kissed that hand again and again. I would not have relinquished it for anything in the world, not even in front of a belching cannon. And while I held her hand, I told her all sorts of wild, unreasonable things. It was no longer I, but Durosel who thought and talked. And that scoundrel invented things..... things.....

"A few days after, the wine merchant surprised us. He was a thin, excitable man. When he

THE MIRROR

threatened to annoy us, I promptly threw him out of doors. I do not know whether he was seriously hurt or not. They afterwards made a terrible ado about this affair. The police arrived, and they put me in prison. There I was visited by several persons, who examined my head and my eyes."

The old chasseur here stopped short. A rough, husky voice said behind him: "Ah, here you are! We have looked for you all over. Quick, now, come along!"

At the same time he pulled our terrified guest up from his chair. "If you do this again, we will make it decidedly unpleasant for you!"

Then, turning towards us, he said, politely: "Gentlemen, I crave your pardon. But this is one of our patients, who escaped several hours ago."

Lifting his finger, he directed our eyes towards a large, massive building in the sunlit distance—the insane asylum of Saint Pierre.

* * *

Never Touched Them

By S. E. Kiser

AFTER Mrs. Ponsonby had talked about dress-makers and dressmaking until Mr. Ponsonby was weary, and when Mrs. Dallington had for more than two solid hours discussed gowns, hats, wraps, corsets, and feminine apparel in general, Arthur Ponsonby flicked the ashes from his cigar, and, turning to Dallington, asked: "By the way, Fred, where do you buy your shirts?"

"I always get them at Creighley's."

"Do you like his style? I think Mudgers makes the sweetest shirts I ever wore. They fit just lovely over the hips, and he seems to have a way of putting in sleeves that is so cunning."

"Oh, I shall have to go to him when I need shirts again. Where do you get your trousers?"

"Mansell always makes mine. I wouldn't think of going to any one else. How much did you pay for that vest? It's just as sweet as it can be."

"Yes, isn't it pretty? Do you know, I bought it ready made. I very seldom do such a thing, but it happened to just fit me and I couldn't resist it. Did Mansell make that coat you're wearing?"

"Yes. How do you like it? Do you think it fits me just right across the shoulders?"

"It's perfect. I never saw anything sweeter. You ought to wear gray all the time. It's really very becoming to you. What a cunning tie you have. Where do you get your ties?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of getting a tie anywhere but at Murgenheim's. Do you like these socks I'm wearing?"

"Dear me! They're awfully cute. I bought some new ones last week, but I like yours better than any of mine. I'm going to have a new pair of trousers cut out just as soon as I can get around to it. What do you think would be a good style for me to get? Would you have them shirred at the knees?"

"No, I don't like them that way. I think I should have them tucked at the ends and cut full at the sides, with deckel-edged seams. Still, if you like them gathered at the top I—"

"Arthur," exclaimed Mrs. Ponsonby, "have you suddenly gone crazy?"

"Fred Dallington," that gentleman's wife demanded, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

The men shook their heads and denied that they had lost their wits. Being reassured, Mrs. Ponson-

by asked Mrs. Dallington how she intended to have her Indian head skirt made up.

"I think," said Mrs. Dallington, "I will have it plaited both in front and behind. Do you remember that denim of mine?"

"Do you mean the pinkish one that Mrs. Blytheleigh made for you?"

Defeated and shamed, the two men lit fresh cigars and sat back and were silent.

* * *

Musical Moths

By Pierre Marteau

WHERE are the singers of yester year? The Jenny Linds, the Adelina Patis, the Christine Nillsons, the Marios, the Campaninis? Prima donnas—of both sexes—there have been many during the past decade, but among all the contemporary singers that are big enough to be ranked as "great," there is not one to be found who is in perfect condition. Sembrich, Melba, Caike, Nordica and Eames are all past their prime. Schumann-Heink is on the wane, Lili Lehmann sings no more, Jean de Reszke has gotten to the teaching stage, and the others who have won renown are in various stages of vocal dissolution. And the worst of it is that there are no young singers to be sighted on the musical horizon who might "arrive" to fill the places that must soon be vacated in the front rank of the songsters. Apparently the decline of vocal art is imminent and an era of Alice Nielsens is probable. The reason for this is undoubtedly the ignorance and fakery rampant in the ranks of singing teachers. Fine voices are not scarcer than formerly, but the master of other days is no longer in existence, or else his light is so hidden that only the few patient and persistent searchers ever find him. The craze for "European training" makes teaching a wondrously profitable "graft" abroad, especially in Paris—the mecca of embryo Patis and De Reszkes. Every ambitious vocalist who has by dint of closest economy saved some of the money earned by singing in a church choir "at home," and supplemented the savings with the proceeds of a "testimonial benefit," leaves the shores of his native land—and often deserts an excellent teacher—to place himself under the care of one of the most notorious of the Parisian "voice builders." However, of the many who yearly seek the European capitals to be made "artists," few, very few, achieve distinction, and most of them return to their homes broken in spirit and with ruined voices. Occasionally some energetic student accomplishes the purpose that sent him abroad, but often even then the effort has been so great that in a measure it has defeated its ultimate object.

An illustration of the difficulties and disappointments that crowd the way of the seeker after art is furnished by the experiences of a St. Louis woman—one of the most prominent figures in local music life—who has recently returned from a protracted stay abroad. This singer, gifted with a pure, rich soprano voice, and having within her that troublesome spark that made existence as "local talent" intolerable, determined to satisfy her craving for a "career" by making herself, if possible, a great artist. Attracted by the magic name of Marchesi, who was noted as the teacher of Melba, the young St. Louis singer some twelve years ago hied herself to Paris. Vocally and temperamentally she was equipped to realize her am-

bitions—technique, command of the voice, she lacked, and with Patti's polished tone as an ideal to strive for, the young soprano eagerly sought the mighty Marchesi. Madame heard the American sing, complimented her most extravagantly, and upon the advance payment of three hundred francs accepted her as a pupil. The St. Louis singer was delighted—she was prepared to pay well, and work hard; the art of song as she conceived it, demanded years of drudgery and many sacrifices. However, instead of enlightenment in the mysteries of "tone production," "breath control" and kindred technical points, the ambitions American was given songs to sing and operatic roles to study, regardless of the fact that in the attempt to conquer the technical difficulties of the compositions the young singer's tones became more and more constricted and strained. After some months of futile effort, the student, realizing that she was getting no nearer her ideal, turned away from Mme. Marchesi in the hope of acquiring elsewhere the knowledge she sought. Then began a wearisome, disheartening search for the "right teacher." From De La Grange to Viardot-Garcia, to Bouhy, to Sbriglia and many more, including M. Masson, head of the Paris Conservatoire, and Criticos, whom Jean De Reszke recommended, the American singer wandered, all to no purpose. Operas and songs were placed before her wherever she went, but foundation work was never considered. Meanwhile, the natural beauty, the voice was being impaired through ignorance of the scientific principles governing tone production, and having vainly ransacked Paris for some one to impart to her the knowledge of these principles, the young soprano determined to go to London in the hope of getting there the needed instruction. Armed with a letter from Mme. Melba she went to Henry Russel, who received her most cordially and "booked" her immediately at the rate of a guinea for thirty minutes.

The atmosphere of the Russel studio was decidedly aristocratic, if not artistic, and the American with the charming voice was graciously permitted to entertain Lady This, and the Duchess That, in exchange for her bright gold pieces. Mr. Russel played clever accompaniments and he had some knowledge of interpretation, but to pose the voice correctly he was either unable or unwilling. Having expended several hundred dollars in entertaining London aristocracy, and finding her voice not benefited, the whilom St. Louis choir singer began a search in London similar to that made in Paris, with like result. The famous teachers were visited in turn, but, with slight variations, her experiences were the same with all. At last, after years of persistent seeking in London and in Paris, and the expenditure of thousands of dollars, this energetic woman discovered by accident an obscure teacher in London who was thoroughly master of his art, and had the ability and patience to impart his knowledge. With this teacher, the St. Louis singer studied for five years. However, in the protracted search for art she lost her youth, and awakening to the realization that the time for beginning a career as a public singer had gone by, the St. Louis singer returned to her native city to devote herself to teaching.

Another local soprano who sought foreign culture, in a year's stay abroad, developed a singular inability to sing in tune, and the quality of her voice also having deteriorated she soon lost the good standing she had among musicians here, and is now heard of only as a teacher in a small way.

Various local teachers of more or less prominence proclaim themselves exponents of one or another celebrated teacher's method, and the ear-splitting, blood

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curling tones they emit in exploiting the system make plausible the most harrowing tales of voices destroyed by the emulated celebrities.

The late Charles Humphrey studied abroad to some purpose, but he wisely buried himself in Italy for a year with some teacher who taught him to protect his voice, before venturing into a Parisian opera school.

Mme. Pernet McCarty, whose extraordinary claims have recently brought her into the public eye, has had extensive experience with Paris teachers, and failing to obtain satisfactory results from her studies, in

desperation evolved a method of tone production for herself.

Despite the many "horrible examples" that continually present themselves, swarms of silly Americans are at all times to be found in Paris and other foreign music centers, lured there by the flash and glitter of the clever fakir's advertising methods. The latest of these musical moths to go to Paris from this city, are two young girls with more voice than brains, who, unless they come "back home" to teach, will probably find their way into the chorus in one of the provincial opera houses of France or Germany.

lasses he meets and see just how much knowledge their heads hold of the men who made literature. He will be disheartened. Is there no remedy?

* * *

The Sword

By Ernest McGaffey

THERE is nothing now left but a primal return to the sword.
What avail are your prayers, your petitions,
your bitterest tears?
For the meed of that Justice you crave, which you
long have implored,
Shall never be yours while you dally with hopes and
with fears.

Draw the share from its place in the furrow, ere it
rusts in the scabbard of toil.
Make busy the forge, and heap coals on the deep-
glowing fire;
Will you wait till the serpent of greed has enveloped
you all in his coil?
Ere you strike, as the lightning, as dread as its
ominous ire!

There is nothing now left but a primal recourse to the
sword.
Was there ever a cause more insistent, or deadlier
cause?
When the poison of mammon in glittering aureate
hoard
Has polluted the fountain of justice and temple of
laws.

If the spirit of Concord is left in the bosoms of men
If a spark of the flame be alive made America free,
In the fields and the towns will the people assemble
again
With a wrath and a purpose as deep and as strong as
the sea.

There is nothing now left but a primal resort to the
sword.
What folly to prate of reform to the siren rhythm of
Peace!
By the sword and its message alone is the altar of
freedom restored,
Let Thermopylae answer, the deathless example of
Greece.

Ye have slumbered on guard; though it be by the
cities or farms;
Like a thief in the night has the enemy plotted and
come;
There's a cry from the wilderness calling "To Arms"
and "To Arms,"
And the thunder that sounds from the clouds is the
roll of the drum.

There is nothing now left but a primal appeal to the
sword.
Though aloft in the sunlight our banner loud crackles
and waves;
At the vitals and heart of the Nation, feeds a vulture
abhorred,
And the land that we wrung from a tyrant is peopled
with slaves.

* * *
MR. NELSON W. MCLEOD would make a good President of the Jefferson Club. The former President has him hypnotized into perfect complaisance in all the former President's methods.

Miss Miller, Manicurist,
HAS REMOVED TO
620 CENTURY BLDG.

Children's Books--an Abomination

By S. O. Howes

THE daily newspaper, as the purveyor of vulgarity and misinformation, is a most pernicious force in the debasing of the taste for literature. But the juvenile book is even more destructive, for the newspaper is read by many whose tastes are already formed, while the other sterilizes the soil, out of which nothing green or fruitful can grow. There is scarcely a child of to-day who has even a bowing acquaintance with *Dick Swiveller*, *Paul Dombey*, *Captain Cuttle* and all the host of tear-and-laughter provoking folk of Dickensland. Ask any chance child about *Dobbin* and *Amelia*, *Rebecca* and *Ivanhoe* or *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza*. Is he familiar with the Knights of the Round Table or the Olympians and legendary heroes of the Iliad and Odyssey? He knows as much of the differential calculus. But speak of the Henty and Kirk Munro idiocies of travel and perversions of history and some faint gleam of intelligence will play athwart his features. And his small sister's little brain fairly teems with the trivial joys and sorrows of the Five Little Peppers, the Pansy and Elsie books and the like innutritious pabulum. Instead of drinking deep of the well of romance and poesy fed by the springs of the makers of literature, their infantile minds are dulled and dwarfed with the wanderings of every apprentice in letters that can find a publisher. Here is a list of autumn books issued by the most conservative publishing house in the country, one whose imprint has for generations been a sign manual of excellence: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It contains six juveniles, the same number of biographies, seven each of essays and poetry.

What are the causes contributing to this hapless state of letters? Improved and cheaper mechanical processes for book-making, whereby a profusion of pictures may be employed to catch the eye without regard to appositeness to text. Another factor is the provident and imitative author. Mayne Reid and Oliver Optic were the pioneers in the brewing of these insipidities. These two worthies, finding a ready market for their yarns of seafaring and jungle, were followed by a long train of imitators, the last of whom has not yet, unfortunately, expired. I will hasten to confess that back in the seventies I, too, read Oliver Optic and Mayne but I found "American Boys Afloat" and "The Rifle Rangers" dull as ditch-water beside the strange and wonderful things told of by Herodotus, an English translation of which also fell my way at an early age. Another reason, perhaps the most potent, why children are nowadays shut out of the Temple of Pleasure is—may the aegis of Grover Cleveland protect me—that the clubwoman

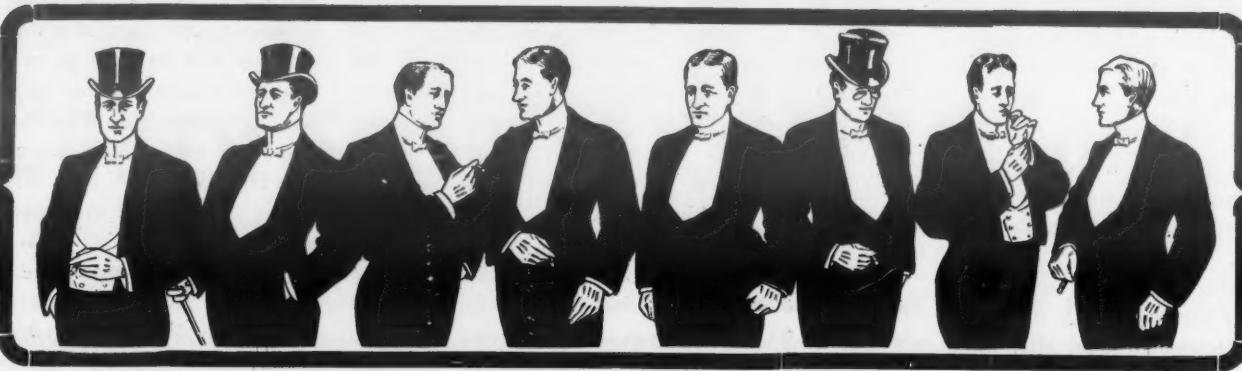
of to-day, a literary offshoot of *Mrs. Jellyby*, has not the time, under the evening lamp, to go with her children, hand in hand, through the brave romances and poems of an elder day. Oh, No! She is busy compiling her paper on Maeterlinck or Bernard Shaw, so Tom and Jane are given the latest pictured juvenile by John Kendrick Bangs and Margaret Sidney.

Children are like other young cubs—they will feed on what is given them. The pictorial inanities of to-day are devoured avidly because their arms and laps are filled with them; they have nothing else upon which to whet their teeth. Left entirely in the library of their elders, they will fare far better than if foolishly instructed in the juveniles of to-day. When I was ten years of age (and I know I was not exceptional at that period), I had wandered with the children of Israel out of Egypt; listened to the old poet-prophets declaim; seen with John on Patmos those marvelous visions; laughed with Falstaff; wept for Ophelia and trembled at Richard III. I did not read Charles and Mary Lamb's version either. Of course a child does not comprehend all the pregnant meanings in the Scripture and Shakespeare, nor, for that matter do we grownups. I except, of course, the theologian and the Shakespearian actor—to them all things are revealed. But a child will carry away with him enough of an insight into that hallowed world of the imagination to create for himself a new heaven and a new earth. He can never do that with the juvenile factory products or with the dilutions of the masterpieces, of which Lamb's Shakespeare is the noblest exemplar. Their need be no fear of the youth carrying away unclean thoughts from the Bible or Shakespeare; their obscenities glance off him like rain drops from a bird's plumage.

'He who reads Dickens for the first time in his maturity can never experience the keen joy, deepened by early memories, that one feels who has first pored over those pages while a youth. Not that there is much likelihood of such a one ever reading Dickens. Brought up on Emmy Lou and her male congeners of the juvenile rubbish heap, he will prefer one or all of the latest six best sellers. It is truly pathetic, for in two or three generations more Shakespeare and Cervantes and the other giants of aforesome will be cast upon the dustheap of ages. Mrs. Eddy will probably supplant the Law and the Gospels.

Like a subtle poison, the virus of juvenilia has insinuated itself, with its pretty half tones and gingerbread covers, into the homes of the cultivated, the parents seeming not to realize the consequences.

If anyone thinks I have exaggerated this evil, let him catechise the first of any number of lads and



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Reflections

(Continued from Page 8.)

Remarkable Mr. Murphy.

CONGRESSMAN MURPHY of the Sixteenth Missouri District, although a new man, bids fair to attract a good deal of attention. The other day he served notice on the St. Louis Brewing Association that the brewers were not carrying his vote around as a piece of personal property. Evidently, Mr. Murphy thinks that the money the brewers paid Thos. K. Niedringhaus had nothing whatever to do with his own election. He doesn't know what did elect him over "Bob" Lamar in a district wherein there are more black bears usually than dyed-in-the-wool Republicans. He says he is in favor of absolute prohibition in the Indian Territory, and will so cast his vote in Congress in spite of Philip Stock and Phoebe Cozzens and Mrs. Dr. Richter and all the other Gambrinius that may be marshaled at the Capital. But Mr. Murphy attracted attention before he had a chance to be heard in Congress. He reached Washington attired in a suit of Missouri home-spun, and has persistently refused ever since to don tailor-made or hand-me-down clothes. Joe Bailey who refused to wear a dress suit is outdone by our Mr. Murphy. Jerry Simpson obtained national fame by asserting jocosely that he didn't wear socks. Richard Parks Bland always thought that the wearing of a necktie was as far as he could go in the matter of conversion to capitalistic influences in our social system. Senator Taber of Colorado was known on two and maybe three continents because he owned a nightshirt that cost \$150.

Bill Nye said of him: "Taber spells cabbage with a K. He doesn't know the difference between the previous question and vicarious atonement—yet he can go to the National Capital and flap the tail of his \$150 nightshirt in the face of the Goddess of Liberty." As a billboard, Mr. Murphy's home-spun suit has already served its ends though those ends are not quite as picturesque as the end of a \$150 nightshirt. Although a Republican, his ways are so Democratic that the late Henry Clay Dean would doubtless approve the same, were he living, and Mr. Murphy would consent to wear one shirt all winter. However, it must be bitterness to the good Herr Doktor Bartholdt and Mr. Niedringhaus to note the vim with which Mr. Murphy assails the brewers. Francis Murphy before this Murphy was not so fierce. It is evident that if Mr. Murphy drinks at all, he prefers the pure Ozark mountain dew, "run through a poplar log." No fancy label for him! It is perfectly safe to say, even this early in Mr. Murphy's career at Washington, that he will never receive a consignment of penknives (made in Germany) from St. Louis. He couldn't get a Malt Nutrine calendar even if he begged it on bended knee. He will have to cut his corns with an old razor, and dig the real estate from under his finger nails with a horse-shoe nail, for all Uncle Philip Stock will care. If ever he should go with a sight-seeing party through Lemp's great brewery he will have to be careful that he doesn't fall into the mash. We warn him not to allow himself to be decoyed into Mr. Otto Stifel's automobile when he comes to this city. The brewing industry paid too much for Republican victory in this State to be wholly responsible in the inside of its head when it contemplates Congressman Murphy as one of the chief fruits of the



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THE MIRROR

heavy contribution. We would suggest that the only thing to do with Mr. Murphy is to have Mr. Charles Nagel take him off in a corner and have a nice chilly ethical culture prayer with him.

* *

Salvationist Music.

THE next public subscription list that is started in St. Louis should be for the benefit of the Salvation Army, to the end that it may some day be able to put a band on the street that can play a tune in harmony. Some years ago a fierce war was started, as the result of a charge by a talented lady, Mrs. James L. Blair, that St. Louis didn't or couldn't appreciate any kind of music but "rag-time," or something to that effect. A mighty protest went up against the criticism. It was voted to be almost as cruel as the immortal dictum of the man in the play, "the public is a ass." Whether true or not, St. Louis people think they appreciate good music. Many of them can certainly render good music vocally or by instrument. We have surely enough musical celebrities; Ernst, Kroeger, Lieber, Kunkel, Robyn, Schoen, the Epsteins, Ilgenfritz, Wegman, Strassberger, Pommel—to name but a few. Nothing is so rasping to the trained ear as inharmonious sounds that bear the label of music. Our good Single Tax harmonist, Mr. Owen Miller, wouldn't stand for Salvation Army music even if it bore the Union label—which it doesn't. The Salvation Army appears to proceed on the theory that as there can be no music without sound, all sound must be music. Reluctantly are we compelled to dissent from this doctrine. There are sounds which are not music, and much music which is not sound—according to the science of harmonics. The army may be all right in a rough-and-tumble with Satan. Its corybantic Christianity has some salvatory efficiency, we admit, but the noises of its street bands are more likely to raise hell than to suppress it. Heaven is harmony, says the mystical philosopher. Therefore hell must be discord. Ergo Salvation Army music is hell—at least on the musical ear. We cannot affirm our belief that Salvation Army music is likely to draw souls into the light. Rather is it calculated to send them to darkness in the most convenient cellars. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and if there is anything more mischievous than music after the Salvation order, we cannot imagine it. Aboriginal devil worshippers have no fitter instrumentality for the evocation of evil spirits than their barbaric music, and exorcism not incantation is the professed purpose of the Salvationist musicians. Still it may be that Salvation Army music will save people who "have no ear." Music, as we know, is not a moral art, *per se*. There was a mighty harper before the Lord who was hardly a person to be commended for aught but his musical excellence. The most pious musician of record was Jeremiah, and he sang nothing but a hard-luck story not at all felicitizing to the spirit. Still we cannot dally too long with history, but must get down to the subject. A b-flat cornet is a favorite instrument with the membership of the Salvation Army, and yet no one ever heard this particular horn, or any other kind of a wind instrument, properly played by a Salvation Army man. Or—God help us!—by a woman. When it comes to brass wind instruments, the Army musicians blow what the profession calls "gander notes." In other words, the horns squack rather than emit the sounds that are supposed to soothe the savage breast. There is more melody in the plaining screech of a planer in a saw mill wrestling with a knotty plank. The Salvationist music is too synchronously eclectic. It blends Palestrina and Charles K. Harris,

It attempts to adjust Handel's "Largo" to the requirements of "Everybody Works but Father," and to establish agreeable concordances between the "Blessing of the Poniards" in the "Huguenots" and lyrics of Charles H. Luders. The musical art of the Salvation Army is too all-fired composite—that's what it is. General Booth adopted the idea of a greater man before him, that it was a shame that "the devil should have all the best tunes," but the Army has taken those tunes and in process of sanctifying them has made them anything but a credit to the cause to which they have been appropriated. Salvation Army music is a great pain to the musical. The best music made by the Army is the tinkling of the bells in the hands of the wardens of the pots on the street corners these chill days to attract the dimes of the Christmas shoppers. The tintinnabulation of these bells is lost in the clamor of the street car bells, the trouble-wagon gongs, the honks and wailings of the automobile horns. All Salvation Army music would be better if it were less audible. Therefore, let us drop a dime in the pot as we pass it. It will help some poor fellow to a Christmas dinner. God help the fellows who must be worse off than the dismal, forsaken disheveled fellows who look upon us with helpless, dull, dumb and mournful eyes, while they tinkle their bells as they stand by the pots hung in the tripods on the corners.

* *

LAWSON's copper pool has trimmed the suckers who went in with him to right a wrong by gambling. The MIRROR prophesied this. Reform! Reform! What fakirs flourish, what crimes are committed in thy name!

* *

A Tribute to Strauss

It is not generally known that Governor Folk drops into poetry, but he does, and here is a specimen of verse attributed to him by ordinarily veracious authority. It was found at Strauss' studio just after the opening of a letter in which the Governor had ordered two dozen more of his pictures for distribution among the faithful. It is a happy combination of absolute truth and extreme felicity of expression, and no one can claim he stole it from Mr. Bryan or anyone else:

*The greatest grafter in the town,
Nor Council barred, nor House;
One truly of world-wide renown
Is Mr. Julius Strauss.*

*The common grafter takes from you
Naught but your poor self,
But, stranger, keep away from Ju-
lius Strauss, who'll take yourself.*

*His artistry is all supreme;
All rivals are in sore straits,
And do but dream an idle dream
To vie with him in portraits.*

*With camera he is the first,
All others follow after;
He leads wherein no other durst—
The greatest photogphter.*

* *

What's O'clock in Missouri Politics?

PERHAPS it would be unjust to say that the Central Missouri Poultry Association had a sinister motive in calling a mid-winter meeting at Jefferson City, January 10. However, the friends of Senator Stone are suspicious. The Dairy Association held its meeting at the capital while the Senator was in Washington—the same being "a horse"—or rather a cow—on the

Senator in the political game—and now a big poultry association will meet at a time when the Senator will probably still have to be at his post of duty at the National Capital. The idea prevails generally that there is not much good will between Senator Stone and Governor Folk. The Governor's private secretary, Mr. Hal Woodside, is a far-seeing young man who knows a great deal more about politics than his mild manner suggests. He is a Most High Past Grand Master, or something of the kind, in the Poultry Association. The Governor's confidential stenographer, Mr. W. A. Morrow, is away up in the Dairy Association. The Warden of the Penitentiary, Mr. Matt W. Hall, is a genuine farmer, and a good one into the bargain. To the uninitiated all of these things may appear irrelevant to politics and out of place, when discussed in connection with a meeting of the Central Missouri Poultry Association. Such is not the case, however. Satan and his kingdom could not prevail against the man in Missouri who has the farmer and the poultry-raisers on his staff. Senator Stone knows this and so does Governor Folk. The Governor was a little slow in getting into the game, but he is there all right now. Only the other day he sent some handsome prizes to a meeting of a poultry association up in Northeast Missouri. It is no doubt true that the Governor would still be struggling to get inside the poultry breastworks had it not been for the sage advice of his Private Secretary, but he is now in full membership and taking all the new degrees just as fast as they are administered. Politicians go through the rites in the Poultry Associations just as they join the Masons. Francis, Folk and some others have started in as neophytes and gone to the thirty-second degree between nomination and election. Anyhow, the Governor is right in on Senator Stone's trapping grounds. Undoubtedly, the Senator has the Governor distanced a mile when it comes to knowing the fine points about poultry, but the Governor has such a clever way of concealing his ignorance respecting poultry that it is exceedingly doubtful if the Senator will ever be able to "put him in bad." Whether intentionally or otherwise, the Senator is missing a number of gatherings that it must cost him much sorrow to miss. Small wonder that the Senator's friends feel alarmed. Indications justify their belief that the Governor is undermining the Senator's stronghold. While the Senator is preparing to make Rome howl in Washington, Governor Folk is becoming the foremost poultier in Missouri. Mr. J. Crow, of Maries County, noted last summer that Senator Stone had dined on so many chickens at county gatherings that an old Shanghai rooster commenced cackling and showing the greatest alarm when the Senator merely passed by the barnyard. After a season's practice the same thing may happen to Governor Folk, though there are people who assert that there lurks in the Governor a far back ancestral racial propensity for goose as a diet, and his enemies are plotting to have him invited to a hog-show in the hope of discovering whether he has inherited an antipathy to pork. It is a settled fact, though, in this State, that poultry and politics will mix well. They go together, like fuss and feathers. Both thrive in the same locality. Meantime, let us hope that Senator Stone may be fortunate enough to get away from Washington and attend the meeting of the Central Missouri Poultry Association, at 10 o'clock a. m., January 10th, 1906.

* *

As to those steel magnates and their splendors, how they recall the aphorism that "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" or "a silver whistle out of a pig's tail." Millions don't civilize scrubs and

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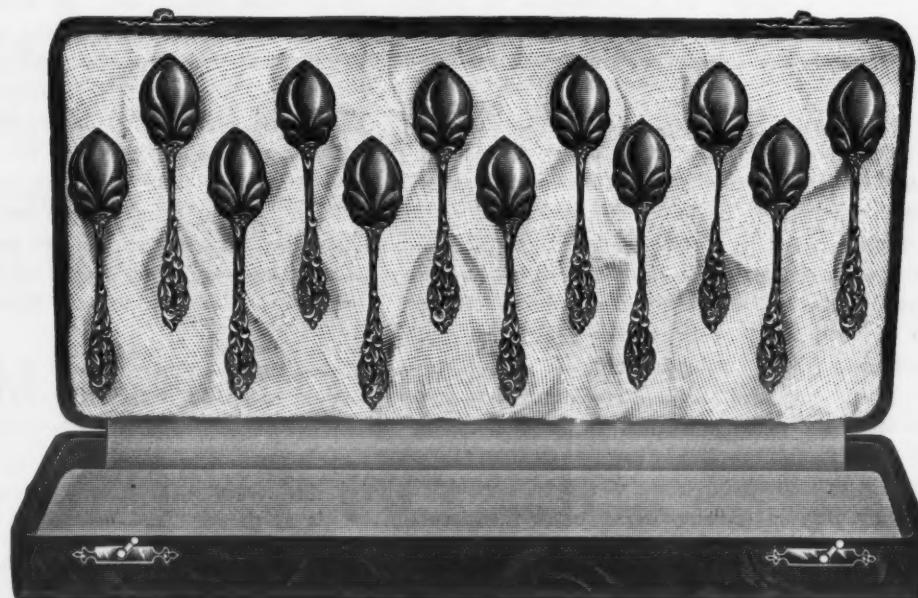
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THE MIRROR

mongrels. The worst thing about money in chunks is that it so frequently only emphasizes the mental and spiritual uncouthness of those who have it.

The Power of the Press

By C. E. L. T.

HE seized his morning paper to learn the latest news,
He had hoped to find the enactment of a most important law—
He turned the pages eagerly—alas his search was vain, For this was just about the stuff his eager optics saw:

"Danced a Jig at 80!"
"Gottlieb Marries Katie!"
"Cupid, Fired from Parlor, Perches on the Alley Fence!"
"Mother Murders Daughter!"
"Stockyards—Sickening Slaughter!"
"Morgan Couldn't Cash a Check—Excitement Is Intense!"
"Brother Against Brother!"
"Tried to Choke Her Mother!"
"Killed Himself with Button Hook"—"Scalped by Trolley Car!"
"Swallowed Silver Dollar!"
"Pup has Diamond Collar!"
"Kansas City Woman Claims She Wrote 'Gates Ajar!'"

But really why continue? After sixteen pages more, He swore off reading papers and he waited all serene— Though the process was deliberate, there was nothing else to do, And he got his latest news from Someone's Weekly Magazine.

Who'll Help Her?

St. Louis, Mo., December 15, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I WOULD like you to afford the opportunity in which a subject of vital interest to women could be discussed in a rational and conservative manner in the columns of your esteemed magazine.

I am a married woman, nearing the fifties, in perfect health, with a grown daughter who is now in society. We have traveled considerable, both in this country and in Europe for social and educational reasons, while my husband, a most estimable man, has spent most of his time here at his business. I have a comely face, with the exception of some deep wrinkles and age lines caused by hard work, sickness, worry and trouble in the past. I know that they can be removed, for I have seen worse cases than mine successfully treated. My daughter insists that I ought to have them eradicated for my own sake as well as for hers, as she believes that it is a duty that we owe to ourselves and society in general, to always look the best possible. On the other hand, my husband says I ought not to have this work done, giving as a reason for not doing so, that it is not morally right for me to try and look better than I really am, or try to eliminate the marks of time, etc., etc., from my face. He calls it vanity! My daughter argues that it is not vanity or a sacrilege, and that her father has most arbitrary views upon this subject; she holding that if I had them removed I would simply be doing my duty towards myself and also my duty towards my neighbors, for

it is only right and proper from our standpoint, to look as attractive and pleasing as possible.

The whole question seems to rest on what means are legitimate for a woman to resort to, whereby she can improve her personal appearance, and what may be called her individual liberty in this matter. I would feel very grateful to you if you would publish this letter and such answers as you may receive which you might deem of interest, I know that there are a great many other ladies like myself, who are much interested in this great question of "looks." Thanking you in advance for giving me this assistance, I remain,

A SUBSCRIBER.

The MIRROR agrees with the daughter that it is the duty of all persons to look as good as possible. We should try to make the best of ourselves, for ourselves and others. But there's a limit to this, and it is at the point where the attempt to seem what one is not becomes ridiculous, as in the use of too much rouge, etc. A woman has a duty to look as young and fresh as she can. It is a duty to others in that a woman who looks well is a joy to all who behold her. Legitimate means to good looks, are any means that involve no danger to health or to the features that are to be "improved." But—no matter how a woman looks, she ought to look well to her daughter, her son and her husband. They should bring such love to their viewing of her as would beautify any marks of worry or work or sickness.

EDITOR THE MIRROR.

De Flagello Myrteo

126.

IF Passion wound Purity it is as when Achilles slew Penthesilea: but if Purity repel Passion it is as though Eurydice turned a deaf ear to Orpheus.

127.

All the holiness of all the saints is dim beside the radiance even of erring Love.

128.

The fault of Love was ne'er without excuse.

129.

Love by nature seeks bright things and shuns their opposites: yet there are times when he is enraged with the lark, and times when he longeth for the owl.

130.

Love and Desire together in debate

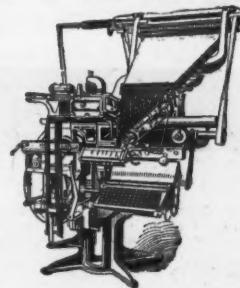
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Strove for the praise of generous doing. "I Receive not without giving," urged Desire, "Nor giv'st without receiving," laughed back Love. Desire's cheek reddened, but his tongue replied, "How many a fire has vainly glowed for thee! How full thy fane of offerings unreturned!" Then answered Love, with triumph in his voice, "Who willetteth thus, his offering may reclaim, If that the recompense he too resign: And did all lovers so with one consent, Than sightless Plutus I were richer far."

131.

It is an oversight of Apuleius to have identified the offspring of Eros and Psyche's bridal with Pleasure, who had presided at the bridal itself.

132.

Yet Pleasure is the constant companion of Love, but not as his daughter but as his shadow.

133.

Pleasure is self-engendered mate of Love, Than Earth more ancient far, yet ever young, For, ever dying, aye is she reborn. Her progeny is Fondness, gentle child, But destitute of wing, and brief of days.

134.

Love can never weary of Love. If at any time he seem to drowse, be sure that something obnoxious has crept into his Paradise, that needs his torch to detect and expel.

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THE MIRROR

Faust's Record of Celebrities' Visits.

There is nothing that excites the curiosity of the average person so much as a record in which distinguished persons of the world for years have entered their names along with quips, sayings, or favorite quotations.

There are few places of popular resort in America where such registers are kept. In Europe in the leading hotels and restaurants and other places where the public is wont to congregate they are quite common. One of the most interesting of these registers in this country is that which has been open to the distinguished men and women of the world right here in St. Louis—at Faust's restaurant. It contains the autographs of world-famous diplomats, Presidents of the United States, Senators, captains of industry, famous actresses and actors, celebrated survivors of the tragic border-days in America, statesmen, politicians and candidates for the Presidency, National political leaders, wags and serious thinkers. And alongside his or her name nearly all of these celebrities, under the mellowing influence of the most palatable cuisine in the world, Faust's have confessed to the world, in writing that there is such a thing as one particular dish that is particularly pleasing to their respective palates. Others have refrained from praise of their favorite gourmanderie and have contented themselves with quips and quotations and other effusions of the heart and mind.

The Faust book is really a social, political and theatrical history of events in St. Louis covering more than a score of years.

The martyred President, William McKinley, is twice registered on its pages, once in October, 1898, when he dined there with General Miles, and again in October, 1899, when he was accompanied by his friend and supporter, the late United States Senator Mark Hanna.

Robert Ingersoll, the great agnostic, left this Ingersollism, with his autograph: "The schoolhouse is my cathedral."

Baron Von Ketteler, the German ambassador to China, who was slain by the Boxers, also entered his name in the Faust book.

William J. Bryan's entry in September, 1897, was prophetic, when he wrote "crow" as his favorite dish, and other entries show that Mr. Bryan never missed an opportunity to dine at Faust's when he was in the city. Even the Laird of Craig, Scotland, in 1896, enjoyed his favorite "oats" there and the book shows that December 3, 1896, the late beloved Joseph Jefferson expressed partiality for "sauerkraut" as his dish of dishes. Henry Miller, another noted Thespian, named "quail à la Jefferson" as his.

John Jacob Astor, few would realize, was taken with the palatable "crawfish" as his favorite delicacy, but he so recorded himself in June, 1897; so did "Bat" Masterson, at a later period, while Richard Mansfield revealed his liking for "lobster à la Coney Island."

Among the prominent women of the stage whose names adorn the pages of the record, are Eleanore Duse, the Italian actress; Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Kendall, the late Josephine Gassmann, the Viennese soubrette; Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe and Anna Held. Lillian Russell also dined there and the entry shows that "Tod" Sloan, then the international turf and social sensation and sartorial arbiter, was her escort. And another stage notable who frequently graced and enlivened dinner parties at Faust's was the late Maurice Barrymore.

The late "Old Hutch," who wrote himself down as "The Only One," is the speculative world's most distinguish-

ed entry. He was there in April, 1899, when he was still pressing things in the Chicago wheat pit.

To-day one may enter Faust's day or night and see a goodly representation of the fashionable set of St. Louis entertaining guests from all parts of the world. It is a sort of clearing house for the distinguished tourists and men of business—their recognized meeting place in America.

Originally this restaurant which was destined to become so justly celebrated the world over, occupied unpretentious but cleanly quarters in "Frenchtown" on South Broadway, a section quite thoroughly frequented. Favorably known, then for its cooking and the quality of food its fame blazed forth like a rocket when thirty-five years ago "Tony" Faust removed to the present site on Broadway and Elm, adjoining the exclusive Southern hotel, the headquarters of the city's distinguished and wealthiest guests and residents. Business was thriving when in 1877 fire destroyed the Southern and almost wholly demolished Faust's. But Mr. Faust returned to business in a more sumptuous and commodious restaurant and buffet. Business was doubled and trebled and the name "Faust's" everywhere became synonymous with excellence in food and restaurant service. It became alike the resort of wealth, fashion and brains. Every visitor to the city wished to see Faust's. Faust's was known to all countries. Faust was the originator of ideas and introducer of innovations. He was the first to equip a restaurant with electric light, employing his own plant and he was also first to introduce the roof-garden as an adjunct to his business. And it was in this roof-garden the now valuable and famous register was opened in 1880. Faust's has been to St. Louis what the joy of life is to humanity. Tony Faust has been quick to realize the city's needs. In 1885, when the St. Louis Exposition was at the height of its glory, he established and maintained a branch restaurant there until the Exposition became defunct, and when the World's Fair opened, the Tyrolean Alps restaurant, the largest and best of its size ever operated, was at the public's service, under the management of Faust and Luchow. As a caterer Tony Faust has as much fame as he has at a restaurateur, and his familiar trademark, "Mephistopheles" in red, is the sign proper of excellence and purity.

* * *

Vitable Floating Hotel.

The Hamburg-American line's new steamer, *Amerika*, is in many respects the most remarkable ship that the Atlantic has ever carried on its restless bosom. It embodies all the improvements that have been found necessary or practicable, from the study of the other big ocean palaces. It has been the object of the Hamburg-American officials to make the tourist's stay upon the water all that it is on land—and they have contrived to make the *Amerika* as much like a great palatial hotel as it was possible. In all its appointments and decorations this idea has been successfully carried out. And the greatest achievement of all is the elimination of the roll and vibration of the vessel, so productive of seasickness. The great weight of the *Amerika* proper, its added tonnage in cargo and its bilge keels, will keep it steady even in the roughest seas. And the introduction of the *a la carte* restaurant where meals may be had at any time, the modern gymnasium, and a score or more other necessary adjuncts such as nurses and hair-dressers serve to make the *Amerika* the ideal vessel for ocean travel. Despite her bigness, she is no snail, making the run to England and France in seven and one-half days.

* * *

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Notice to Taxpayers

Tax bills for 1905, as well as special bills for sprinkling streets, are payable on or before December 31, 1905. Interest and penalties accrue after January 1st, according to law.

JAMES HAGEMAN, Jr.,
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In this country alone, ten million people have already died of consumption, and no minute in the day passes without a death from this awful scourge. As the second hand of your watch ticks around its tiny circle, consumption has sent another soul to meet its Maker, its work on earth ended all too soon, when life and its pleasures are all opening out before it, and the future holds out its richest promises. How many homes has consumption desolated! The father, the bread-winner, taken away, and the widow left to feed and educate her helpless babes. Or the mother torn from her children at the time when they most need her care, and forced to leave them to the chances of careless servants or distant relatives. How many strong men have watched in agony the gradual fading away of their loved ones, helpless to stem the rising tide of the disease that is bearing them away forever. It is an experience that may come to any of us, for statistics tell us that one person in every seven is doomed to die of consumption, and we can never know when the thunderbolt will fall. For centuries no ray of hope has flashed across the consumptive's horizon, and the physician's verdict, "You have consumption," was like the tolling of a death knell.

Change of climate was the only remedy ever suggested by the medical profession, and thousands of graves in Colorado and New Mexico testify as to its failure, while those in whose lungs the destructive process has been checked, but not cured, remain in exile, hundreds of miles from the homes they long for, but dare not visit. There is scarcely a home in this broad land from which consumption has not taken toll, and this very day thousands who believe themselves sound and well are harboring the deadly germs in their system. "Only a cold," says the consumptive. "A stubborn case of bronchitis," says the doctor, dreading to pronounce the word of evil omen, "consumption." And the poor sufferer, hugging the delusion to his bosom that his illness is only a temporary one, and making plans for the future, which are fated to be never realized, goes blindly on to his doom.

During the past few years an instrument called the Bensonizer has been used with marked success and the daily press has chronicled the results obtained in experiments conducted in the tenement district of New York City. Physicians have also taken up the treatment and it would seem as though at last an effective remedy has been found with which to conquer diseases of the air passages.

A St. Louis physician who has been in practice over twenty years, has obtained such marvelous results with the Bensonizer treatment that he uses it exclusively with all his consumptive patients. In an interview he says: "I know of various cases of advanced consumption in which the Bensonizer effected a complete cure."

"I consider this treatment an almost infallible remedy in all cases of consumption, when applied in time, and do not hesitate to recommend its general use. In my opinion, this is the only rational method of treating consumption." How much a recommendation of this sort means from a conservative physician

who knows and has tried for years all the medicines which medical science has found to combat consumption, and yet who acknowledges his faith and reliance in the Bensonizer treatment!

But if doctors are enthusiastic about the Bensonizer treatment, what of the patients whom it has rescued from the grave and restored to the loving arms of their relatives and friends? They cannot say or do enough to show their gratitude, and their letters, written from hearts full of thankfulness and joy, breathe in every line the accents of truth and sincerity.

FROM GRATEFUL SUFFERERS.

Read the following letter from a prominent professor of an Agricultural College in the South:

"Bensonizer Company, St. Louis, Mo.,

"Gentlemen—Your letter of some weeks ago has not been answered until now, for the reason that Mrs. H. has been visiting her mother in Meridian. She returned yesterday afternoon, and upon meeting her at Artesia, the station where our branch road joins the main line, I had her step on the scales in the waiting room. Imagine my surprise and delight when the beam tipped 115 pounds. She had on no extra clothing but a light cloak. I think I reported her weight to you originally as 103 pounds.

"On the 29th of January her condition was so critical that I felt it my duty to summon her mother and brothers to her bedside, not knowing but their coming would be but to bid her a last farewell. To-day, April 5th, seventy days since she began using the Bensonizer, she is enjoying better health than she had since our marriage, six years ago, is strong and hearty and weighs fully 15 pounds more than when she began using the Bensonizer. She had lost flesh considerably from the time we sent in the question blank until she began to get under the influence of the treatment.

"I most cheerfully and gladly accord to you the right to use my name and any portion of the regular correspondence between us in regard to this case wherever it will serve the purpose of bringing those in need of help in touch with your wonderful system of lung cure. Most sincerely and gratefully,

PROF. D. C. H.

CURED OF ASTHMA.

What the Bensonizer treatment can do for Asthma is shown by the following letter from a Federal employee of many years, and a man of sterling worth:

"Bensonizer Company, St. Louis, Mo.,

"Gentlemen—It gives me such pleasure to be able to state that my wife is now restored to health through the Bensonizer and your treatment.

"Mrs. G., who is 49 years of age, has been afflicted with asthma for the past ten years, and every effort of our physician was unavailing. Latterly, and for months before I bought the Bensonizer she was unable to lie down at night or get any rest whatever. The last three physicians that I had each told me that the only cure for her was to seek a climatic change: that no medicine that they knew of would effect a cure. She got so bad that I did not expect her to live. I purchased a BENSONIZER of you and in ten days the asthma had been relieved to such an extent that Mrs. G. could sleep every night comfortably. She has continued to improve, until now she is entirely well; this has taken only about three months.

"I have recommended others of my friends, who have purchased the BENSONIZER, and they are all getting well. I will be pleased to answer any communication from those suffering from asthma or lung troubles and believe that you have the greatest discovery of the twentieth century.

"Thanking you sincerely for the honorable treatment received at your hands, I am, respectively,

C. H. G.

CHRONIC CATARRH.

The case of Mr. E. C. W. was a stubborn one but the Bensonizer cured it. Read the letter: "Bensonizer Company, St. Louis.

"Gentlemen—In reply to yours of the 20th, inquiring as to the results of my use of the BENSONIZER treatment for catarrh, I will state my power of language is too feeble to express my appreciation and praise for it. About two months since I was induced, through an acquaintance who knew of my great suffering, to buy your BENSONIZER treatment for catarrh; like a drowning man grabbing at a straw, I commenced it with a hope of relief only, as I had no faith in any cure.

"I have been afflicted 25 years with catarrh, which is admitted the most difficult of treatment and intolerable to the sufferer. The mucous linings of the nose and throat and air passages dry up and scab, causing most unbearable suffering and life a misery. In this condition I tackled the BENSONIZER; relief was immediate, and life seemed renewed, just because of the great relief, but now after two months' use I feel that I am permanently cured; I do not suffer one symptom of the disease, but am still using the BENSONIZER, as there is nothing disagreeable about its use, and it may still further improve or fortify my condition.

Anyone who suffers with catarrh and wishes to see a cured case, send them to me. I will certainly convince them of the wonderful results accomplished in my case. With long life obligations, I am,

Respectfully, E. C. W."

Names and addresses will be given on request. We only publish letters with the consent of the writers. Write us for names of those who have found a cure only in the Bensonizer when all other remedies have failed. Make your own investigation and satisfy yourself.

There is absolutely nothing unpleasant about the treatment. It is pleasant and even delightful to take, and relief is usually experienced from the first few treatments. The feeling of tightness and constriction in the chest leaves, the cough becomes loose and easy, the phlegm comes up without effort, and the patient realizes himself the improvement in his condition.

The expression is often heard from patients, "I would not take five hundred dollars for my Bensonizer if I could not get another. Every one in the family uses it whenever they have a cold or sore throat, and it has saved me hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills." What a feeling of security it gives to know that one has at hand a remedy that never fails, but is always ready day or night to take up the work of healing and cleansing the air passages, the highways of the life-giving breath, of every irritating and destructive germ! The treatment is particularly successful with children; they like its healing, soothing vapor, and the necessity of compelling them to swallow frequent doses of nauseous medicines is entirely avoided.

64-PAGE BOOK FREE.

Investigate this wonderful home treatment. Do not put it off. Write to-day to the Bensonizer Company, 514 Granite Building, St. Louis, Mo., for their 64-page illustrated book and other literature, all mailed free on request. You do not have to take the treatment unless you want to, but you should at least investigate it for your own sake or that of your friends. Remember the address, 514 Granite Building, St. Louis, Mo.

THE MIRROR

Consistency and Telephones.

It's a common thing for people to praise the railroad for the progress it has brought to the human family and the telegraph and cable likewise, but the invention that has come closest of all to man and his family, and their immediate welfare is the telephone. The railroad and telegraph are good when needed, but the telephone is always more or less needed, and consequently it has done, and is doing, more every day to lighten the burdens of man, and to gladden his hours. So close is it brought to us that it is with us from birth to the end. It carries the message to the man of science who relieves the stork of its lively burden, it brings him again when the baby is ill, and finally, when all is o'er, it summons the undertaker to his task. It participates in nearly all our sorrows, joys and responsibilities. It does the shopping and marketing of a day or two, within a half hour, it conveys our invitation to festivities and our regrets, and it is generally handy when burglars or fires or any other necessary alarm is to be caused. And we can sit in our parlors and hear concerts and operas rendered miles away, through it. In short, the telephone is part of our life, and we cannot separate ourselves from it now.

To enjoy the companionship of a telephone the telephone must be a good one, thoroughly reliable. It need not necessarily to be of many years the unconscious servant of a corporation. It may only be a few years old, and be just as good, if not better in most respects, than a telephone operated by an older company. And we ought not, in this great land of the free, where no such thing as caste is permitted, frown upon the good phone, because the company that owns it has not as much money as the one operating its rival. We should not do that any more than we should side against a human being because he hasn't as much money as his wealthy competitor. As it is with men, so it should be with telephones, especially in St. Louis. Here, not so many years ago, that the present crop of middle-aged men cannot recall it without reference to their old accounts, it used to be considered the hallmark of affluence and influence, of almost princely importance for a person to have a telephone. No one could have one who was not possessed of a very "dignified" income. It would have been ruinous to attempt an outlay of \$150 a year when, perhaps, your salary was merely a cipher more than that a year. St. Louis was at the mercy of a company that knew the public's predicament. The service was poor and the rental high. There was loud and continued clamor against both injustices, but alas, it was in vain. But it came to pass during this period of travail that a new company, the Kinloch, with the popular slogan, "Cheaper telephones," incorporated and prepared to do business in St. Louis. Its announced determination to enter the field against the established powerful rival at first was greeted with "pooh-poos" and "ha-has," but it also came to pass not long thereafter that the Kinloch Company, having secured an immense subscription to start with, proceeded to open for business. Immediately the old established rival felt the pang in its solar plexus, and almost immediately did it begin to hustle to hold its job. Down came its rates on telephones; down came its managers from their high horse, and down came the antiquated, almost second-hand equipment with which the city had been bilked. David had Goliath not exactly on his back, but on a "hot-foot" to hold his business. The new company was welcomed as the healthy rational manifestation of business—the competition that broke up

the arbitrary monopoly. The people were positively elated, and those who had suffered most under the old conditions pledged themselves that the new company should never suffer from their coldness of heart. But, alas for human nature, St. Louis human nature especially! To say the least, it is rather inconsistent, and forgetful, if not ungrateful—great sins when weighed against that which the Kinloch Company has done. To-day the new company which has not sought exclusively to pay out dividends, but has used its large, equable and honestly earned profits for the betterment and expansion of the service, for cheaper telephonic communication, etc., discovers it is not receiving the fair deal to which it feels entitled from the hands of the St. Louis public. On the contrary, it finds that many telephone users are encouraging the old methods of monopoly and trust by accepting from the Kinloch's rival free service or rebates. In short, that the Kinloch Company that broke the grip of the telephone monopoly in St. Louis, and made it possible for every one to have a telephone in his or her home, is practically being, indirectly fought and turned down by the acceptance of the practice of discrimination in the rates and privileges, of its rival.

St. Louis should never forget the Kinloch Company for the lasting boon it conferred upon it in the shape of cheaper telephones. Its promoters might well have sold out and left the field free to the monopoly, but they were men who felt for the public weal and were not for sale. The result of their efforts figuring on the number of telephones in service at the present time is the gigantic saving of \$1,000,000 per year to the St. Louis public. This is what it meant for the Kinloch to enter St. Louis and the rebate practice and free telephone service game is merely a play to eventually divert this \$1,000,000 to the coffers of the opposing company.

It's the same way in other matters. In oil trust affairs, for instance, you'll find monopoly oppressed consumers accepting the trust's temporary tempting bait, thereby encouraging the very evil they cry against. The same with the railroads and with the insurance companies. No wonder competition is scarce. It will be scarcer if the public remains so stupid as to feed the creature that destroys competition.

In the matter of telephones—a quasi public service so closely interwoven with the daily round of life, business and social, it is a serious proceeding for the public to undermine its own interests and the honest, fair competition that has introduced the cheap and better telephone service, by sanction of the rate juggling of the old monopoly managers. It might mean something worse than monopoly with this now so important a public utility.

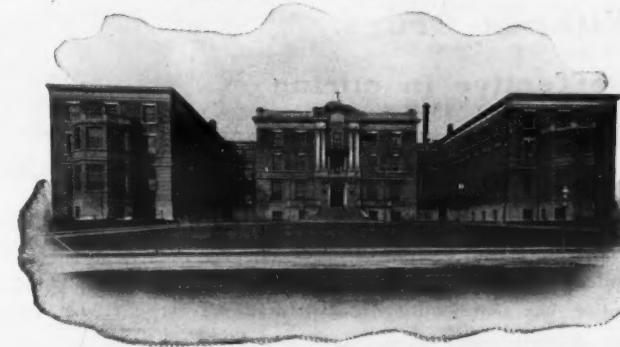
The Kinloch Company has been a frank and honest competitor in the field ever since its advent. It entered the lists on its merits, and fights on that ground. Its telephone rates are neither on the reversible, the sliding scale, nor the rebate order. There is one rate for each phone for all subscribers. Every patron gets a fair deal, and the merchant subscriber knows that his rival across the street has not the advantage over him of 20 Kinloch phones at the price of one, as is the case under the rival monopoly system that is being reintroduced. The Kinloch's rates are the lowest consistent with proper operation. Enough said.

The Kinloch is not only loyal to its patrons. It is loyal to St. Louis. It is wholly and truly a St. Louis institution, owned, controlled and operated by St. Louisans. It represents a paid up capital of \$3,000,000. It has spent many millions in building up its present office just as plainly as if a special

St. Luke's Hospital, St. Louis.

DELMAR BOULEVARD AND BELT AVENUE.

STRICTLY FIREPROOF.



ATTENTION is invited to the superior advantages for the care and treatment of patients offered by this institution, which has been constructed and equipped to meet all the requirements of a first-class hospital.

The systems of plumbing, ventilation, heating, lighting and refrigeration are equal to the highest standard of hospital construction.

Every room is an outside room, giving abundant light and air to every patient.

The Training School for Nurses, which is a permanent feature of the hospital system, enables the management to supply, at all times, a corps of capable and reliable nurses, sufficient for the needs of the institution.

Especial attention is invited to the fact that a flat rate has been fixed for rooms and wards, no extra charges being made for special diet, medicines, surgical dressings, etc., differing in this respect from the prevailing custom in other hospitals, where these charges amount to a considerable sum per week.

The rates for rooms are from \$15 to \$50 per week, according to location. The rate for wards is \$10 per week.

The fact is emphasized that the doors of St. Luke's are ever open to the sick and afflicted, regardless of creed or nationality, and that the charity here dispensed is limited only by the capacity of the hospital and the means contributed for its support.

Physicians of all schools and clergymen of all denominations are cheerfully admitted and warmly welcomed.

Physicians not attached to the hospital's medical staff, who bring patients to the hospital, are accorded the same privileges and stand upon the same footing as members of the staff.

Application for admission of patients must be made to the superintendent, at the office of the hospital.

magnificent plant, and in extending its lines, and soon will enter its new specially constructed home at Tenth and Locust streets. Moreover, the earnings of the Kinloch in St. Louis, do not leave St. Louis to benefit outsiders, but instead, remain here and are put again into circulation by its large army of employees, and through its supply and other purchases and dealings.

Another thing—the Kinloch Company suffers none whatever in comparison of its service with any other company's. It is the constant aim of the company to give satisfaction and to that end the operators and other employes are firmly admonished to see to it that connections are promptly obtained and any desired information disbursed. In the local field the Kinloch has the call at all hours day and night. The perfection of its switchboard renders serious mistakes or mishaps in service practically impossible.

Its operators are noted for their obliging ways, their accuracy, promptness, and patience—in short, it has no superior. And the further fact that the reasonable rental has caused the Kinloch service to be most generally adopted, combines to make the Kinloch indispensable to the public welfare. It has no public pay phones or catch-pennies to fool the public as its subscribers are numerous enough without them and, besides, there is no loud demand for the nickel-to-talk-machine. And the limited service nuisance which compels subscribers to keep books on all calls, is also tabooed by the Kinloch.

Every Kinloch phone is a perfect, durable instrument. Each is attached to a copper wire metallic circuit and each is equipped with long distance transmitters, so that any station on the Kinloch long distance lines or local lines can be reached and heard in your home office just as plainly as if a special

department and building were constructed for that purpose.

The Kinloch's long distance service has been making gigantic strides forward. From the time it entered that field the company has been busy extending its lines so that now patrons can have prompt connection with all the principal cities and villages of Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky and Missouri, quite a large area of territory for a company that hasn't an immense capitalization, to cover, and is still quite young.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Western Automobile Company, agents for the famous new Winton K. Model, 1906, and other standard makes of automobiles, wish to inform the public and patrons that they have discontinued the agency at 3930 Olive street. They are now located at 4701 Washington avenue and 618 and 622 Walton avenue.

♦ ♦ ♦

"I understand Miss Gidday has jilted Jack Sterling and is to marry a rich brewer from Cincinnati." "You don't say? What's the lucky man's name?" "Why, Jack Sterling."—*Philadelphia Press*.

♦ ♦ ♦

One feature of the A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottle beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and Pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

♦ ♦ ♦

Big Four change of time December 10th. No. 46 will leave daily 11:25 p.m. for Indianapolis, Cleveland, New York, Boston. Tickets, Broadway and Chestnut and Station.

♦ ♦ ♦

Crosses, corals, art jewelry. The Gift Shop, Mrs. H. H. Heller, 4635 Maryland Ave.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



PAINTINGS, WATER COLORS, ETCHINGS, FACSIMILE OLD
ENGLISH PRINTS AND MINIATURES, TIFFANY GLASS,
GRUBY LAMPS AND VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY, FRAMED
PICTURES, AND OTHER ARTISTIC WORKS RANGING IN
PRICE FROM \$1.00 UPWARDS.



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617 LOCUST STREET.

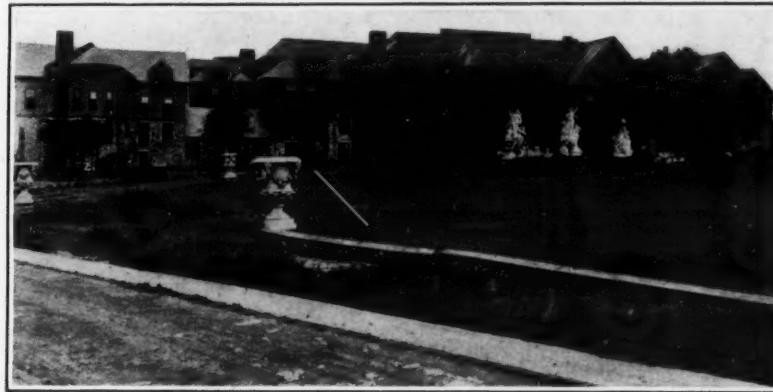
Celebrated School for Girls.

St. Louis' most distinguished institution of learning for girls, Forest Park University, though but sixteen years old, is well on the way to even greater success than has yet attended its useful career, and there is promise that it will prove the nucleus of a world-famous institution.

Forest Park University, on January 14 next, will enter upon another school term, and there is promise of a new and unequalled era of educational prosperity for the institution. Since its founding the university, which is the realization of the fondest hopes and highest ideals of one of the brainiest and most resourceful of women, Mrs. Anna Sneed Cairns, had been under a heavy indebtedness. This fact did not alter its founder's original plans, nor did it cause any depreciation in the educational excellence of the university. But it did curtail, perhaps, the expansion that time and the ordinary demands upon such an institution necessitate. Through it all, however, Mrs. Cairns was brave and

of other cities. As it is the object of most parents in educating daughters, that they shall become capable teachers, Forest Park University has appealed to them as no other educational institution in the Central West. The university affords a full college course, the classics, mathematics, sciences, belles lettres, psychology and ethics. There is a college preparatory course and also the full College Course with its freshman year, Sophomore year, Junior year and Senior year, and the girl who emerges from Forest Park University with a diploma has the open sesame to all the best things of life, and will be happy in the possession of wisdom as well as in her ability to share it with others.

The care of the body is considered only a trifle less important than that of the mind by the university management. Physical culture has long been one of the leading excellencies of the university, and since 1901, when Miss Ellen J. McKee, so generously provided the university with the complete gymnasium, building and paraphernalia, this branch of instruction has taken great strides, and of so much importance is



Forest Park University and Grounds.

trustful in God, and though she frequently saw the shadow of bankruptcy on the distant horizon, she never faltered. She met the many notes that were as snowflakes in winter, paid all the interest and principal of her indebtedness, and when the last school term opened she was able to clasp in her own hands the mortgage that had hung over her head for so many years, and to call the magnificent building all her own. These buildings cost \$85,000, irrespective of the big sums of interest—a great deal of money for one woman to assume payment. This shows the spirit and character of the President of Forest Park University, and it promises much for the future of that institution. Free of all indebtedness, Mrs. Cairns can now introduce new features, enlarge the university or increase its scope in any or all of the numerous branches of its curriculum, and feels confident of her ability financially and otherwise, to do so.

In a way, Forest Park University was a test of Mrs. Cairns' tact, wisdom and learning, and the manner in which she has successfully met the great obligation that confronted her proclaims the institution over which she presides as one possessing the proper refining influences necessary to a thorough education of a girl. Forest Park University bears the stamp of Mrs. Cairns' individuality as one of the foremost educators of the country, and as a deep, rational thinker. She has developed this institution from a small, but thorough seminary at Kirkwood, to the famed university it is today, and its alumnae are among the most brilliant women of the country. As an evidence of the high standard of scholarship aimed at and attained, it is only necessary to point to the fact that fifty-two per cent of the graduates of the university are teachers in the various schools of St. Louis, and in the seminaries, colleges and public schools

it regarded that a special instructor, Miss Jennie Sneed, formerly of Dr. Sargent's gymnasium, Cambridge, Mass., has been given charge of the physical culture classes. Miss Sneed is an advanced expert of physical culture for girls, and she has had wonderful success in the application of this treatment to deformities, especially to impaired spinal columns. The chief aim, however, of physical culture, is to increase the breathing or lung power of the individual, other physical improvements following naturally. In this Miss Sneed has proven more than ordinarily successful. She has the confidence and good will of the pupils, each of whom takes a fancy to the athletic features of the curriculum. The belief that a healthy body makes a healthy mind, Forest Park University has long fostered, and the results have been most gratifying.

The university is designed for boarding pupils, as well as day students. For the former there are all the comforts, and some of the luxuries, of home, in the institution. The building itself is one of the handsomest, exteriorly as well as interiorly, of any in the West. There are a series of buildings, all facing the beautiful Forest Park, but the main structure is 187 feet long, and is provided with all modern requirements for heating and illumination. The rooms of the pupils are cheerful, airy, and command handsome views of one of St. Louis' prettiest spots. The family rooms—drawing room, dining room and library—are also excellently appointed apartments, and the large dining room has accommodations for fully 200 persons.

Each evening during the school term there is a family union in the library, where impromptu entertainments are held—recitations and readings and singing and instrumental music constituting the programme, and on these occasions the pupils meet the faculty members as well

The Largest, Best and Lowest Priced

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FUR HOUSE

In the Entire West, is Located at

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The Well Known Reliable Furriers,

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It's worth while looking at our
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A Useful Gift
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EYE EAR, NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES CURED

Cross-Eyes Straightened Painlessly by my new method. Special attention given to Mouth-Breathing in children. Consultation and examination FREE.

M. M. Ritter, M. D. 921 Star Building, 12th and Olive sts. St. Louis.

as any guests of the institution or its curators or visiting educators.

The faculty of Forest Park University, which has been with the institution several years, has long since proven its worth. It is, in reality, one of the best corps of instructors in the West. It is as distinctive as the institution itself, the latter being the only university in the West which provides a full college course exclusively for women.

In regard to the College of Music, when it is stated that Ernest R. Kroeger has been the director for the past eighteen years, the classic excellence of its young pianists will be readily understood. Mr. W. W. Stockhoff and all of the five assistant teachers in piano have studied with Mr. Kroeger in the

past, so that only one method is used throughout the whole course.

Mr. Chas. Sheffield, the well-known tenor of the Second Baptist choir, teaches voice, as well as Mr. John Towers, who has an international reputation as a broad musician and critic. Mrs. Lulu Kunkel Burg has the violin, Mrs. Frances Wood the elocution and Mrs. Julia Peck the art department. These names, so well known to St. Louisans, will guarantee high excellence. Concerts and musical recitals are constantly given and recently Mr. Harry Williams a young pianist, from Berlin, favored an appreciative St. Louis audience with a delightful recital in which Mr. Kroeger took part. Mr. Kroeger has just finished four most interesting lecture recitals upon "Musical Form."

Theatrical

WALKER WHITESIDES AT THE CENTURY.

MR. WALKER WHITESIDES is an actor who will be good when he gets over the habit of over-emphasis which he has acquired in "making the small towns." He has ease, aplomb, grace, elocutionary self-control and an odd sort of careful carelessness. His voice is very good, but his use of it reminds you of a mixture of Richard Mansfield and the late Stuart Robson. He has upon the whole a sort of Mansfieldian cast of style.

But his play, Sunday night, was a Bulgarian atrocity. It was an Anthony Hope Ruritanian drama, triple-extract flavored with opera bouffe. There is an amateurishness in the plot that is ridiculous, although there are parts of the dialogue that are snappily bright. It is melodrama of the rawest sort mixed with ultra-modern smartness, with a reminiscence of *King Robert of Sicily*. Its absurdities are of the crudest and most crude in the language of those scenes evidently designed to be the strongest. The ollapodrida became inextinguishably comic at times when it was not intended to be funny and the amateurishness of the play was intensified by the archaic staginess of the support. This badness with the very evident excellent qualifications manifest by Mr. Whitesides at times made the play "We Are King" intensely enjoyable to one who observed that the Sunday night house took the play quite seriously. Mr. Whitesides is to be congratulated that anyone can bear away from such a play any respect for the actor taking a leading part in it. If he can survive this play we may see him, some day, doing something that will deserve sincere and unstinted approval, for he has a decided talent and a self-reliance that must win him place among the men who dignify the stage by their intelligence and grasp of the comedic and even the tragic moods in the art mimetic. His dual role with all its inherent absurdities shows him a capable actor.

Mr. Collins, Mr. Gardner and Mr. Carroll in roles utterly illogical and with speeches of the fustian order did as well as they could do, and as the lines would let them do. Mr. Collins' prime minister was awful in its mechanical style. Mr. Carroll had a part even sillier than the author intended, and Mr. Gardner's *Baron Stanbach* was an uncertain cross between villain and second hero. Mr. Winder as a deformed lodge keeper was gruesome and very much tank-dramatic, while *The Raven* by Mr. Evart was the nonsensicallest role ever imagined or portrayed outside of broad farce.

Miss Douglass as *Fraulein Theresa* was at times almost excellent, but marred by the mannerism of the besieger of the barn. Miss Church was a fairly good *Duchess*, who may possibly make a better first old lady in a better play. Miss Pollard's *Julia* was an ingénue very soft and listless and Miss Vincent's *Baroness Stanbach* was—well, it couldn't be worse because it couldn't possibly have been more of a nothingness in the scheme of the play.

The play is inexcusably absurd in its plagiary of the worst features of emotionality and satiric comedy. That Mr. Whitesides and his company were able to do anything with it was a marvel. There is enough merit in the company to warrant play-lovers in going to see them just to note how a rotten play can be made endurable by conscientious acting however excessively actorious.

♦
Humpty Dumpty.

There is nothing left but the title of that "Humpty Dumpty" Americans are familiar with, in the gorgeous show playing at the Olympic this week and next.

It's an entirely new production on

THE

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.

Diamond and Gem Merchants,
Gold and Silversmiths, Stationers and
Dealers in

Artistic Merchandise for Brides and Bridesmaids.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE STOCK
OF RICH GEM JEWELRY IN ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR
THE FALL AND WINTER SEASONS.

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,

513 LOCUST STREET.

a scale about 100 times greater than the original "Humpty Dumpty" and with enough new scenes and improvisations in the way of dialogue, song and acrobatics to make a play of themselves. The whole is a monster conglomeration of comedy, music and spectacular settings of sterling beauty and originality.

The comedy, be it said to the everlasting disgrace of those in charge, who fail to see the fertility of Moulan, is atrocious. In fact, there isn't but one or two genuine laughs in the whole production and they are generally due to the situation and not to the actor. William C. Shrode, the pantomimic *Humpty Dumpty*, is good. His comedy is lively and much needed to give backbone to the great rambling structure. And George Schiller, though he isn't engaged in a battle to death with opportunity as *King Sollum*, is quite full to the guards with a mild strain of mirth-provoking talk and posings.

John McVeigh tries to bat some laughs out of the audience as *Peter* but he is awfully dismal and seems to enjoy his loneliness. Mr. McVeigh is capable of better things but he'll have to rob the Christmas tree to get something else

to work into his game. McVeigh deports himself like a man in love and sure of his game—self-satisfied and thoroughly self-conscious, and his comedy like everything else, is ingrowing. Too bad, too, McVeigh looks so funny beside that vivacious, pretty and capable little Nellie Daly—the girl with the prettiest auburn hair ever seen in public, and one of the smoothest dancers and promising comediennes, too. But none of the disappointments begin to approach the cataclysmic descent of Frank Moulan. This actor, who has proved himself funny and original in most of his public appearances here we find practically squelched in the big show.

Sad as is the spectacle of McVeigh, Moulan's is sadder still. It's like finding a former bank president one knew right well, driving a cab for a living. But Moulan is not wholly submerged. There are flashes here and there that show that it isn't Moulan's fault that there isn't any comedy in the piece. His comic song and monologue stunt, "Man," reflects the popular comedian's better self, but this is all one gets off the Moulan bat. The rest of his goods are soggy and lifeless.

Maude Lillian Berri, tall, beautiful and graceful in the masculine role of *Prince Rudolph* isn't called upon for much save the exposition of her voice, but she does that with pay-day alacrity, though some little reserve when approaching the altitudinous spots. Miss Berri still possesses a paying voice and a host of friends in St. Louis. And there is something St. Louis has never before seen—the Berri wink. Here is an ocular demonstration that puts all the other stage winks that ever were wunk in the shade. And the funniest thing about the wink is: Why is the wink wunk?

It's too bad that little Daly girl hasn't a more prominent part, more songs to sing. She's one of the likeliest bunches of talent carried out this way this season. She has a fair voice, can dance a blue streak, is natural and full of personal magnetism. With good assistance she is sure to be heard from higher up. And Miss Diamond Donner, who plays *Blossom, the lost Princess*, is considerably on the Daly plan, though a trifle more studied in her methods.

Augusta Greenleaf, the fairy *Queen of Mirth*, sings to advantage one or two

THE
HOME
OF
FOLLY

See
The
Tigerscope

THE
TIGER
LILIES

Commencing
Sunday,
PRESENTING
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
CHORUS
IN THE
BURLESQUE
WORLD.

STANDARD

THEATRE
A Merry Xmas
A Happy New Year
TO ALL

ALEX. CARR
AND
LAVEEN & CROSS

AMERICA'S GREATEST
CHARACTER COMEDIAN
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
EXPOSITORS OF
PHYSICAL CULTURE

THE
TIGER
LILIES

DEC. 24th.
PRESENTING
A
TEMPORARY
HUSBAND
AND THE
KING OF
COFFEE FIENDS.

TWO
FROLICS
DAILY

See
The
Tigerscope

GARRICK

Matinee at 2:20, Evening 8:20.

Next Sunday,
Xmas Week.

EXTRAORDINARY

Matinee Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

DAVID BELASCO PRESENTS

THE
DARLING
OF THE
GODS

PERCY HASWELL AS YO-SAN
ROBERT T. HAINES AS KARA

Tuesday Night—Garrick Anniversary—Souvenir Performance.

COMING NEW YEARS

ENGAGEMENT LIMITED.

ONE WEEK.

The Great Artist

BERTHA KALICH

In the Celebrated Play by

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

MONNA VANNA

SEATS READY THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28.

Sweets for Sweethearts

Nothing more appropriate and always acceptable.
For who ever heard of a girl that didn't love candy?
Come to us for the choicest of selections in fine
candies.

Our beautiful Holiday Packages of most exquisite
and dainty sweets will please the girls, and our
prices will please you.

COLONIAL CANDY COMPANY,

CORNER SIXTH AND LOCUST STREETS.

THEATRE
A Merry Xmas
A Happy New Year
TO ALL

CENTURY

Mr.
Walker

WHITESIDE

PRESENTING TWO COMEDIES

Friday, Saturday Eve and Saturday Matinee.

"WE ARE KING."

A satirical comedy in three acts, by Lieut. Gordon Kean.

Thursday Evening,

"DAVID GARRICK'S LOVE."

Preceded by a one-act play "JEWELS OF FIRE."

Next Sunday Matinee SEATS THURSDAY

Special Christmas Day Matinee.

Wm. A. Brady's special production

WAY DOWN EAST

By LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER, Elaborated by Jos. R. Crismer.

OLYMPIC

Two weeks, with Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Xmas.

KLAW & ERLANGER'S American Reproduction of the Greatest
of the Drury Lane Spectacles, "A WONDERLAND
OF BEAUTY."

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Successor to "MOTHER GOOSE."

Including: Frank Moulan, Maud Lillian Berri, Nellie Daly, Wm. C. Schrude, Diamond Donner, George Schiller, John McVeigh, Jos. F. Smith, John Schrude, Augusta Greenleaf, Madeline Seville, D. Abrams, and the Grigolatis Aerial Ballet.

Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

December 31—Sam Bernard in "THE ROLICKING GIRL."

GAYETY 14th and Locust Sts
Matinees Daily

This Week.

THE DAINTY DUCHESS

Next Week.

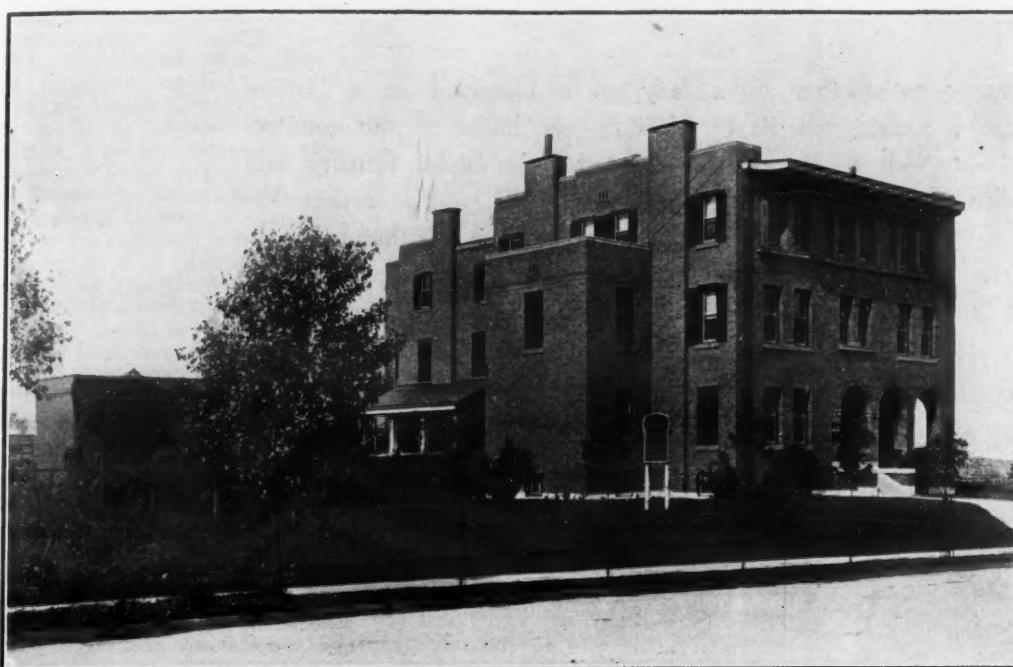
THE RUNAWAY GIRLS

GRAND Matinees Wednesday &
Saturday, 25c and 50c
Night Prices, 25, 35, 50, 75, \$1.00

THE BLACK CROOK

Next Sunday Matinee—George Sidney in "Busy Izzy's Vacation."

THE DODDS HYGEIAN HOME



THE HOME, NORTH-EAST VIEW.

In the Dodds Hygeian Home the patient is cured, not by drug medicines, which always waste vital force, but by employing those agents and influences which are life-giving and health-producing. The hygienic system embraces everything that is curative; nothing that injures or destroys vitality.

Drs. Susanna W. Dodds and Mary Dodds have been established in St. Louis for more than a quarter of a century, and are well known as able physicians. Hundreds of patients, both in the city and out of it, have been restored to health by them; many of these patients had been given up by other doctors before coming under their treatment. Women, after being assured that nothing except an operation could cure them, have been successfully treated by these physicians without resorting to the knife. The judicious use of the hygienic agents not only does away with drugging, but with the greater part of surgical work. Were the practice of hygiene universal, health would be the rule and sickness the exception.

The Drs. Dodds make a specialty of diseases of women; also diseases of the digestive organs. They cure every case of chronic diarrhoea and catarrh of the bowels, provided there is a fair amount of vitality to work with and the patient comes into their home. In liver affections, obstinate constipation and headaches of long standing, as well as kidney disease in its earlier stages, they succeed in curing after other methods have been tried in vain. The hygienic treatment is applicable to every known disease.

Patients received into our home. Send for circular, addressing

DRS. S. W. AND M. DODDS,

4518 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

songs and the aerial ballet of the Grigolattis is pretty and unique in its figures and settings to music. Several members of the Grigolattis corps float in the air above the stage forming various figures and poses, and one of the prettiest of spectacles. In fact all the scenes are strikingly beautiful and on a scale larger than any spectacular production heretofore has demanded. The electrical and mechanical devices are wonderful and the aids to the tumblers, W. Fables, the *King of Misrule*, Dave Abrams and Hilarian Ceballas are great improvements on previous efforts in these lines. Men and women are shot and drawn on to the stage and off most mysteriously and rapidly and there is an element of fun in all these quaint entries and exits. "Humpty Dumpty" is as full of surprises as old Santa Claus' bag will be and they are the surprises the little children as well as the big children like to try on. Sunday night one of the enjoyable things was the frequent musical ring of children's laughter in the audience, an unusual sound in theaters. In fact this great production has so much that pleases the eye and touches the ticklish spots that it is well worth seeing in this merry period of Yuletide.

A few of the marvels of modern stagecraft are on view this week at the Imperial, where is being presented "Shadows of a Great City." This piece has been produced here before but never on such an elaborate scale. The rescue of the child and the Hell Gate scene are intensified and rendered more realistic by the use of many thousand of gallons of water which is made to flow naturally before the audience. And the city of New York at night-time is presented as the background to this picture, all illuminated and looking most natural. There are other new things noticeable in the production especially

the vaudeville features, the best of which is the quartet that appears in a boat at night on the Hudson. The story of the play is presented by a company of intelligent men and women, and there is no overdoing of the more sentimental roles.

Among the capables in the cast are Harry Devere, Albert Lang, E. L. Walton, Frederick Ormond, Augusta Gill, Alice Brophy, and the especially clever and popular Sadie Connelly, who plays *Biddy Ronan*, a big-hearted Irish woman.

The good features of "The Washington Society Girls" show at the Standard this week are so many and varied that it is difficult to say which is best. The trained animals present one of the most diverting performances seen here in some time. Prof. Haveman puts the animals through some of the most marvelous paces. This is a European attraction. In addition to this there is a set of clever specialties in which Grace Mantell, vocalist; West and Williams, comedians; Eldora, a juggler; Dave Marion and his slang classic, "Moving Day"; Aggie Behler, Lew Adams and the funny singing Cynotte Sisters are the chief entertainers. The travesties "Oh What Joy" and "Krausmeyer's Alley" afford the greatest fun.

"The Black Crook" revival at the Grand this week is artistically done and those who saw some of the earlier productions of this piece will find much food for reminiscence in the present attraction. The Kiralfy version is the one generally adopted and the addition of good vaudeville numbers adds a lot of variety and vim to the show. The revival retains all the marvelous scenic effects and investiture of old, such as the masque ball, the serpent's den and the *Crook's laboratory*. And the necessary complement of chorus girls add

greatly to the beauty of the show. The music and songs are catchy and a bully good little music comedy, "The Bulliest Girl I Know," is a distinctly pleasing feature. In the musical numbers Miss Emma Seigel and Emmet O'Connor are the principal entertainers. William L. Donazetta as *Van Puffengrantz*, Joseph Cossack as the *Black Crook*, Claude Lightner as the poor artist, Charles Robinson, Joseph Meyer, Maude Martin, Hilda Hawthorne, and Clara Sidney are among those whose work is noteworthy.

Lovers of the well-rendered popular songs shouldn't miss Clara Wieland with that good show, "The Dainty Duchess," at the Gayety this week. Miss Wieland is the possessor of a pleasing personality and a captivating contralto both of which conspire to win her audiences. She interpolates several songs but her rendition of "Making Eyes" surpasses the efforts of all other songsters in this very elusive melody.

The show itself is above the average, two musical skits being quite ably presented. Sadie Leonard vies with Miss Wieland as a star and proves herself a clever variety performer. There is plenty of wit and humor in the lines of the musical skits. Interesting specialties notably the wrestling women, are thrown in for good measure.

The German Stock Company, Heinemann-Welb, have the Garrick stage this week and are changing their play every night. The offerings are among the most ambitious ever seen at the Chestnut street house and if by some chance of legerdemain the company could suddenly speak their lines in English the result would be a great revelation. There will be eight performances in all including a matinee on Wednesday and one on Saturday. This is the first time the German company which formerly played Sunday nights in the Olympic

and the Odeon puts up a week's stay at a downtown house. It is gratifying to know that the engagement is attracting a great many people who do not usually attend performances in German.

Coming Attractions.

"The Darling of the Gods," the dramatic gem of Japanese color and locale, which had such a long successful World's Fair, will be the Garrick's run here during and subsequent to Christmas week offering. It will begin a week's engagement Sunday night. On Tuesday the eleven hundredth performance of the piece will be given, and on that date the Garrick Theater will celebrate its opening by presenting each lady attending with a handsome souvenir, an aluminum paper cutter, patterned after the Japanese swords used in "The Darling of the Gods." Miss Percy Haswell takes the part Blanche Bates so effectively impersonated, and the new Yo San is said to be quite as finished as Miss Bates'. Robert Haines, the original Kara, will appear in that role. And others of the original cast are also to participate in the presentation of the piece here.

"Humpty-Dumpty" will remain next week, Christmas week, at the Olympic. The success this great spectacular production has already met here promises great returns during the holiday period. There are four or five fun makers in the cast. "Humpty-Dumpty" is the popular show in England, where it has been produced annually at Drury Lane for several hundred years.

The Standard's Christmas week attraction will be the "Tiger Lillies," one of the largest and best burlesque troops on the road. They have a strong corps of comedians, singers, dancers, musicians and sketch artists, and the travesty they are presenting is chock full of quick action and funny situations. The "Tiger Lillies" also present a complete specialty bill with some of the newest things in that line.

That popular pastoral play, "Way Down East," which is replete with those sentiments and ambitions and ideals, which are seldom exploited dramatically nowadays, will be the Christmas week bill at the Century.

Garland's

Nothing is so thoroughly satisfactory to a lady as a Diamond or a Set of Furs. We cannot supply the Diamond, but in **FURS** no house in the country, from ocean to ocean, can so well meet every expectation in Style, Quality and Price, as Garland; an entire floor is given up to **FURS**. 20 expert Fur Salesladies wait on you. Every piece is of Selected Skins, fresh from the hands of the sewers—the pelts are from every fur section of the earth, and represent 50 different animals—from the imperial Ermine to the democratic Water Mink.

Prices from \$15.00 down to \$1.75

Thomas W. Garland
409 N. BROADWAY
CLOAKS & FURS

The company has already arrived in St. Louis, and will rest here preparatory to the opening their engagement. "Way Down East" is one of those dramas that never loses its lustre or its hold upon the public. It is being presented by an exceptionally good company.

George Sidney, who has entertained theater-goers for several seasons in his "Busy Izzy" character, comes to the Grand next week, in a new play, "Busy Izzy's Vacation." He has some clever people supporting him, and the new vehicle is said to be superior to anything Mr. Sidney has yet presented.

A first-class melodrama, one that has a proper blend of the dramatic elements of the Imperial next Sunday afternoon for a week's stay. The play is, "Fighting Fate." It is presented by a company of capable young actors and actresses, and scenically it will present some striking features.

"The Runaway Girl" is the attraction billed at the Gayety next week, commencing Sunday afternoon. There is a good mixture of travesty and specialty, and by an up-to-date company.

The Change of the Planters.

Have you noticed the change at the Planters' since Tom J. Landrum has become President and General Manager? It's so great a person could scarcely help noting it. It's now the liveliest, most attractive spot in the city—where something's always doing—the chosen place for society's ceremonies and revels—weddings, receptions, banquets and dinners and suppers and luncheons. Of banquets alone it has had sixteen since Mr. Landrum's administration began and they were the annual gatherings of representative business and social organizations of the city, state and the nation. The subtle charm of music is ever lingering in the corridors, cafe and parlors. An orchestra is employed for that purpose day and night and its concerts are tastefully prepared. Theater parties particularly find Mr. Landrum's arrangements for their comfort and convenience thoughtfully planned and perfect.

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Amsterdam Hand Wrought Kettles and Brasses. Mrs. H. H. Heller, The Gift Shop, 4635 Maryland Ave.

♦ ♦ ♦

A pure beer can't help tasting better than others, and is certainly more wholesome. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and free from all "doctoring." Order from the American Brewing Co.

♦ ♦ ♦

Galli Nancy Glass, new art shades, Mrs. H. H. Heller, The Gift Shop, 4635 Maryland Ave.

Electricity's Utilities.

Husbands and wives and prospective brides and grooms will find much to interest and instruct them these Yuletide days in the Union Electric Light and Power Company's modern exhibition of the utilities of electricity, which is given daily at the company's offices, Tenth and St. Charles streets. To those who think electricity's usage is confined to illuminating homes and cities and operating cars and machinery, this exhibition will prove an eye opener. As a decorative medium electricity is the peer of everything, the miniature incandescent globes furnishing a dazzling display when lighted. They can be used in Christmas trees or hung in festoons from the ceilings of rooms with excellent effect. But it's in its household usefulness that electricity appeals most to man and womankind and what it does accomplish, directed by the hand of man, is wonderful. Magnificent ornamental stoves or heaters serve as illuminators as well. There are electric tea pots and coffee percolators that may be put into service in any room, the electric curling iron heater, the electric bag that supplants the cumbersome and troublesome hot water bag in the sick room and the miniaature stove for preparing hot and distilled water where there is a sick person, the sewing machine, the flat-iron, the chafing dish, broiler and ovens in which beef-steaks or roasts may be prepared for table. The use of these articles is demonstrated and they are all shown to be cleaner, quicker, just as cheap if not cheaper, and as satisfactory in their results as the utensils at present generally in use.

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A Worthy Hospital to Aid

An institution that is doing a worthy work in the care of the sick and afflicted, irrespective of nationality and religion, is St. Luke's Hospital, and strange to say a number of mistaken impressions concerning its wealth, its rates and management are abroad. For instance, some people think the hospital is rich and fully endowed. Not so. It is in need of steady and generous financial aid and a material increase of annual subscribers if it is to maintain and expand its worthiest charity of free treatment. And again, St. Luke's rates for pay patients are not above those of any first-class, reputable hospital. St. Luke's rate is a lump one, there being no subsequent bills for extras to encounter, as in other hospitals. As to the hospital management, a reference to the annual report is sufficient answer to all criticism or

misunderstanding. The popularity of the hospital with the sick of all faiths reveals the fame of its charity and the merit of its treatment and nursing. Its healthful location and the cheerful sunlit, airy rooms and wards make it a most desirable institution for the sick or invalid who can pay. The rates being reasonable and the attention and treatment being the best obtainable, St. Luke's ranks among the best hospitals of the West. Miss Belle Gregory is its capable and experienced superintendent, under whose management the hospital has steadily improved.

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An Ideal Hotel

Have you ever stopped to think how many persons make their homes in the hotels of the cities? You'd be surprised to know there are nearly as many regular as day boarders in nearly all the large hotels of the country. This is because hotel life does away with all the annoyances and inconveniences of the servant problem, the food selection problem, the plumber, the coal dealer and the thousand and one troubles necessary to conducting a home properly. At the hotel a man and his family may have all the enjoyments of life, the little attentions more courteously extended than if they were offered in their own home, and all the luxuries of life. All that he need worry over is the hotel bill, which no matter how high it may go, is never greater than the cost of operating a home with the same conveniences and pleasures for the same time. Social life in a hotel can also be made quite pleasant where there are so many families staying and in a general way it knocks the stuffing out of "Home Sweet Home."

The Southern Hotel in St. Louis, which, since its establishment in 1857, forty-eight years ago, has been popular as a family hotel now is even more popular. Many families now find in this hospitable hostelry all the comforts and none of the trials of home. The Southern is one of the best managed hotels in the United States. All its rooms are large, bright and airy and everything modern is installed for the comfort of guests. The Southern's cuisine is unsurpassable, and has given this hospitable house a wide fame. The structure is kept in elegant repair within and without, everything looking to the comfort of guests being adopted no matter what the expense. Its downtown location, Broadway and Walnut, and the easy access from it to the business center of the city, constitute another important reason for its large patronage.

St. Louis Winter Resort.

St. Louis' indoor winter resort—the Belcher baths, Fourth and Lucas avenue, is constantly growing in popularity. The Belcher baths in winter have a most pleasing effect upon the system. It is as if the waters undergo some chemical or electrical change that imparts a new vigor to the body. Its effect on the complexion is also more noticeable even than in summer—the skin showing clear and blushing after the waters have been used regularly for some weeks. The pleasures of the Belcher baths are attracting many men and women who never realized what a boon they had at their very doors and visitors come from many miles around to take the baths and drink the water. Visitors and patrons possess a great advantage in being able to live near the baths, in the adjoining Belcher hotel and many are now staying there so that they may drink the Belcher water as well as bathe in it. There is every convenience for women at the baths and there are a large number now taking advantage of the curative properties of the water.

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The Dodds Hygeia Home.

Elsewhere in this issue of THE MIRROR will be found the half-page display advertisement of the Dodds Hygeian Home, conducted at 4518 Washington avenue, by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., and Mary Dodds, M. D., who, for a quarter of a century have been practicing their profession in this city. The institution, as its name indicates, is devoted to the treatment of diseases strictly by the hygienic method. No drugs are administered; every opportunity being afforded the system to help itself. The building has been arranged and outfitted to conform to the laws of hygiene, and as the number of patients is limited, each is assured of the proper attention. Read the "ad."

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No More Smoke

Are you violating the smoke ordinance, and contributing to the most grievous (or, offensive, if better word) public nuisance that St. Louis has to bear at this season? The HYDRO CARBON SYSTEM has been proven a complete remedy, and its promoters, who are responsible St. Louisans, are willing to guarantee a substantial fuel economy. Their address is the Hydro-Carbon Furnace Co., 1012 Chemical Building.

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Pictures framed and unframed, unusual subjects, Mrs. H. H. Heller, 4635 Maryland Ave., The Gift Shop.

Democratic State Committee.

BY HOWELL PUTNAM.

The Democratic State Committee will assemble in solemn council at Jefferson City next week and exhibit its sore spots to the sympathizing reformers. Mr. Speed Mosby, the Jefferson City novelist and Pardon Attorney for Governor Folk, has severed his connection with the Committee as has also Col. Bob Kern of Macon County, and the City of St. Louis. Presumably their places will be filled by reformers; after which Chairman Evans will submit plans and specifications for injecting some life into 40,000 sleepy Democrats who don't care to go to the polls and vote. Conditions are chaotic in the Democratic organization. The reformers are in full charge of the State Committee, but they lack in leadership and are without campaign funds. It is exceedingly doubtful if they can raise any money worth speaking of. The old machine gang will not give the committee a cent, and the reformers themselves are all "tight wads," when it comes to diving down into their pockets. They approve of gifts, but their motto is: "We only Receive." The public-service corporations are afraid of Governor Folk. The maximum freight-rate bill that he approved last winter scared the railroads. The Transit Company of St. Louis, long a source of big campaign contributions to Democratic campaigns under ring management, will never give one cent to a State Committee dominated by Governor Folk. He is poison to the lobby trust. The brewers, and distillers, of course, will put up handsomely to defeat any move engineered by Chairman Evans. On the other hand, the Republicans have plenty of money. Thos. K. Niedringhaus has never relinquished his campaign work since he was elected Chairman of the State Committee. He is just as active in organization work to-day as he was a year ago last October. Republican State headquarters have never been closed. Mr. Niedringhaus knows how to raise money. He delivered the goods in the last campaign, and his requests on the National Committee will be honored. He milked the brewers for large contributions last year and he will be able to do so again. Knowing Governor Folk's hostile attitude, the railroads and corporations that are in the habit of buying legislative favors at Jefferson City, will help the Republicans in the next campaign. When Chairman Evans assembles the Democratic State Committee he will find a disorganized party in almost every county. Next year's campaign will open with the odds against the Democrats. A full vote next November would doubtless land a Democratic victory, but the present committee can never get out a full vote. The Sunday lid is going to result in either a big stay-at-home Democratic vote or a switch to the Republican ticket, if the right kind of men are nominated. The only chance the Democrats have is for Governor Folk to personally force an issue on the Sunday law. This would smoke the Republicans out and create enough internal strife to make amends for losses the Democrats are certain to sustain on account of the Sunday law. Residents of North and South St. Louis may not know it, but it is nevertheless a fact that the bulk of opposition, the State over, to the Sunday law, is within the Democratic party. Look at the array of Democratic Governors who refused to enforce this law: Woodson, Hardin, Phelps, Crittenden, Marmaduke, Morehouse, Francis, Stone, Stephens and Dockery. Outside of the large cities the Republicans are more prone to restrict the sale of intoxicants than the Democrats. Should Governor Folk force the issue, Mr. Niedringhaus would find his position behind a breastwork of beer kegs exceedingly unpleas-

ant. He would then find his time fully occupied in trying to prevent Republicans from voting the Democratic ticket, rather than following the pleasant line of last year in proselyting Democrats. Thin as the ice is under the Democratic State Committee, the Republican Committee is standing over a powder magazine, and Governor Folk can send a spark into the explosives. As a whole, the Democratic State Committee is incompetent. It is not fit to organize a County Township. It has earned the lasting hatred of the old ring, an organization that is yet able to do a great deal of harm. The Republican Committee has an able and resourceful chairman and is composed of good party men. Unless Governor Folk takes personal command of the Democratic forces, it will be a waste of time for that party to put up a State ticket next summer. This is the situation at the present time, viewed from the top rail of the fence.

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"The Coming Country"

The holiday number of "The Coming Country," a magazine devoted to the Southwest and its myriad enterprises and opportunities, contains a series of carefully prepared illustrated articles about this new empire, as the Southwest is frequently called. The leading contribution, "Looking Ahead," gives a lucid idea of the richness of this immense territory, which embraces Southwest Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory and Texas, and shows the opportunities therein for home-seekers and fortune-seekers who are willing to work. An evidence of the Southwest's growth and richness is afforded in the expansion of the railroads in that section. In recent years about one-half the entire new mileage of the United States has been laid in the Southwest. Another article that bears no trace of exaggeration is "The Southwest," by Charles M. Harvey, giving the scope of the section, telling of its resources and products, its population, its transportation connections and the Panama Canal's prospective effect. There are, besides, articles full of surprising facts about Missouri, Kansas, Texas, a special article about San Antonio as a health resort, and maps of value to travelers or prospectors. The magazine is issued under the auspices of the M., K. & T. Railroad.

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Rebman's Christmas Good Things

We have brought from Europe a fine line of Xmas Novelties and Bonbonnieres for dinners and children's parties. We supply you with everything in the culinary line from oysters to ice cream, pudding and charlottes. Leave your orders early. Our dark fruit cake is the finest. Our Nurnberger Lebkuchen and Marzopan have no equal.

Receptions and weddings furnished with every requisite. Estimates given on short notice. Our Mid-day Luncheon from 12 to 2 p. m., 50 cents. Table d'hote dinners from 6 to 8:30 p. m.; Sundays, from 1 to 8:30 p. m.

REBMAN'S, 4314 Olive Street.

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Whist and Euchre prizes; gifts of all kinds. Mrs. H. H. Heller, The Gift Shop, 4635 Maryland Ave.

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"A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer, Pure, Pale and Sparkling. Bottled Exclusively at the Brewery in St. Louis."

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Only Personally Selected Artistic Novelties, at The Gift Shop, 4635 Maryland Ave.

Parker's HEADACHE POWDERS
CURE HEADACHE 10¢



BEER

As a Beverage has survived throughout the ages, modern science has effected its absolute purity.

Banner
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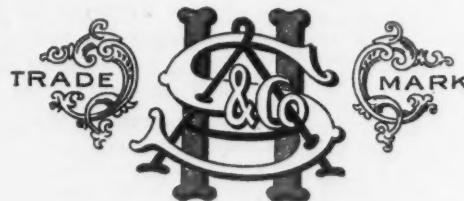
Is the product of the most approved methods in brewing.

Columbia Brewing Company,
ST. LOUIS.

OLD CROW
BOURBON

W. A. Gaines & Co. Distillers.

WOODFORD CO., KY.



BOTTLED AND GUARANTEED BY

H. A. Steinwender & Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A Southerner was telling of an old colored man in the neighborhood who first joined the Episcopal Church, then the Methodist, and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for his church travels he responded: "Well, suh, hit's this way:

De 'Piscopals is gemman, suh, but I couldn't keep up wid de answerin' back in dey church. De Methodis', dey always holdin' inquiry meetin's, and I don' like too much inquirin' into. But de Baptis', suh, dey jus' dip and are done wid hit."—New York Press.

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Letters From the People

ANOTHER RYANITE.

Allegheny, Pa., December 16, 1905.
To the Editor of the MIRROR:

I can't resist a very loud "Amen" to Mr. M. P. Stahl's sentiments on Ryan. During the St. Louis convention I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Stephen Ryan of "the little shoe shop" and I am of the opinion that in selecting a Mayor the citizens of St. Louis could go farther and fare worse.

It would be impossible for any franchise steals to go through unbeknownst with Stephen Ryan in the Mayor's chair.

Yours respectfully,
H. W. NOREN.

THE AGE LIMIT ON WORKERS.

St. Louis, December 18, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I note Mr. Tawney wants to draw the age line on employes in the Civil Service. That is, he advocates kicking men out of the service who are seventy years and over. Of course he places the limit rather high, but this will do as a starter. Ten, twenty and thirty years can be clipped off later on. Verily, we are living in an age when it would seem that the old man is a thing to be despised, and as soon as a man begins to show the least symptoms of age, he is forced out and denied the right of making a living. It is to be regretted that the greatest nation on earth is about to strike a blow at the old man, that is, if Tawney has his way. Of course there are not many men in the Government service over seventy, nor anywhere else, as far as that goes, but there are enough to enable Tawney to get into the limelight as a great reformer and economist. It would give me great pleasure to see this gentleman reduced to the necessity of making a living about the time he is seventy years old.

There is a firm in this town (Schaper Bros.), who have drawn the line, it seems, at thirty-five. Their advertisements for help invariably contain this clause: "Applicant must not be over thirty-five years old." It would be well, I think, for all people over thirty-five to boycott this store. This would probably bring its mullet-headed manager to his senses.

The writer, thirty-three years old, made application for position with a well-known banking institution, not over one hundred miles from Fourth and Washington avenue, and was informed by the "main squeeze," a gent somewhere on the shady side of seventy, judging from appearance, that he did not employ any except young men. Think of that kind of shot for a man of thirty-three to get from a man of seventy. The question which naturally suggested itself to me was, "If I am too old at thirty-three, why in hell don't they fire you?"

The fact is that it is almost impossible for a man, unless he has a pull of some kind, to get a position after he reaches an age when he has sense enough to think for himself, and when his opinions and judgment have any real value. This subject has been done to death in the newspapers and magazines, but it is certainly too bad that the Government is now about to add to the already miserable lot of the old fellow who is trying to earn his daily bread. However, we must economize; we must not pay out money to old fellows who are not physically capable of earning every cent of their fabulous salaries (?) We may, however, appropriate \$16,000,000 for the improvement of Skunk River, \$50,000,000 annually for slaughtering a few savages in the Philippines, and God knows how much more for other insane purposes, but we must

ULTIMATE
FLOUR

Ultimate
BEST PATENT
Flour
REGINA FLOUR MILLS,
ST. LOUIS.

**Every Barrel
and Sack**

Contains Bonds Worth 10c to 50c

ON SOMETHING YOU NEED.

ALL GROCERS SELL IT.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Free Premiums.

be careful to shut off the old employee who has devoted his life to service of the Government. You see, there is too good a chance here for some dampfoot to get into the limelight and make a record for himself. I certainly hope that Tawney will get all that's coming to him, when his time comes. Yours truly,

H. B. CHASE.

(We mustn't take Mr. Tawney too seriously. He is one of the most eminent mileage grabbers in Congress, and eminently close to the plum tree. He will probably be pretty well fixed before he is seventy.—EDITOR MIRROR.)

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SCHOOL TEACHER'S PROTEST.
St. Louis, December 14, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

How much braver the Chicago teachers are than those of poor old St. Louis? St. Louis hasn't a Margaret Haley, that is the reason. With such a leader we would be organized long ago and enabled to correct many educational abuses.

This is the time of all times when St. Louis teachers ought to federate. We are worn out, worked to death, especially with the drawing classes. There is a Board (?). Oh, yes, but what do they know of our hardships? Let them spend next week visiting the schools and see this absurd work in drawing. Children who need the rudiments of an education are spending not hours but days, making stamp boxes, blotters, calendars, lampshades, boxes of the most intricate workmanship, taxing their nervous systems to the highest pitch to cut out stencils one-eighth of an inch in size and to paste together the pieces without getting a spot on the object—an utter impossibility, which the teachers have proven by actual experience. And yet they wonder why there are more teachers ill

this year than ever before and all suffering from nervous disorders.

Every teacher in the city is complaining of this drawing incubus, of the immense amount of work that is piled on the teacher who is not an artist. No teacher, if she is honest, will say she can do the work allotted in the time specified; the drawing supervisor can't do it. If she gives a lesson in a room, she, (the supervisor) with all preliminaries ready and the regular teacher preserving discipline, consumes from two to three hours, and then hasn't finished the work. After her departure, papers (the students' work) are to be collected, scraps and bits of waste to be picked up or swept off the floor and a lot of details to be attended to.

All a waste of valuable time.

The teachers even believe that Mr. Soldan is practical enough not to allow this dreadful work in drawing to proceed but would stop it as he would other evils or abuses if he only knew about them.

A VICTIM.

DOING AWAY WITH TIPPING.

St. Louis, December 14, 1905.
To the Editor of the Mirror:

One result of the crusade against tipping I've noticed and as a supporter of the movement am glad to be able to boast of, is the tendency in the large restaurants to check the solicitous waiter and therefore the tipping. And it is also noticeable I think that the public has come to its senses and is shading what little it now gives for such service along the lines of percentage—they tip 5 to 15 or maybe 25 per cent of their total bill, so that the practice is being brought into some sort of confines. But undoubtedly the greatest pressure and reform has been brought about by the big res-

taurateurs without the consent of patrons. Time was when the well-tipped waiter could rob his employer's larder for those who paid him well. Dessert was his strong suite and double orders or maybe triple of ice cream, pie and all other expensive confections were not uncommon. It was easy for the waiter; he had but to fix the chap in the pantry or the kitchen and the tip was always large enough for that. But now this is all done away with or nearly so and as it was one of the great incentives to the tipster, the tip has materially been effected by the change. This new method simply provides a check on every "dish" that leaves the kitchen and pantry and in some places there is a double check, the waiter having to pay exactly for what he takes out. The consequence is the restaurateur now finds himself ahead in receipts, while the waiter is short on tips and if the public wants any "extras" it must put up, since the tipping coin has lost its magic under the pressure of modern methods. By and by patrons will stop the tip altogether, although it does seem like too much to expect of Americans who are the greatest and most liberal of all tippers.

A. BUCKETS.

♦ ♦ ♦

A rich heiress once said, complacently, to a very beautiful but very poor girl: "I had five offers of marriage last week." "You are more fortunate than I," said the pretty girl; "I only got declarations of love."

Now, Both American and European.
The Hamilton

Rooms Single or En Suite with Bath.
Hamilton and Maple—Olive or Suburban Cars.

"Masquerader" in Real Life

A strange story of impersonation, rivaling the imagination of Mrs. Katharine Cecile Thurston in her novel, "The Masquerader," with a more tragic sequel, has just been unfolded in the law courts of Rome. Count Andriano Beniculli, an eccentric nobleman, charges his valet, Antinoro Paolo, with having caused the death of the Countess Beniculli.

Taking advantage of the extraordinary resemblance between himself and his valet, the Count employed the valet to impersonate him at various social functions in Rome and elsewhere, while he himself devoted his time to his hobby of collecting and repairing ancient locks. Paolo, provided with money and good clothes, mixed in the best society and was everywhere received as the Count.

Meeting the Countess Beniculli at a ball the valet paid her assiduous attention. The Countess was pleased, but greatly surprised, as her husband, for whom she mistook Paolo, had neglected her for some years, not living with her or seeing her. A few days after the supposed reconciliation, the Countess and Paolo drove to Rimini. They were walking toward some caves, to visit which was the object of the drive, when a peasant woman rushed up to them and accused Paolo of deserting her, at the same time addressing opprobrious insults to the Countess. The latter then discovered that she had been deceived. When she saw the would-be Count kneeling in the street at the feet of his wife, she asked the woman's pardon and returned to Rome alone on foot.

The same night she was found dead in her mansion, poisoned by an overdose of laudanum. On her dressing-table lay a letter stating that she had believed Paolo to be her husband and the thought of what she had done had driven her to suicide, as she was unwilling to sully the spotless records of a noble ancestry. The trial of Paolo has been adjourned pending an inquiry into the circumstances of the tragedy.

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Mrs. O'Brien—So ye wint to see th' doctor. Phat did he think ye had?

Mr. O'Brien—Money, I guess. Whin Oi wint in he shook hands wid me.

Wear Blue

Would you be in the extreme of fashion? Wear blue. That is the decree of fashion-making Paris. Blue, pastel blue, in all the rich variety of curious tints that the word stands for, is the reigning color. It fades into greens and often off to gray, it reflects a tint of gold, but it is always blue. In gowns, in hats, in fancy waists, even in wraps it prevails, and every advanced mode prophesies a tremendous vogue for it this season. Peacock blue, so long banished, has come back in its own, marine blue holds its own, and all blues are admittedly good by reason of pastel's predominance. The hats of the year are a complete revolution in style. The two styles most in favor in Paris are pronounced opposites. One is of soft felt, with dented crown, rolling brim amenable to madame's finger-tips, which lends itself to a somewhat rak-



**ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine**
TRADE MARK

The food in liquid form.
This splendid food-drink supplies them with the elements that refresh and strengthen.
The ideal aid to digestion—non-intoxicating—delicious to the taste.
Sold by all druggists and grocers.

PREPARED BY

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

ish coquetry. Its rival is stiff and severe, with high bell crown, or round crown, and uncompromising brim. It assumes a deep band of velvet usually held by a buckle, with a small avalanche of plumes at the side, or wings of mingled colors with high aigrette. It is smart to the last degree and the ideal accompaniment of a tailor gown. It is shown in plain felts and rough beaver with short nap. The new skirts are long and sheath-like near the hips, with a demi-train. The day of the *rotteur* skirt seems to be over, and women must hold up their gowns to be fashionable this winter.

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The American truth-teller was in town. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long-bow a little to far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.—*Tit-Bits.*

❖❖❖

Col. William Morrison and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire. "Now, my dear," said the colonel, "I will put into practice what I have always preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool."

who use up much Brain and Nerve Food and Physical strength receive the most benefit in

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
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TRADE MARK

The food in liquid form.

This splendid food-drink supplies them with the elements that refresh and strengthen.

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St. Louis, U. S. A.

When in Doubt, Order

BAYLE'S HIGH GRADE FOOD PRODUCTS

Guaranteed the Best that can be Produced.

SALTED PEANUTS	POTTED CHEESE	LUNCH HERRING
CHIP POTATOES	MINCE MEAT	NUT BUTTER
PICKLES	MUSTARDS	ETC.

BE PERSISTENT WITH YOUR GROCER.

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel. When all danger was past he said: "Now, you see how necessary it is to keep cool?" Mrs. Morrison, for the first time glanced at her husband. "Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."

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The great man was disturbed in mind. "Henry," he said to his private secretary, "have I done anything unpopular lately?"

"Not that I am aware of, Senator," responded that functionary.

"Does there seem to be any prejudice taking shape in the public mind against me?"

"I know of none."

"Am I spoken of in a sneering manner by the public prints?"

"Not so far as I have observed. Why are you asking me these questions, Senator?"

"Because, Henry," said the great man, "I am convinced that unfriendly influences are at work. You know there is a brand of five-cent cigars named for me, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, they are selling them now two for five cents."—*Chicago Tribune.*

❖❖❖

Bella—So she's engaged at last! She

IMPERIAL Temptation Prices
15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Matinee every week day, 25c.

Mammoth production of the famous play.

SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.
Christmas Week—The New Scenic Play, "Fighting Fate."

seems likely to beat us all in the matrimonial race." *Stella*—"Yes; she is on her last lap this time."—*Illustrated Bits.*

❖❖❖

An innkeeper once had the good fortune to entertain his sovereign, who consumed, among other things, a couple of eggs, for which he was charged a guinea apiece. "Eggs must be very scarce here," remarked his royal highness, as he scanned the bill. "No, sire," was the answer, "but kings are."

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Rownds—"Of course, it was business that detained me last night." *Mrs. Rownds*—"Yes. You know I wouldn't deceive you." *Mrs. Rownds*—"No, George, you wouldn't deceive me, no matter what you said."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

❖❖❖

Big Four Holiday Excursions. Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, January 1. Ticket offices Broadway and Chestnut and Station.

❖❖❖

"Is your wife entertaining this winter?" "No; not very."—*Judge.*

The Stock Market

Sinister talk may be heard these days in the agitated purleus of the New York stock exchange. Thomas F. Ryan's accusations against F. H. Harriman and the latter's retaliatory insinuations and charges have stirred up bad blood among the high-rollers of finance. There's an open, bitter fight on between the two financial magnates and their affiliations and stock-jobbing bravadoes. Wall street traders are on the *qui vive*, more so than they have been for many a day. They are inclined to look for a desperate struggle for control of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific system, which is still in the grasping hands of Harriman. The late sharp bulge in Union Pacific common lent color to this theory of competitive buying. It is supposed that Morgan and Hill are associated with Ryan in this rumored titanic struggle.

Is there any basis of fact for this sort of romantic gossip? It doesn't seem so, in spite of all the sensational talk in the newspapers and the whisperings of "street" oracles. If Ryan really intends to wrest control from the hands of Harriman, he should await a more auspicious time for his tough job, for tough it would be, beyond a doubt. This is not the time for precipitating wild, calamitous contests. The money market is in a precarious position. Where are the fool bankers who would care to give backing to a momentous fight for control of the Union Pacific? And where's all the money to come from to complete the job? Besides, Harriman has a pretty strong grip on his properties. He cannot be caught napping, in fact, he never has been. It will require much stronger evidence of Ryan's intended *coup* before the sensible trader will be found willing to pay serious heed to these tales now emanating from Wall street. If anybody thought of bulling stocks with a sensational story of this kind, there must surely be something out of order in his cerebellum.

That was a bad crash in Chicago. Three financial institutions going down with John R. Walsh, the bold plunger and promoter! This bit of news created bad fright in Wall street for a while, but prices, after temporary weakness, rallied on the receipt of news that the Chicago banks would see to it that no depositor would lose anything. Failures of this sort do not chime in well with the bull demonstrations on the stock exchange. They should remind the average trader of the necessity of circumspection and conservatism. There has been a dangerously excessive amount of speculation in this land in the past twelve months. Stocks have risen enormously, and so has real estate. As a result of this, money is tight, really tight. Time loans are quoted at six and seven per cent. The stringency in money rates was, doubtless, one of the principal causes of Walsh's ignominious downfall.

The New York Associated Banks reported a good-sized gain in surplus reserves last week, which now stand at \$5,000,000 over the legal limit. This is the lowest level since 1890. It must also be noted that sterling exchange is again developing strength, and that there's a strong possibility that New York bankers may soon have to ship gold to Europe. As matters stand, it becomes plain to even the wayfaring fool that a sharp cut in loans is absolutely necessary. There's too much money tied up in "pools" and syndicates.

Amalgamated Conner performed interesting antics latterly. It crossed 100, and then fell back with significant rapidity. Transactions in this stock were on an enormous scale. All kinds

of "tips" were flying round. At the same time, the entire "curb" list of copper shares moved up. In Boston, the copper excitement is once more assuming alarming intensity and proportions. London reports a lively demand for copper shares, with the prices quoted for the metal exceedingly strong.

There has been another bad break in Russian bonds. The Paris Bourse is in a panicky condition. London speculators are "unloading" as fast as circumstances will permit. British consols are weak, and so are "Kaffirs." Rhodesian mining shares came out in large blocks latterly. The Bank of England is again losing gold right and left. Paris and Berlin are withdrawing all the stuff they can get within their reach. One of the most significant features of the financial position abroad is the sharp decline in sterling exchange at Paris, which is now at the lowest level since 1900. Berlin is getting large supplies of gold, also, from St. Petersburg, the Russian government evidently preparing to support its own securities and to protect the coupons falling due next month. It's a most perplexing situation. Not even at the time of the outbreak of the Boer war in 1899 was the financial position so full of dangerous uncertainties and conflicting factors as it is now. If the worst should come in Russia, there's no telling what portentously ruinous effects the speculative crash would have on the leading financial centers. Argentina and Egypt are likewise drawing upon the Bank of England for large amounts of gold, and there's a good prospect that India will soon be an additional competitor in this perturbative demand for the yellow metal. The renewed rise in silver is another thing attracting attention. If it should continue, New York will have to ship several million dollars more in gold to Mexico.

The increase in New York's surplus reserves last Saturday was brought about, chiefly, by the return-flow of currency from the interior, and a good-sized reduction in loans. The latter, however, had a suspicious appearance. It's not at all clear how loans could have been reduced with bull cliques in vigorous activity and prices rising. For this reason, it is surmised that additional loans have been shifted to London.

The Rock Island directors have thought fit to cut the dividend on the shares of the quondam Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific from 8 to 6 per cent, and to pass the dividend on their preferred stock altogether. This unpleasant news led to further liquidation on the part of weary holders, but the declines established thereby were not important. A sharp break occurred, however, in Frisco second preferred, which is now selling at 45. It sold at 70 not so long ago. While the financial position of the Rock Island is in no wise strong, it cannot be said to be precarious. With conservative management, the mistakes made in recent years can be atoned for in the course of time. The principal trouble consists in the onerous financial incubus oppressing the properties in the shape of stock and bond capitalization. The system comprises 14,000 miles of trackage, which is capitalized at about \$900,000,000. This is an awful load to carry. Partially to redeem the credit of the company in the eyes of investors, the common stock should be given voting power.

Local Securities.

The past week witnessed large buying in street railway shares. United Railways common proved a great favorite. Brisk buying lifted its price



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ILLUSTRATORS
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WE OWN AND OFFER SUBJECT TO SALE

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**Lincoln Real Estate & Building Co.
OF ST. LOUIS.**

*Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds
Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.*

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the

**MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,
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Special Circular on Request.

Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company

Saint Louis



**Capital: \$3,000,000
Surplus: \$1,000,000**

**Financial accounts of Bankers,
Firms, Corporations and Individuals
solicited.**

**High grade Bonds bought and
sold.**

Olive and Seventh Streets

to 37½, at which it is now selling. It did not require much effort to engineer the boost. As suggested in the MIRROR for some weeks, this stock is well controlled by a strong clique, which stands ready to take over all offerings. The occasional reactions don't amount to much. The shares appear to be on the up-grade for good, though there may be temporary halts and setbacks from time to time, in sympathy with other shares, and the general financial situation. The preferred stock continues firm at about 84½, and the 4 per cent bonds are active at 88% to 89.

The St. Louis Transfer shares scored wide and sharp fluctuations of late on rumors of a "deal," in which the Terminal Association figured prominently. There was also talk of increased dividends. The company is said to be prospering and in good shape to continue dividend payments, now that the necessary improvements have been made, which compelled a dividend suspension some years ago. At this writing, the quotations are far apart, 75 being bid, 89 asked. Sales were made in the 90s last week.

Bank of Commerce was a drawing bull card. It rose to 355, and then slid back to 353 on scattered realizing sales. Missouri-Lincoln is going at 142, with small transactions, and Mississippi Valley finds buyers at about 381, which is now bid for it. A small lot of Third National sold at 327½. Boatmen's shares are quoted at 253 bid, with a small sale lately at this figure. Title Guaranty showed some firmness the other day, but has declined again since. It is now quoted at 66 bid, with none offering.

Laclede Gas 55 are in demand at 107¾. Kansas City Home Telephone 55 are selling, in small amounts, at 95½. For Missouri-Edison 55 102½ is bid, 103 asked, and for St. Louis Brewing 65 tor is bid, 101¼ asked.

The Chicago bank failures caused no ruffle on the local financial situation. Banks report a good business, with money rates unchanged at 5 to 6 per cent. Sterling is higher, being quoted at 4.87%. Berlin is 95.45, and Paris 5.16%.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A. B. C., Moberly, Mo.—Better take profits on Amalgamated. It's a most dangerous margin stock. Yes; would recommend investment in Wolverine, but only in case you have lots of money to burn.

F. R.—Hang on to your bank stock. Look for larger dividends. United Railways preferred likely to rise further as financial condition of company

grows stronger. Would, perhaps, be better to take profits, though.

♦♦♦

Magazines

A new monthly devoted to the interests of investors, bankers and men of affairs is *Moody's Magazine*, published in New York City. The first issue is for December. The editor Byron W. Holt presents a crisp outlay of editorial comment on money and business, the tariff and other issues and fourteen of the foremost men in the mercantile and financial world discuss, in a symposium, the increasing supply of gold and its probable effect upon business, wages and money prices generally. Thomas Gibson has an appropriate and interesting article on "Pitfalls of Speculation," based on 500 actual trade accounts, and Charles A. Conant, Burton L. Read and A. H. Pogson, are represented by readable contributions. Another timely article shows the importance of keeping posted. Besides the contributed articles this magazine will present regularly a review of the stock market, a correspondent and inquiry column and book reviews. The subscription price is \$5 per year, single copy 25 cents.

♦

In the news of the art world and in illustrations *The International Studio* for December is doubly interesting. Books, paintings, sculpture and the products of art-crafts all receive attention. There are some color inserts from some of the most celebrated of contemporary artists and the illustrations in half-tone run the scale of art creations. Among the instructive articles are "Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting," based on the work of Sir Peter Lely; "Studies in Japanese Art," drawings in lacquer, by Zeshin; "Leaves from the Sketch Book of Lester G. Hornby" and "A Color Symphony" by George Logan. Then there are appreciative articles on W. Graham Robertson's illustrated books and his paintings; one on ancient bedsteads and cradles, by A. S. Levett, and a similar contribution on ancient watches and their cases.

♦

Wayside Tales, for December, presents a good spread of fiction, special articles, theatrical and editorial comment. There are eight illustrated short stories in various keys and one or two poems of merit.

♦♦♦

The New Office Boy

He's a modest little curly headed fellow, Whose age is scarcely greater than eleven, The effulgence of his locks of tawny yellow Is suggestive of a halo born of heaven. We were smitten with his most uncommon beauty, And we deemed him far too perfect for this earth, When he modestly reported here for duty, All unconscious of his transcendental worth. O! the sweetness of his early morning greeting In those first few days! How soft his boyish tone!

As he handed me my letters in the morning, With "A lovely day! Good morning, Mr. Jones." Ah! the period of all things that grow endearing Is as fleeting as the dew upon the grass! We have felt it the misfortune we were fearing From the very first has come at length to pass. For our office boy has left us; we are lonely.

THE MIRROR

3rd NATIONAL OF ST. LOUIS BANK

Capital, - - -	\$2,000,000
Surplus, - - -	1,900,000
Deposits, - - -	26,000,000

OFFICERS:

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Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

WHITAKER & COMPANY, BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

. . . . Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET.

ST. LOUIS.

He is merely now a memory of the past.

He was with us but a fleeting fortnight only,

And has vanished, for he was too good to last,

We could tolerate his cigarettes and novels,

And his whistling, which was constant, loud and shrill,

But I drew the line when he remarked this morning:

"Gee! Yer looking on de hog dis morning, Bill."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

♦♦♦

Mike—Pat, there's only wan thing will cure th' malaria—that's whiskey an' quinine.

Pat (anxiously)—Where kin ye git it?

Mike—The whiskey an' quinine?

Pat—No; the malaria.—Judge,

Two Irishmen, just landed, stopped at a private boarding house one hot July night. Retiring early, they left the window open and the light burning brightly. The mosquitoes swarmed into the room and began biting. Mike, awakening, called to Pat to put out the light. Pat got up and put it out, and crawled back to bed again. Pat awoke about an hour after and found the room full of fireflies, and said: "It is no use, Mike, they are coming in with lanterns!"

♦♦♦

First Maid—"Why did you leave the Uppertens's?" Second Maid—"I caught him kissing his wife!"—Town Topics.

FLOOR-SHINE
ENAMEL FLOOR COLORS

THE MIRROR

The time is now at hand to give attention to your XMAS

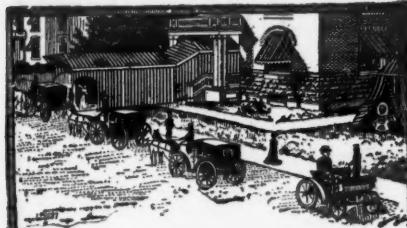
FURS

Furs ready made. Furs made to order. Furs remodeled, altered and repaired. Lowest prices for first-class work.

Seal, Mink, Ermine and Chinchilla a Specialty

The Western Fur Co.

Furriers and Ladies' Tailors.
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ESTIMATES GIVEN

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Schoen's OFFICE AT THE ODEON
Orchestra

House Phones: Delmar 864; Forest 4129.



DON'T SUFFER 25c 25c

With Your Feet

Instant Relief for all Troubles. Chilblains Cured. No Pain. Antiseptic Treatment.

DR. A. M. MUCHMORE,
509 OLIVE ST. WELLS BLDG.
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Mrs. A. F. Godefroy,
OF THE

Maryland Hairdressing Parlors,

312 North Euclid Avenue,

will be pleased to see her patrons, for all kinds of hair-work and hairdressing. Electric and hand massage, manicuring and shampooing.

Phone Forest 3157.

The Grand Wm. Schaefer
Proprietor

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

Finest Bar and Billiard Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

The Tale of a Studio

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY.

A painter and a poetess,
A pianist—all hen—
Once hired a little studio,
And furnished it, and then
Sent out their cards to various
And eligible men.

At last, this was the clever thing
That they had meant to do.
But eligible men, you know,
Are really very few,
And so they came to be "at home"
To all the men they knew.

Within the chafing-dish they fixed
Concoctions strong of curry,
In their spacious punch-bowl mixed
Cold tea and cooking-sherry.
(For where are things to eat and drink
Men gather in a hurry!)

They leapt into such sudden vogue,
That those who "also ran,"
In rival crystal palaces
Ill-naturedly began
Insinuating that they laid
A trap for Everyman.

One must inevitably feel
There was some truth in this,
Though each one of the trio was
A neat, painstaking miss—
Her maiden art did not appeal
To the metropolis.

They wearied of their meager state,
Of sleeping two between
The hangings of a Moorish couch,
Of gloves that were not clean,
Till they were reminiscent of
The strident gasoline.

Each had a young ideal or two,
Now decently interred;
The grass was green above them, and
They very rarely stirred;
And always in the studio
Were richer men preferred.

For art is very long, indeed,
And very hard to do;
And love was never known to prove
A sustenance for two.
A husband might prove faithless, but
A bank account is true!

When we have dwelt for quite a while
Within the world, it seems
Not all as beautiful as we
Had seen it in our dreams;
Pathetically we begin
To piece it out with schemes.

Since happiness seemed not to come
A-knocking at their gate,
They felt that they should vouchsafe
some
Assistance, slight, to Fate.
(And surely one's declining years
Were better with a mate!)

Now, as they were a clever three,
And very fairly matched,
There'd been something really doing
since
The door was first unlatched.
Though most of it was sentiment,
That had a string attached!

Of incoherent artists they
Soon gathered-in a herd—
Musicians sat in rows, and ate
But very rarely stirred;
And poets came and told them tales
Of what they got a word.

But there was only one, forsooth,
Whose income by the week
Was evident. He had a smooth
And Gibson-modeled cheek.
"A god-like man!" (The poetess
Was given to the Greek!)

They found in him a foeman who
Was worthy of their steel.

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He knew the female mind, and how To make to it appeal; And what was art, and properly, How it should make you feel!

And reckoning a man to be, No better than a churl Who is for hospitality Indebted to a girl, He gave them each an elegant And conscientious whirl.

And so each dreamed her little dream, And had her hour of pride, Went bowling down the Avenue, Her hero by her side; And on her breast his violets With purple tassels tied.

One after one their faithful staff Was given its conge; It cluttered up the studio So it was sent away, While in the sunshine of One smile The girls got in their hay.

He was a man whose place was with The Upper Half by birth, But as the great, swift-sandaled gods Made journeys down to earth, He sought the demi-monde of Art, And gauged it at its worth.

He loved the little studio, The gaudy model throne, The littered desk, the baby grand Of vague, uncertain tone; But most of all he doted on The absent chaperon!

And thus unwittingly did he Their expectations fan, And when the lights were out their dreams Brought visions of the man To two upon the Moorish couch, And one on the divan.

Anticipation rioted Alternate with distress, And on three pairs of eager lips Was quivering a "Yes." (If anybody seemed ahead It was the poetess.)

But one sad day it came to pass, Between the puffs of smoke, He flicked the ash from his cigar And casually spoke Of "Miss De Roe, his fiancee"— And so the bubble broke.

This was the final straw, the last Intolerable blow. For months their stream of finance had Been ebbing very low. Now drearily they packed their goods And stripped the studio.

The pianist went back to Maine, To her own native shore; The poet to the boarding-place Where she had lived before; The painter taught the young idea To shoot a little more.

There is no moral to my tale, There isn't any when A painter and a poetess, A pianist—all hen— Succeeding not at all at first Have tried and failed again.

From the Smart Set.
♦ ♦ ♦

A well-known player tells an amusing story of an unsuccessful comedy. When the curtain rose at a matinee in Brooklyn, there were fifteen persons in the house. In the front of the house there was only a young girl in the second row. In the first row of the balcony sat one young man. As the leading man spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed it?" the voice of the young man in the balcony responded: "I don't know about the young lady downstairs, but I can see it very plainly."

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How Is Your Gash?

The scene is a veranda at a country Club. The persons are smart young matrons in charming frocks, nibbling daintily at the delicacies of the season. Things have been going a trifle heavily until Mrs. "Algy" Rivington begins.

MRS. "ALGY" RIVINGTON—Oh, I forgot, how is your gash, dear Mrs. Allerton?

MRS. "TEDDY" ALLERTON (becoming suddenly animated)—You do well to ask. My case was the most horrible on record, you know; simply the most horrible! So many complications. As Dr. Carver said: "My dear Mrs. Allerton, you always do have things in the most extraordinary fashion. Not at all like anybody else!" Which I suppose is perfectly true. In fact, they are going to lecture on my particular case at the next clinic.

MRS. "LIVY" LEAVITT (refusing the soft-shelled crabs in her interest)—Oh, are they really? How perfectly lovely! But, tell me, how many stitches did you have? My own gash was nearly four inches, you know!

MRS. "TEDDY"—Why, Dr. Carver says there were as many stitches as there would be in a coat, and that he felt more like a tailor than a surgeon.

MRS. "DICKY" DWIGHT—Dear me, how exciting! But, tell me, did you keen your appendix? You know Mrs. "Jimmie" kept hers.

CHORUS OF ALL—Oh, tell us about it, Mrs. "Jimmie"!

MRS. "JIMMIE" RIDGELEY (gracefully plucking at an artichoke)—Well, you see, "Jimmie" had often said he couldn't part with a single bit of me—not a single bit—so before I went under the anæsthetic I made them promise to keep the appendix. The doctor put it in alcohol, and I had a cut-glass jar made for it with a gold top. It is inscribed with the date and "From Juliette to James," and stands on "Jimmie's" dressing table.

CHORUS—How perfectly cute!

MRS. "TEDDY" ALLERTON (with some rivalry)—Mine was in such a really dreadful state that preservation was out of the question. You know I was at the Brownie Wentworth's house-party when I was taken ill, and if the operation had been postponed half an hour longer I should never have survived it—positively never! All the surgeons agreed to that. Naturally, you could not keep an appendix of that sort

THE OTHERS (regretfully)—Oh, too bad.

MRS. "BILLY" BADGELEY—Had mortification set in in your case? You know it had in mine, and all the papers were printing bulletins of my condition, while crowds stood around to hear the latest news. I am quite sure I had turned perfectly black!

(*The champagne cup is passed around, and they all drink abstractedly.*)

MRS. "TEDDY" ALLERTON—By the way, Mrs. Rivington, you ask about my gash—it isn't possible that you haven't had one yourself?

MRS. "ALGY" (hastily)—Oh, dear, no! I had my trouble (*with superiority*) at the same time as the king.

CHORUS—Did you really? Wasn't that just thrilling! Tell us about it, please!

MRS. "ALGY"—Well, you see, I was in London, and they thought it must have been the duchess' marble floor which was so cold to my feet in my thin slippers when I was dancing. The court surgeons attended me. But "Algy" cabled to Dr. Carver to come over, as he thinks there is nothing like American doctors when it comes to cutting. As Dr. Carver had several very important cases at the time, "Algy" said for him to bring them all over with him, and he sent a fully equipped hospital ship for the purpose. The patients enjoyed the trip very much, and

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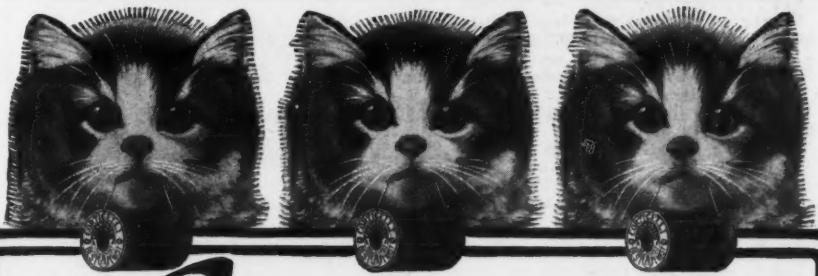
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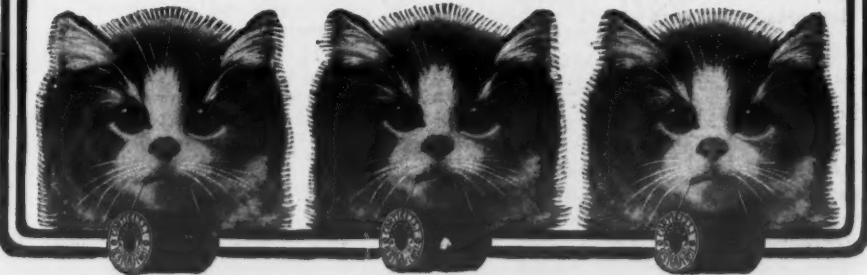
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one or two of them fully recovered. He lost only one, I think.

MRS. "TEDDY"—You must have been frightfully ill!

Mrs. "ALGY" (*modestly*)—Well, rather, and it was feared that I shouldn't be able to wear low gowns for a whole year. Fortunately, it was not so bad as that. But I missed the duchess' shooting-party in Scotland.

THE OTHERS—Oh, awful!

MRS. "VALLIE" HUNTER—Isn't it the most mortifying thing? The doctors have all refused to perform the operation on me. I still have my appendix! But I had a floating kidney once, and that was very serious. It had to be anchored, and I suffered horribly. They sent for my picture from all the papers, and "Vallie" had to recall the invitations we had sent for a dinner dance. The doctors agreed that it was worse than any simple, uncomplicated case of appendicitis. In fact, there was very little appendicitis in our set that season. Kidney troubles were ever so much more in vogue.

MRS. "LARRY" VERNON (*briskly*)—Why, that was the very reason I had my appendix removed! I remember that you and I were operated on at the same time, and that you were out lots sooner than I! I was on my back a whole month, and had seven trained nurses. I was a bride at the time, and poor "Larry" walked the floor day and night, wondering how on earth he was ever going to get the wedding presents back to their correct senders, as I hadn't kept the cards. Indeed, Mrs. "Vallie," you are quite mistaken about there being no appendicitis in our set that season. I had it, and there were several other cases that I know of!

MRS. "VALLIE" (*apologetically*)—Well, I know there was one year when there wasn't any, and the doctors didn't know how they were going to make a living. Dr. Carver simply sat in his office day after day twiddling his thumbs.

MRS. "TEDDY" (*tactfully*)—What is a floating kidney? It sounds so chic—like *rognon saute*, or something of the sort. Is it a bad thing to have?

MRS. "VALLIE" (*eagerly*)—The most shocking thing, and comes entirely of high living. Your kidney simply gets loose and floats, and if they can't catch and anchor it you are done for, I suppose. The surgeons said there never was one so hard to get hold of as mine, and every time they thought they had it it floated off again serenely. You can imagine what I went through, and all the time every sort of charming entertainment going on! "Vallie"—you know his way—sent abbreviated telegrams when I was recovering: "Joe and kid better," and every one thought it was quite another thing, and I was deluged with caps and socks and lace bibs, which was frightfully embarrassing, as (*bashfully*) we have never had a visit from the stork, you know.

CHORUS—Oh, awfully embarrassing! (*As the sorbet goes round every one is in prime spirits.*)—New York Herald.

* * *

How did that fascinating witch of all time, Mary Stuart, really look? Andrew Lang thinks he knows. In the London Academy he says: "Mary was a tall, lithe beauty, with a bright pallor of complexion, very delicate, thin arched eyebrows, wide apart, a lofty brow, bright russet hair, red hazel eyes, long and narrow, with heavy white eyelids, a subtle mouth with delicate curves, a beautiful chin, and a rather long, straight nose."

* * *

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William Byron Forbush is the author of one of the most difficult boys' books written in some time, "The Boys' Life of Christ." It is a work intended to give boys and even young girls a better understanding of the Savior, through the story of his boyhood, presented in the most attractive form, with the theology and philosophy of the life of Jesus eliminated as much as possible. There was not a surfeit of material to carry out this purpose, so the author has been compelled to resort not exactly to fiction, but to the history of the customs of those days in order to present Jesus in the light of a natural boy who liked to frolic and play like the boys of to-day. All but a few of the deeds attributed to Jesus, however, are recorded in the Gospels and on the whole, Mr. Forbush has produced a book that is at once entertaining and instructive and successful of purpose. Mr. Forbush's book shows the brave, heroic, chivalric, manly, real and active qualities of Jesus and that is what the boy readers will pore over and store away in their memory. (Funk and Wagnalls Company, publisher.)

❖

Charles Major, novelist of "When Knighthood was In Flower," has in "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy," produced a deeply entertaining story, but there is nothing to brand it as the greatest novel of the day. The scenes of the story are laid in rich and fair Burgundy and there are jousts, threatened wars and other thrilling adventures that serve to embellish the tale. The principals in the narrative which is preponderantly a love story, are Prince Max of Styria, who goes forth incognito to win the daughter of a neighboring Duke, Princess Mary, to whom he has been betrothed by state arrangement without having seen her. He finally meets Yolanda in burgher garb. She proves to be a woman of dual personality. She is in reality Princess Mary though she prefers to be Yolanda. Prince Max of course is in the air over the resemblance of the two, but is lulled by the contrast in disposition. He finds himself in love with Yolanda despite his royal blood, and when she engages to wed him and reveals her true self, he is, of course, happily illuminated. "Yolanda" is a good story to while away a dull night, but it is quite ordinary. (The MacMillan Company, New York, publishers; price \$1.50.)

❖

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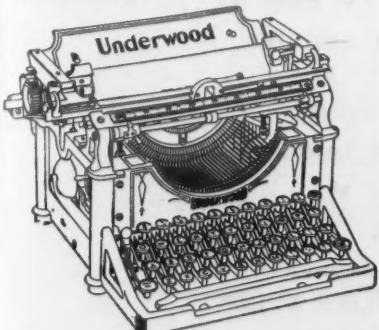
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caricatures done by Malcolm Strauss would have alone been sufficient to inspire the poet to his best efforts in satire and wit, but there was another source of inspiration more powerful than all that appears in the simple dedicatory legend "To E. B." Deciphered, this means "To Ethel Barrymore," the pretty, popular and talented young actress who was seen in St. Louis recently in her new play "Sunday." Mr. Graham and Miss Barrymore are sweethearts and are soon to be wedded. But this is wandering from the poet's work. "More Misrepresentative Men" will evoke many a laugh by its rollicking, witty, satirical stanzas and the excellent caricaturing Artist Strauss has done. There are eleven of these drawings of prominent or illustrious personages. The book is quite a cure for the blues. Its price is \$1.00.

There's some really clever verse in Wallace Irwin's "At the Sign of the Dollar," forty-one selections, all bristling with the shafts of satire and covering a wide range of subjects. The pictures by E. W. Kemble are a fine mixture of caricatures and cartoons, all good. The verse and illustrations touch upon persons and affairs, national and international and many topics close to mankind, as well. There is plenty of solid fun in "At the Sign of the Dollar." The poet directs his ironical rhyming at foibles and shams generally. Tom Lawson, the patent medicine fakirs, impure foods, the German Emperor, President Roosevelt and other personages and things are targets for his sallies. (Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers, price \$1 postpaid.)

"Charlotte Temple; A Tale of Truth"—this title will serve to recall a novel which in its time immediately following the American revolution, enjoyed a vogue as great, if not greater, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was subsequently destined to have. For several generations this story ran through edition after edition, until the readers in all classes had become familiar with its pathetic details. Originally produced about 1790, in England, the first American edition was brought out in 1794 in Philadelphia. The author of the tale, Susana Haskell Rowson, was a famous literary woman, actress and educator. The story of Charlotte Temple, on which Mrs. Rowson's fame was permanently founded, is the true and pathetic recital of a young girl's deception by an English army officer. The characters of the story are taken from life, and they lived and moved in the society of the time about New York. The residence of Charlotte has been identified, and her last resting place in Trinity Churchyard bears a marking stone, said to have been placed there by her daughter. This story, which has wrung tears from many who sympathized with the beautiful and misfortunate English girl has been reproduced from one of the first American editions, and over 1,200 corrections have been made by the editor, Francis W. Halsey. The book is a bibliophilic treasure for its records of an early example of Americana. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers; price, \$1.25.)

Well worthy of being specially remembered in history is King Leopold II. He is one of the wise rulers of his generation. Mr. John de Courcy MacDonnell has collected in detail a mass of material concerning the administrative triumphs of the ruler of the Belgians, and has produced an interesting history of this member of royalty, both as man and law-giver. Mr. MacDonnell's work shows King Leopold to be a great and progressive

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thinker, the friend of the poor and a believer in beauty and utility of public improvements. Prior to and subsequent to his accession to the throne he advocated laws for the relief of the poorer classes as to residence requirements, and he also caused to be instituted a number of important public improvements. But it's as the pioneer of African colonization and exploration enterprises that he is best known. To him is given the credit for all the progress that has been made in the settled parts of Africa. His methods of destroying slavery and of civilizing the negro on his native heath as it were have made him, according to his historian, one of the most progressive as well as humane rulers of the day. Many of the published stories of brutality to the natives are refuted by the facts, as recorded by Mr. MacDonnell. "King Leopold II., his Rule in Belgium and the Congo" is from the press of Cassell & Co., Ltd, publishers of London, Paris and New York.

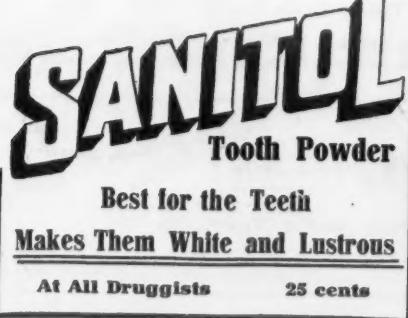
Miss Sarah Mills, who for years has been a teacher in Mary Institute, is the author of a neatly printed volume celebrating the natural splendors and sanctity of beautiful Galilee. Miss Mills sings reverently of the spot the Saviour loved so well to visit and her verses are fervidly religious throughout. The title of her work is "Scenes In Galilee." The brochure comes from the press of C. S. Severson, publisher, at 701 Pine street.

Reading the title and the initial pages of "A Garden In Pink," a work by Blanche Elizabeth Wade, which recently left the press of A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, in gift book form with artistic cover design in colors and handsome colored and photographic illustrations, the reader is almost tempted to say, "pretty book but contents rot." Dipping deeper into the narrative, however, one finds himself at first interested, and finally with occasional smiles at lighter passages, proceeds to devour the whole book. The conclusion quickly arrived at is that seldom, if ever, has a bunch of essays on amateur gardening indoors and outdoors, on home made den-making and furnishing, and general domestic ornamentation been handled so connectedly, instructively and satisfactorily as Miss Wade has done it in this beauty book. Miss Wade has deftly woven about Glencairn Mansion, evidently an ancient Chicago estate, an atmosphere of romance and every line of her subject sings the praises of some favorite spot—the bee-tree, the cairn, the river-path or the rustic bridge, etc., and over all she has cast the glamour of sweet repose. It is not a great book, but it is good to read of the depth of natural affection, this young couple have for their ancient home, their love of flowers, of Mendelssohn, Bach, Wagner and Mozart, their quaint dishes and their cosmopolitan tea set. "A Garden In Pink" is commendable for the uplift it gives, and for its fealty to nature in all its most beautiful manifestations of bloom and leaf. It will serve to kindle a love of home in hearts where such affection has been dead or latent and generally will make for good among those who are patient enough to read it. It's a tale of an almost idyllic life.

"A Take of the Rhymes of a Lumberjack," a brochure of Christmas verse, gotten out as the author, S. V. D'Unger puts it, "just f'r a holiday greetin' f'r home fo'ks," is an appropriate collection of verses for Yuletide, breathing the sentiments of the dwellers of the lumbercamps. It bears the message of "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

* * *

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



On January 5th, 1906
And Every Friday Thereafter, The

HAVANA LIMITED

A Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet in attendance; stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, will leave St. Louis at 9:40 p. m. and arrive at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3 p. m. the following day. On arrival of the Havana Limited at Mobile, the palatial nineteen knot, twin screw S. S. "Prince George" will sail and pass into the harbor of Havana at Sunrise the following Monday.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" will sail from Havana at 5 p. m. every Wednesday, arriving at Mobile shortly after daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited will leave the steamship dock at Mobile at 9 a. m. and arrive at St. Louis the following morning.

The S. S. "Mobile" has been remodeled and now has excellent passenger accommodations. The S. S. "Mobile" sails from Mobile now at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays and her schedule will not be interfered with by the inauguration of the S. S. "Prince George."

Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent,
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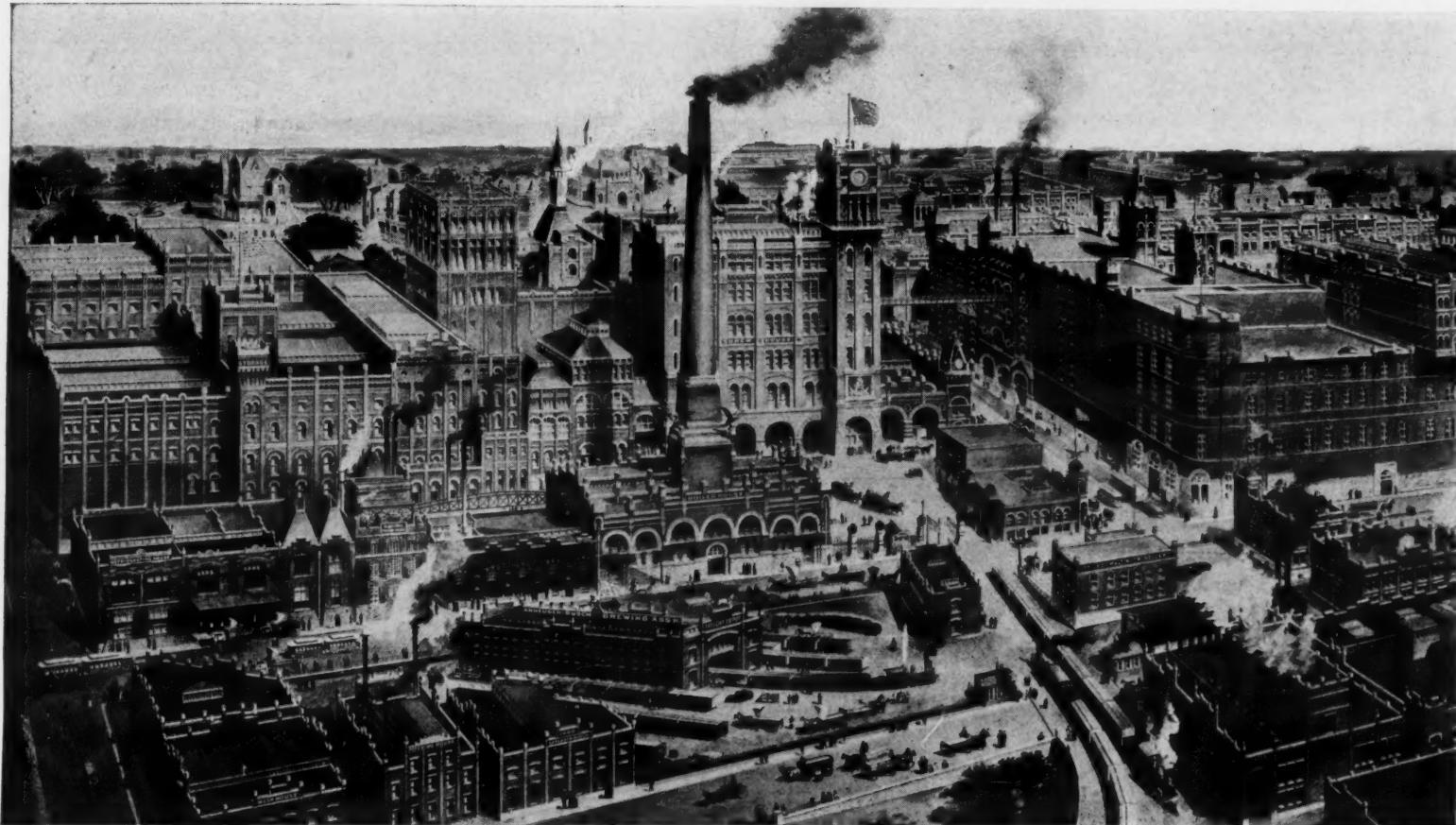
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BY
WALNUTTA
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STAIN



Madam Devere, Campbell Bros. Big Shows, says: Your Walnutta is the best I have ever seen.



October 30, 1905.
Pacific Trading Co., St. Louis, Mo.
I received the bottle of Walnutta today and was certainly glad to get it. I hardly know how to express my many thanks for it. With best wishes I am yours truly,
MISS NORMA GRIER.
Mt. Airy, Georgia.



TRADE MARK.



Private office of Howard E. Nichols, President Pacific Trading Co., where orders for nearly a million bottles of Walnutta were received since January, 1905. Located at 1405 Olive Street.



MRS. A. M. PICKETT,
816 Valence St., New Orleans, La.
I never handled a toilet preparation that gave such universal satisfaction as Walnutta. In my business I have disposed of at least 300 bottles and never had but one complaint. I always recommend it for darkening gray hair.

60 CTS. A BOTTLE



Metamoravon, Ills., Oct. 9, 1905.
Pacific Trading Co.,
Gentlemen: I, with others of my friends, have used Walnutta and we are pleased with it. It stays on the hair and makes it look natural. My hair was almost white until I got the first bottle of Walnutta and used it and now I will never get gray any more.
M. A. SLATTERY.



Cohoes, N. Y., Oct. 30.
MRS. ANNIE McEMO says: My customers have almost all gone over to the "Walnutta" side. I use more of that stain than any other because it is harmless and so easily applied.



Pacific Trading Co., St. Louis.
Gentlemen: I am using the Walnutta and find it the best on the market to darken gray hair.
MRS. MOLLIE CALLERY
Easton, Mo.

Get it from **Raboteau & Co., Wolff-Wilson Drug Co.,** or any other St. Louis Druggist

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